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A CRITICISM OF TWO-PARTY POLITICS

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AMERICANS have taken from Englishmen the opinion that two political parties, in contention for the power to make and administer law in a representative democracy, produce conditions that yield a better average of government than can be got from the strifes and differences of more numerous parties, with none among them able to command a majority of the popular vote.

For this conclusion the English have one important reason which loses weight in American thought. Their form of popular government is an evolutionary product of two-party conditions. It took its shaping from the fact that two political parties had been alternating in the control of the British House of Commons for a long period prior to the practical withdrawal of administrative prerogatives from the Crown by that House. This has been the fact, indeed, since English parties of a strictly political character began to exist, and it gave apparent assurance that a responsible ministerial administration of government erected on the support of a majority in the Commons would be unlikely ever to lack that majority, from one or the other party, for its base. It was an assurance that held good for about a century and a half. Latterly it has been weakened, and possibly it has expired, since British ministries have had to obtain their executive commission from a coalition of parties quite frequently in recent years.

In this country the conditions are very different. The architects of its government, not attempting, like the English, to join the facts and forces of a republican system to the theory and forms of an hereditary monarchy, discarded the latter, creating in its place a distinct and independent executive authority which passes from person to person at fixed times, and which issues from the people directly. By this, and by further provisions in our Federal Constitution relating to the election and succession of our presidents and vice-presidents, the continuity of executive authority in our government is made secure. No dead-lock of factions in Congress can cast doubt on the constitutional authority of the President to administer existing law, by depriving him of a supporting majority in either House, or in both; but a British ministry in the same situation would exercise a questionable and much weakened authority, though it acted under the commands of the King. Factious divisions may paralyze *legislation* as mischievously in Congress as in Parlia-

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ment; but such paralysis cannot affect administrative government in the United States, as it may affect that side of British government in some conceivable situations.

The most important of English considerations in favor of two-party politics has, therefore, no weight for us. What others do we find to persuade us, as most of us seem to be persuaded, that a *mêlée* of parties, in the French and German manner of politics, would bring evils on us, which we must take care to avoid by keeping ourselves marshaled as entirely as possible in two great opposing hosts? We have had long experience of the bipartite organization of politics and its mighty dueling; and, in late years especially, we have been attentive observers of the more scrimmaging style of political warfare in other countries. We ought to be well prepared to draw evidence from both and weigh it in a fair-minded way. The present writing is an attempt and an invitation to treat the question thus, and learn perhaps in doing so how important it is.

One fact which stands indisputably to the credit of a bisected partisanship in politics is this: the whole business of government is simplified and made easier for those who conduct it, when all differences in the popular will, which they are expected to execute, are so nearly gathered up by two agencies of organization that one or the other of these must be able to confer full authority at any given time. It is needless to say that the ministry which takes such authority from a single dominant party has every advantage, of assured tenure, of defined policy, of confident and courageous feeling, over any ministry which acts in dependence on some precarious combination of separately powerless political groups. It has a distinctly mapped course to pursue. Its measures are substantially fore-planned for it. It knows what to expect, of support and opposition alike, and its measures are furthered almost as much by the concentred organization of antagonisms as by their support. These conditions are plainly the most favorable to an easy and effective working of the apparatus of government; and this fact is decisive of the question, no doubt, in the judgment of most people who take a practical part in political affairs.

Such a judgment, however, surely rests on inadequate grounds. Something more than ease and effectiveness in the working of government demands to be taken into account. The quality of the result has a prior claim to consideration; and results accomplished with least difficulty and most facility are quite likely to be not the best. For this reason I suspect that the school of practical 'politics' does not give the right training in judgment for a right decision of this question of parties in government; and I fear that prevailing views on the question have come mainly from that school.

It may be said that the assured support in measures of government, the confident feeling, the definite programme, are conducive to deliberate and judicious action, as well as to ease and facility in it, — which is true in theory, and ought to be true always in fact; but the same conditions are contributory also to influences on political action which work powerfully against its fidelity of service to the public good. Many motives, both noble and base, from the purest in altruism to the meanest in selfishness, may inspire the ambition for political authority and power; but it is certain that the lower promptings are more energetic than the higher, and prick men on to more arduous striving for the coveted prize. In our American political experience there has been no fact more glaringly

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manifested than this, unless it is the fact that our two-party system is stimulating and helpful to the sordid political ambitions and discouraging to the nobler aims.

A common phrase in our political talk and writing explains why this is so. One or the other of our two contending parties is always subject to description as 'the party in power.' The power of government is always the power of a party, shifted to and fro between the two organizations of political rivalry as the prize of a lottery, which has its annual, biennial, and quadrennial drawings at the polls. For a given term, the one party or the other ordinarily receives complete possession of that tremendous power, to the utmost of its range. It is power to make and administer law, to levy, collect, and expend public revenues, to undertake and carry on public works, to hold the stewardship of public property, to grant public franchises, to fill public offices, to distribute public employments, — to be, in fact, for a given term, *the public* of cities, of states, and of the great nation, in all the handling of their stupendous corporate affairs. To obtain a realizing conception of the immensity of power which this involves, and of the diabolical temptations and invitations it offers, not only to conscious dishonesty, but to selfishness in all forms, is to know why our politics are corrupted as they are.

By giving these awful masses of corrupting opportunity always into the possession of one or the other of two party organizations, we draw what is corrupt and corruptible in the country into almost irresistible leagues for the controlling of both. Men of one sort are induced to devote their lives to the practice of the arts of political engineering which have produced the 'machine' organization of party and brought it to a marvelous perfection. Men of another sort are made willing to be cogged wheels in the machine, some as congressmen, some as state legislators, some as aldermen, some as executive officials, but all, on their appointed axes, going round and round in obedient responsiveness to the hand which turns the mandatory crank, making law, enforcing law, or stifling law, as the 'boss' commands. The construction, the maintenance, and the operation of the machine are attended by heavy cost; and this brings a third order of men into the wide circle of corruption which it spreads. These are its patrons, — the liberal subscribers for such profitable products, of legislation from one hopper, of chloroformed law from another, and of public jobs from a third, as it is prepared to turn out on demand. They finance the expensive 'plants' of the two parties, with all their advertising shows and stage-plays for the captivation of weak-minded voters, and they receive in return friendly statutes and tariffs, and public franchises and contracts, and official connivances and negligences, which accomplish public pocket-picking on the biggest conceivable scale. The total result is a state of rottenness in American politics which has become a stench in the nostrils of the world.

If our two parties represented a *natural* bisection of political opinion in the country, such effects might seem curable; but they do so no longer, although there was that spontaneous cleavage in their origin, both in England and with us. Parties in English politics had their rise in the struggle between a disfranchised class and a ruling class, and that was fought to its practical finish forty years ago. In our own case, when the Federal Union took form, a single wide cleft in political public opinion was opened by the conflict between national and provin-

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cial trends of feeling, producing the Federal and Anti-Federal parties of early American politics. In the next generation that contention between nationalizing policies and provincial exaggerations of 'state rights' ran into and was reinforced by the sectional slavery question, prolonging and embittering the duel of parties until it culminated in the sectional Civil War. Both of the questions at issue having then been settled by a judgment beyond appeal, a decade or so sufficed for the practical clearing from our politics of all that was residual from the old state of things, and we entered on new conditions, which brought new problems and new diversities of mind into our political life.

There has been nothing of conflict since, in actual belief or opinion, that could carry forward the old division of parties on one continuous line, as it has been carried to the present day. On the first large general question that arose, which was the question of the monetary standard, — the 'silver question,' — there was so little intellectual sincerity in the final championship of the gold standard by the party which carried it into law that the stand of that party on the question was in doubt almost till the opening of the decisive campaign of 1896. On each side of the question there was a considerable body of genuine opinion; but neither side of that opinion was coincident with either side of the old two-party division of voters in the nation. Both of the old parties were ruptured temporarily by the new issue, which carried a few companies of recalcitrant Democrats into independent revolt or into the Republican ranks, and *vice versa;* but the greater mass of the combatants in that fight had the banner that they fought under determined for them, primarily by the cold tactical calculations of party leaders, and finally by the sweep of that blind partisan spirit, — that unreasoning *vis inertiæ* of human temper which keeps men running, like other animals, in herds.

It must be remembered that what we mean when we speak of the 'party spirit' has no reference to any motive that is inspired by an object — a belief, a social interest, a social right or a social wrong — which a party may be formed to promote or resist, but is the fanatic devotion which seems to be so easily diverted to the party itself, as an object of attachment distinct from its instrumental use. There have been times and occasions when this motiveless zealotry had a naked exhibition, divested of everything in the nature of a rational cause, — originating, even, in no more than a color or a name. A famous instance is that of the factions of the Roman circus, which Gibbon describes in the fortieth chapter of the *Decline and Fall.* Rightly considered, the lesson to be taken from the story of those factions, which arose in connection with the colors (white, red, green, and blue) of the liveries worn by drivers in the Roman chariot-races, is one of the most important that history affords.

In the party spirit which made that exhibition (and other exhibitions hardly less puerile and revolting, in other times and places) the fundamental quality is the senselessness, the objectless inanity, of the association that inspired it. That, in fact, is what constitutes a party spirit, whenever and however it becomes generated in a party with no inspiration from a *cause* which the party is made use of to support. Acting, as it does, with the weight and momentum of a mass of people, and with utter unreason, this motiveless zealotry is the most mischievous of all the mischief-makings that have come from empty or idle human brains. Its malign influence in

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history has actually been unequaled by any other. More or less it has perverted all human association, especially in those spheres of it which passion can most easily invade. Its worst workings have not been in politics, but in the religious organizations of the world. It may be doubtful whether religious or political divisions have been most creative of this senseless party spirit which perverts the rational uses of party; but it is certain that religious contentions have enraged it most, and produced the most revolting examples of its malignant power. By an easy degradation the religious spirit has always been prone to lapse into partisanship, and then religious and political partisanships have sought unions which begot a demonism in humanity that reveled in savage tyrannies and horrible wars.

Those fiendishly passionate developments of the party spirit belong, perhaps, to the past, and illustrate a danger which cannot seem imminent at the present day. We may reasonably hope that our social growth has left them behind. But no human disposition so insensate can be tolerated and cultivated, as this continues to be, without immense mischiefs of some nature to the race. If mischiefs from its primitive violence are disappearing, the very narcotizing of it has produced equally bad if not worse ones, of paralysis, to replace them. Now it is threatening, not to our social peace, but to the vital energies in our social life. So far as a sectarian party spirit enters the churches it deadens the religious spirit; and so far as a political organization is held together and actuated by something else in the feeling of its members than an earnestness of opinion on questions of the public good, it is infected with a party spirit that is sure death to the public spirit on which democracies depend as the breath of their life. Who can doubt that such an infection is rank in both of the alternative parties that control American politics to-day? Look at the facts of their history since the close of the Civil War!

One of these two parties came out of that war much injured in credit and character; the other with an immense prestige. While the war lasted, the supporting of the government was a duty so imperious to large majorities of the people that it forbade any obstinacy of opposition to measures taken in the conduct of the war. By this cause the Republican party, having control of the government, acquired a great number of adherents who agreed in little but their common determination to keep the Union intact, with no concession to the doctrines that had set secession and rebellion afoot. By the same cause the Democratic party, in critical opposition to the government, drew into its membership every shade of opinion that was weaker in Unionism or sympathetic with the secessionist attack.

Many Republicans of that period were intensely opposed to the greenback issue of legal-tender paper money, which eased the financing of the war and doubled its cost, while enriching a few by inflated prices and distressing the many. Other Republicans were forced to grit their teeth with anxiety and anger as they watched the tariff-making of the war years, and saw pilfering protective duties stealing in under cover of the great revenue needs of the time, and the industries of the country being captured by monopolists who have fattened on them ever since. In the last year of the war, when reconstruction questions were rising, a probable majority in the Republican party was with President Lincoln in opinions opposed to the entire immediate incorporation of the whole

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body of recent slaves in the voting constituency of the states to be reconstructed. On all these points of public policy, especially on the latter, there were thousands in the Democratic party who held precisely the same views. The ending of the war raised these matters at once to an importance above everything else in national affairs, and every rational consideration in politics made attention to the treatment of them the foremost duty of the time.

Why, then, were not agreeing citizens brought together, from what had been the Republican party and the Democratic party, to form new combinations for dealing with the issues of the new situation, — the questions of reconstruction, of protective duties, and of money? A simply rational and natural instinct in politics would have drawn voters who had real opinions into such combinations, in order to represent themselves effectively in Congress on one or more of the issues which appealed to them most strongly; and the result would undoubtedly have saved the country from two decades or more of drifting, blundering, unrighteous legislation, which enriched a class at the expense of the mass and demoralized American life in a hundred ways. What prevented, of course, was the bondage of the Anglo-American mind to the inherited two-party idea of practical politics, and the antagonism of party spirit which that idea promotes and excites. Even the few Republicans and Democrats who broke away from their respective parties, to do battle for Lincoln's reconstruction policy, or for sound money, or against protective tariffism, — even those few made their fight as guerrillas, — 'mugwumps,' — independents, and attempted no party organization. The general body of their fellow believers stayed with the old banners, expostulating loudly from time to time against the roadways of their march, and suffering a succession of disgusts as they arrived at such achievements as carpet-bag government in the Southern States, Bland and Sherman silver bills, McKinley and Dingley tariffs, and the like. And still, to this day, the columns of our two-party campaigning are substantially unbroken, and men who agree in opinion on the greater matters of public concern are facing one another in antagonistic organizations, instead of standing shoulder to shoulder for some effective promotion of their beliefs.

Of course, no effective expression of public opinion on any question of public policy, or any principle of right, is possible under conditions like these; and what must be the effect on the political attitude of the citizen-mind, — on its thoughtful interest in public questions, and on the intelligent sincerity of action inspired by it, — when the expression of political opinion is so hampered or suppressed? Unquestionably the effect has been and is, increasingly, to deaden public opinion as a political force, and to engender the senseless party spirit in its place.

In the last presidential election the pronouncements of purpose and promised policy by the two chief parties, on all questions brought forward in the canvass, were substantially and practically the same. On the regulation of interstate railway traffic and of so-called trusts; on tariff revision; on currency reform; on questions between labor and capital; on the conservation of natural resources and the improvement of the waterways of the country, — there was no difference of material import in what was proposed. Both parties contemplated some prolongation of American rule in the Philippines, with ultimate independence of the islands in view, and disagreed only as to making or not mak-

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ing their ultimate independence the subject of an immediate pledge. Actually nothing of conflict in the principles or projects of policy set forth by these two parties could make the choice between them a matter of grave importance to any citizen when he cast his vote. It was manifest that they existed no longer as organizations of opposing opinion, but had degenerated into competing syndicates for the capture of political power. Thus the citizen who exercised a thoughtful judgment on the public questions of the day was actually driven to determine his vote, as between these parties (one or the other of which would inevitably be 'the party in power'), by something else than that judgment; by something of a feeling that grows easily into the mischievous spirit that finally cares for nothing in politics but the party and the party's success.

The minor parties in our politics, —Prohibitionist, Socialist, Populist,— which justify their existence by special aims, are respectable as parties because consistently formed and coherent by the force of real motives of union; but they promise no disturbance of the demoralizing certainty, in every election, that undivided power, of legislation or administration or both, will go to one or the other team of the professional players in the two-party game.

What, then, could be thinner and poorer than the exhibition that we make now in our politics? Our parties mean so little; represent so faintly and vaguely the public mind; offer so little invitation or stimulation to thought on public questions and to well-considered action in politics; furnish so perverted an agency for receiving and executing any mandate from the people! Is it not time to reconsider our traditional belief in the two-party organization of politics, and question whether something that would be better in the whole effect might not, after all, be obtained from a structure of parties more flexible than in the pattern that England gave us?

The natural cleavage between conservative and progressive, or liberal, opinion, which originated the two-party division in English and American politics, gave origin, likewise, to the more numerous political parties of the European continent. But, while Englishmen and Americans have made one mixture of all tinctures of conservative political opinion, and another mixture of all degrees of progressive liberality, the French, German, and other Europeans, have not been satisfied with so crude and careless a lumping of their differences of judgment on public questions, but have subdivided their main divisions of party in a rational and, we may say, a scientific way. After entering upon an experience of representative government, they soon discovered that moderate and extreme dispositions, whether conservative or progressive, may separate men by wider differences of view than arise between the moderately conservative and the moderately progressive man; and that there is a considerable breadth of ground within the range of the latter's differences, on which men from both sides can act together more effectively for what they desire in government than by action on either side of the prime division. Recognition of this fact tends naturally to the formation of at least three parties of a comprehensive character (not limited, that is, to single specific objects), namely: one on the conservative slope of opinion, one on the progressive, and a third on an area between these.

This was so natural an organization of politics that the continental Europeans, coming into the enjoyment of repre-

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sentative institutions much later than the English, fell into it as though there was nothing else to be done; and in the seating of their legislatures they found a natural name for the natural parties that took form. According to the places in which the parties became grouped, at the right or the left of the presiding officer's chair, or in front of it, they came to be known as the party of the Right, the party of the Left, the party of the Centre; or simply the Right, the Left, and the Centre. Generally, at the outset of the introduction of parliamentary institutions on the Continent, conservative opinion had the strongest representation in the legislative bodies, and its deputies took the seats which gave them the name of the Right. The naming then established became fixed in European use.

For the simple politics of the Swiss Republic the three parties of this most natural division — Right, Left, and Centre — have sufficed for many years. In most countries of Europe, however, the Right and Left parties, especially the latter, are subject to fissures that produce Right Centre and Left Centre parties, and frequently others, taking different names, with branchings, moreover, on the Left, of parties like the Socialist, which acknowledge no fundamental relationship with parties on that side, but stand on ground of their own. No doubt this segmentation of parties has been practiced excessively in Latin and German countries, and has been often troublesome in the conduct of government; but the question to be considered is whether the transient difficulties so caused have ever been comparable in seriousness with the deep-seated evils that arise in our politics from the hard and fast crystallization of our two historic parties, and the fixed fact that one or the other will always win the corrupting prize of power.

Experience of a systematically representative government was opened in France in 1876, when the Constitution of the Third Republic went into effect. The first elections to the Chamber of Deputies gave the supporters of this republican Constitution, against hostile Bonapartists, Bourbon monarchists, and anarchists, great majorities; but the presidency had been filled by previous election in the National Assembly, and Marshal MacMahon, who occupied it, was extremely anti-republican in his views. Discord between the majority in the Chamber and the ministries selected by the President was inevitable, and it resulted in the resignation of MacMahon at the end of January, 1879. The Republicans, however, were far from forming a compact political party. Their deputies were divided into so many groups or varieties that Dr. Lowell, in his account of *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe*, mentions only five of 'the most important,' which bore the following names: Left Centre, Republican Left, Republican Union, Radical Left, and Extreme Left. The group which called itself Republican Union, headed by Gambetta, though it was not a majority of the Chamber in its own numbers, yet exercised a practical dominance, which it maintained for a number of years.

Nobody can think of denying that government in France was distressingly weakened and troubled for a period by the financial particularity of opinion, or other motive, which this division among the Republicans exhibits. In the ten years immediately following MacMahon's resignation there were fourteen changes of ministry. But in the next ten years, ending in 1899, the ministries numbered but eight; and the eleven years since then have seen but four. The ministry now conducting the government is substantially the one that

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received the reins, under M. Sarrien, in March, 1906. M. Clemenceau took M. Sarrien's place as premier a few months later, and was replaced in turn by M. Briand in July, 1909; but the government as a whole underwent no change in character, and not much in its personnel. It is distinctly radical in its composition; M. Briand is a Socialist, and manifestly a statesman of intellectual breadth and power, under whose prime ministry France seems to be favored with the most capable government it has yet secured. The divisions and subdivisions of party continue to be numerous, but workable combinations among them have become more and more practicable, and steady progress in legislative and administrative efficiency is plainly to be seen.

Considering the formidable difficulties that attended the establishing of republican government in France, from royalist and imperialist antagonisms, from the originally open hostility of Rome, from the discouraging memory of two failures in the past, from the recent loss of national prestige, and from ever-impending dangers in the feeling between Germany and France,—have we any good reason for supposing that a two-party organization in the conflicts involved would have brought the country through them with better success? The same generation which suffered the crushing downfall of the Second Empire, and had reason for well-nigh despairing of France, has been able to found and build on that great ruin a well-ordered radical democracy, and make it one of the substantial political powers of the world. At the same time, however, these people have not hesitated to take up and apparently to give a lasting treatment to such hazardous undertakings as the secularizing of public education, the separation of the State from an anciently established Church, and the subjection of its religious orders and societies to civil law.

What greater achievements in the workmanship of politics has our time produced? And what other country in our generation has suffered tribulations so many and so distracting as the workers at these formidable tasks have been tormented by meanwhile? When I call to mind the Boulanger intoxication, the Panama Canal failure and its scandals, the madness of the Dreyfus iniquity, the Morocco trouble, and the almost paralyzing strike of postal and telegraph employees, the safe passing of the French democracy through all these merciless testings, in the period of its organization and schooling, claims my wondering admiration.

In the corresponding period what do we show of political achievement that will make good any boast of a better working of government under the two-party organization of our democracy? A few years prior to the undertaking of republican government in France we passed, as a nation, through the greatest of our trials, when, at stupendous cost of life and suffering, we rescued our Federal Union from rupture, and then applied ourselves to the reconstruction of society and government in eleven shattered states. I have alluded already to the fact that a probable majority of the party then all-powerful in possession of the government was favorable to the policy of reconstruction which President Lincoln had begun to carry out before his death. By the loss of his sane influence and by the passions which his murder excited, an ascendency in the party was transferred suddenly to its radical and vindictive minds and tempers, and the party as a whole (or nearly so), with its whole irresistible power, was swept by them into their recklessness of dealing with these gravest problems of our history. It was so swept by the habit of solidi-

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fied party action (dignified in our talk of it as 'loyalty' to party) which is cultivated and educated in us by the two-party prejudice of our minds.

Suppose that we had been habituated in that period to the more natural three-party division of opinion and disposition, — with or without subdivisions, — and accustomed to the organized occupation of a middle ground in our politics, — the ground for a 'Right Centre' and a 'Left Centre,' — where moderate Republicans and moderate Democrats would be in readiness at all times to throw the weight of their moderation against extremes of action on either side! Can any one doubt that a much saner and more effective reconstruction would have been given to the states disordered by rebellion? that they would have been spared the abominations of the 'carpet-bag' *régime*, and the nation spared the shame of it? that race antagonism in those states would not have been what it is, and that the condition and prospects of their colored population would have been infinitely better to-day?

Apply the surmise, again, to the treatment in our politics of those most vital of economic questions, the questions of tariff! There have always been three attitudes of people on this subject: one proceeding from opinion formed intelligently, by study and thought; another from opinion adopted carelessly, without knowledge; the third from dictation of self-interests, considered alone. As these have been mixed and lumped in both of our parties, by strains of party influence which obscured the subject, no fair opportunity has been afforded for the instructing of ignorance or for the combating of selfishness in dealing with the matter. Is it not more than probable that such subsidiary groupings in party organization as European constituencies have found practicable would have given many more openings to such opportunity, and would have saved us from some, at least, of the oppressive tribute which protected greed, helped by ignorance and thoughtlessness, has been able to levy on us for scores of years?

To my mind it appears more than probable that, in the treatment of all serious situations and all questions of high importance, we should fare better if no single organization of party could always, as a rule, control the determination of them. Ordinary legislation need not be rendered more difficult by some articulation of our political parties in the European manner, requiring majorities in legislative bodies to be made up and handled in two or three sections, and not in a ready-made, unchangeable mass. If agreement on the graver matters became slower of attainment and less easy, it could not often fail to be made wiser and more just by the disputation through which it came. Admit everything of hindrance and inconvenience in government that can be charged against that rational articulation of parties, and what force can we feel in it, as against the intolerable evils which our contrary practice has brought upon us? That the worst of those evils are not curable without some loosening of the rigidity of our two-party organizations is the conclusion to which I am driven. Briefly, let me rehearse the reasons for this conclusion: —

1. A serviceable expression of public opinion in politics through no more than two organs of its collected utterance is possible only when some single question, or group of related questions, is overriding all others in the general mind. In common circumstances the citizen who tries to exercise an intelligent and useful judgment in his political action needs more latitude of choice than between the two categories of col-

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lective opinion, on everything in public affairs, which two rival parties put forth. By voting with one or the other of these parties he represents himself in government as a full indorser of all that its category declares, and he is fortunate, indeed, if his vote does not falsify half of his judgments and beliefs. Of course there is no practicable organization of political opinion, for collective expression, that will avoid some considerable compromise and sacrifice of personal judgments by every citizen; but our system imposes the maximum of falsification on our suffrages, instead of the least. How much this causes of depression and weakening in the political working of large classes of minds — on the activity of their interest in public matters, on the earnestness of their convictions, and on the vigor of the expression given to them — cannot be known; but there can be no doubt that the effect goes seriously deep.

2. By so organizing our political action that the whole power of government, with all that it carries of stupendous opportunity for nefarious private gain at public expense, must go undividedly to one or the other of two lastingly established parties, we make it inevitable that irresistible leagues of self-seekers will acquire control of those parties, with nefarious designs. Such control is always made visible to us in the perfected machination of our party organizations. We shall never make them otherwise than machines until the corrupting opportunities they offer for exploitation are minimized by some disintegration of the power now solidified in them.

3. Nothing effective to this end is accomplished by simply independent voting, because the weight of the independent vote has to go, just as the partisan vote goes, to the tipping, one way or the other, of the two-party beam. The better motive in it can often improve immediate results. It can menace, admonish, rebuke, one or the other of the oligarchies of party at a given election. In this way it is of excellent occasional service, in improving nominations for office and in securing an election of the better; but it can never advance us by a step toward escape from that which makes machines of our political parties, to hold them down to two in number, with the guaranteed prize of all governmental power to be striven for between them, and with every possible motive for the selfish and unscrupulous use of that power invited into combinations for handling it.

4. As the focal points of political organization are necessarily in cities, it is there, naturally, in American municipal government, that our two-party system of politics shows its working most flagrantly to our shame. Municipal government is, therefore, the present subject of our most earnest undertakings of political reform. We are making great endeavors to create something in the nature of municipal politics, distinct from and independent of the two-party national politics, in order that some degree of home rule may be realized, and local interests may have some measure of consideration in the treatment of local affairs. But what reasonable hope can we entertain of success in this endeavor, so long as the two-party organization is what it is, and the cities are the inevitable seats of its management; where its mastery of the agencies of political action are most easily exercised, and where the interested influences that work for it and with it have likewise their principal seats?

In England, the showing of effects in municipal government from these causes is becoming the same as in the United States. Ever since Parliament became democratized by successive

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extensions of the popular suffrage, in 1867 and 1884, the organizations of the two dominating parties have been growing steadily machine-like, taking on the structure and character of our own; and with equal steadiness the municipalities have been falling under their control. M. Ostrogorsky bears witness to these facts, in his remarkably thorough study of *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, published in 1902. He wrote then of English municipal politics: 'There already appears a general phenomenon, . . . the indifference to municipal matters which is growing up among the citizens. They inevitably leave the burden of their duty to the common weal to be borne by the political parties who have monopolized local public life. . . . The first effect of this state of things is strikingly manifested in the decline of the intellectual and, to some extent, moral standard of the personnel of the town councils. . . . Devotion to the party being, under the Birmingham system [of party organization], the first qualification for admission to honors, it inevitably became before long the principal condition of such admission. . . . On the occasion of my first tour in the provinces [in 1889] I pretty often heard it said that "good men" (the Tories said "gentlemen") would not stand for the town council; but on visiting the same towns after an interval of six years I was much struck by the tone of melancholy and sometimes of exasperation in which the effects of the introduction of politics into municipal affairs were spoken of.'

5. Through every influence it exerts, the two-party system is weakening or vitiating the public opinion and the public spirit which are the vitalizing forces in democracy, and lending itself powerfully to a substitution of the purely partisan spirit which all history has proved to be the most pestilent by which human society can be infected.

Our bondage to the inexorable old system has been relentless for so many generations that release from it had seemed impossible until a little time ago, when Western 'insurgency' showed its head. Now there appear some glimmerings of encouragement to the hope that our politics may yet develop a Centre, with its Right and Left wings, disjointable from necessary connection with the extremes of Right and Left.

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A WORD TO THE RICH

BY HENRY L. HIGGINSON

> What we gave, we have;
> What we spent, we had;
> What we left, we lost.

THESE words of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, cut on his gravestone, may serve me as a text. That nothing is of the best advantage to the human race until well used, may also serve as a text.

I

In the early fifties, when I was a very young man, we fellows constantly speculated and discussed as to the methods of making our lives successful. By 'success' we did not mean riches, houses and lands, high place and honors, but something of real value to the world. We wished to make our lives tell by good work — a selfish wish perhaps, but it had its good side. We knew that our nation was in the making, and that it was our task to help. It never occurred to us that our nation was without faults; on the contrary, we saw many things to correct. The field was large and called for knowledge and careful thought in the tilling.

The slavery question was to the fore, and, being vital, it grew daily in prominence, arousing deep feeling on all sides. The lawyers and courts cited the Constitution. The manufacturers begged for peace, as they needed the cotton, on which many workmen depended for their daily bread. The clergy were lukewarm or divided. The Southerners bitterly resented any comment on their property, whether land or slaves. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, by personal examination of the Southern plantations and conditions and habits, taught the American people that the land and the men, white and black, were not being used to advantage, and that slavery was bad economy. Only then arose the conviction that slavery must rule the land or be overthrown; only then did men awaken to the absolute, the vital need of ridding the land of the national burden and the national disgrace. It may be noted, by the way, that hard names and vituperation delayed and thwarted the efforts peacefully to get rid of slavery. The slave-owners were, as a rule, high-minded gentlefolk who had grown up under a false system and believed it good, but it was against the law of the universe.

During those years our feeling of patriotism was growing stronger, and when the Civil War broke out it became with us a true passion. It was the ruling motive. Our American people of both sides showed such devotion to an ideal, such steadfast, strong feeling about our country, such high civic virtue, that the duty of those of us who survived to work for the common welfare and happiness became clearer than ever. It indeed seemed a behest, sanctified and strengthened by the memory of our dead friends.

When the war was over, and slavery done away with, the great problem of the Negro yet remained, and, affecting as it did the white race quite as much as the black race, it demanded constant effort and patience as a condition of

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national life. The answer to the question of a slavery system was simple, but the answer to the problems of the rapidly widening industrial system was far more difficult, and lay before us, a life-work.

We lads had wondered whether the men and women of the workshops and of the field were getting fair treatment and giving a fair return. We were sure that such conditions must be diligently sought, and we believed that fair treatment would bring fair returns, and only so. On such mutual relations depended the moral welfare of our country. The way to this goal lay through education — education of the largest kind, and fitted to all the ends to be gained. The adjustments between labor and capital, between men of different occupations, were pressing, and were not easy to understand or to settle. Education and experience, tempered by sympathy, alone could bring a solution for the time, and ever and again changes must and would follow changed conditions. This education could never cease to grow as men with new ideas and new wants advanced, and it was sure to bear rich fruits, — indeed, was essential to the safety of the world. Any one who could and would achieve these results, or help toward their achievement, would be successful and, therefore, happy. We believed 'that the State, like the individual, should rest on an ideal basis. Not only man but nature is injured by the imputation that man exists only to be fattened with bread, but he lives in such connection with thought and fact that his bread is surely involved as one element thereof, but is not its end and aim.' Such had been our ideal before the Civil War, and such it remained after the war was over.

Mankind always needs ideals which loom so large in the sight of men that they cannot fail to see them clearly. More than ever is this true of to-day, for the turmoil and the hurry of modern life raise a great dust which oftentimes hides the skies. Enthusiasm, dreams, hopes are to be encouraged, and belong to youth, which ever renews itself in warm hearts, although reason is needed to cool and guide them. The fact that we believe that our ideal is beautiful and holy is not ground for forcing it on our mates. To win success a man must not be a pure idealist, else in practical things he will fail; but he must have ideals, and he must obey them.

II

Two of my friends stand out as having done especially well in the industrial field. The first built up slowly and surely a great railroad system of seven thousand miles, and, while busy with his work, taught by precept and by example many younger men the true, wise method of handling material and human problems with success. He held that the men of the railroad should be treated as individuals, who had their views, their rights and duties, and who should get and give full value for their work. He always had excellent help from friends and stockholders. From the outset, he had taken a deep interest in public affairs, and made his influence for the good felt. He had begun from absolute poverty, was most free with his earnings, and late in life came against a large problem. A bank in some straits, for which he was in no wise responsible, lay down on him for help, and he resolutely, and against the best advice, took up the load and quietly carried it, until a happy conclusion was reached. It cost him half of his fortune, which was at best none too large, and gave him weeks, months, years of terrible anguish, and shortened a useful life. He did it to save

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many people from suffering, and to guard a great state against serious danger. About the facts, he was as silent as the grave. He saw the danger to others and to himself, and he chose the noble course, never counting the cost. His pupils hold the highest positions on great railroads to-day, and have proved the quality of their teacher and their teaching. When Charles Elliott Perkins died, the men and the trains stopped all work for an hour. To-day, as the railroad trains pass the field in Burlington, Iowa, where his monument stands, the men lift their hats in memory of him.

The second man undertook a mining enterprise in the wilderness and, gifted with a fine body and a finer mind and spirit, labored day and night until he had built the enterprise into a great corporation. Like Charles Perkins, Alexander Agassiz began with no capital but his education and his character. With unflagging energy, he devoted himself to the great work of which Quincy A. Shaw was the founder. Side by side they shared the great risks and labor, and together they won success. Each was indispensable to the other.

For the use of the workmen, Alexander Agassiz and his stanch ally built houses, school-houses, churches, a club-house, a dance-hall, a hospital, and a school for industrial training, and established a fund wherewith to meet illness and accidents. He chose his workmen carefully, and treated them well. The result has been a steady, strong feeling among the workmen, which has kept away labor troubles, with but two short intervals, for forty-five years, and has caused a deep feeling of affection and reliance from the workmen to the employers.

In each case these men kept clearly before them great objects; they used without stint their money as it rolled in; they worked wisely for the good of mankind. They had drawn inspiration from their forbears and their times.

The world is very busy with work, and agog with ideas and plans and wishes, which have been kept back and are now rushing on us. The tremendous industries have called forth talents and energy, and have brought results, heretofore undreamed of. They have given new work to many people, and have enriched our nation. Everybody has prospered by them, but more especially the leaders have piled up riches to a huge extent, and have sometimes caused in the breasts of the multitude envy and jealousy. Men who started together in the race of life have lost sight of one another because of their difference in power, in character, in industry, or ideals. And the man who has not made speed in the race thinks hardly of his favored mate. He forgets the self-control, the ceaseless toil, the constant thought which his old companion has used, while he has gone to a ball-game or a bar, or simply smoked his pipe after a day of work. He ignores the difference in ability. He forgets, too, the failures which may have preceded success. A man makes five ventures and loses entirely on two. Can he be blamed for asking a large return on the other three? Such has been the history of almost all the railroads in the United States, of many mills, water-powers, farms, forests, and often it is only the second or third set of men who succeed with the enterprises which have opened our fertile lands or great forests to a thrifty, energetic population.

III

The strong man has won his pile, but has he succeeded? This thought, dating back sixty years, continually comes to an old man who has earned his bread and gingerbread and has sometimes tried to feed a hungry wayfarer. After

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all, who were these strong men, and whence did they spring? For the most part they began as farm-hands, sailors, mechanics, clerks, shop-keepers, who had been raised in thrifty, careful, often penurious ways which were essential to their lives. Many of their ancestors, as Emerson says, were Orthodox Calvinists mighty in the Scriptures, and had learned that life was a preparation, a 'probation' (to use their word), for a higher world, and that it was to be spent in loving and serving mankind. They had been taught to save every possible penny, to eat plain food, to wear out their clothes and shoes, and to regard such a life as virtuous, — as, indeed, the only life. Perhaps they were not always careful to give full value for services rendered or goods sold, that being the 'other man's affair.' While honest according to their own standards, they might have been more regardful of their neighbors; but loose customs are as old as the hills, and apparently still obtain.

No excuse may be offered for dishonesty or greed, but mention of the reason for its existence is not amiss. All men sometimes do wrong, and at the end of a long life few can declare that they have always been perfectly honest, always fair and considerate of others. Selfishness is the great sin of which we all are in some degree guilty. Therefore, one is surprised at the harsh words of our great national preacher, and the stinging sentences of some magazines and newspapers about the wickedness of business men, and wonders whether the words of the Lord's Prayer mean anything to these writers, and whether they have abjured the forgiveness of sins. Is charity unknown to them?

This may be said with force: The moral tone among lawyers, physicians, manufacturers and traders, among the leaders and the followers in business, has gradually risen, and is to-day higher than ever. This fact gives us hope that men will presently sin less and show more altruism. It is 'good business,' and by and by it will be essential to our self-respect.

While enriching themselves, the great enterprisers have wrought great service to their country. These men have cared to win in their game. They have enjoyed the effort, the strain on their faculties. They have gloried in their success, and, at the end, perhaps they enjoy the power thus acquired far more than the money. They would equally enjoy the planning and execution of great educational schemes, from which they would reap equal renown. That field grows wider each day.

To the strong man of great wealth the question may be put: 'What are you getting out of it?' — 'A fine house, a country house, with gardens, horses, clothes, jewels, food and wine of the best, plenty of good company, and the power to increase my pile.' That means pleasures but not happiness, not contentment of spirit, not the peace of mind which will follow thought and aid of others; it does not promote the cause of education, which is and must remain the keystone of civilization. Such a result is not true success.

The question of true success is of world-wide interest, yet it remains unanswered. Socialism can give no reply, because it cripples and destroys individual effort, — and individuals make the world. Government can do little, for it accomplishes far less than individuals. Education, which strengthens each unit and binds all together, can alone bring us in sight of our goal, and education may be immeasurably widened in extent and raised in value by our able men, who have conquered in their own field, and who are ready now to work for the common weal. Is not this the key to true success?

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This man has slowly gathered his riches with toil, thought, anxiety, and he cannot easily part with the pennies so hardly earned. Yet he wishes to do good, and subscribes to this and that charity or school, in the hope of accomplishing something. He has attuned himself to acquisition, and therefore spends with difficulty. He means to establish a family with a good name, but he does not recognize that he is doing the worst possible thing for his children in giving them every pleasure, and demanding little from them in the way of training or sacrifice. Much of the father's training these children must of necessity miss; they cannot know his excellent teacher, adversity; they cannot learn through the day's work to endure hardships, and to overcome great obstacles.

Dear me! What a pity! How much happiness this man has missed in failing to build up noble works of benefit to our nation, and in failing to use for others the faculties which have already enriched him! And what a poor example he has set both to his children and to the world! 'Power,' said Emerson, 'can be generous. The very grandeur of the means which offer themselves to us should suggest grandeur in the direction of our expenditure. If our mechanic arts are unsurpassed in usefulness, if we have taught the river to make shoes and nails and carpets, and the bolt of Heaven to write our letters like a Gillott pen, let these wonders work for honest humanity, for the poor, for justice, genius, and the public good. Let us realize that this country, the last found, is the great charity of God to the human race.'

How can a man expect success in a difficult and unknown field when only through strenuous efforts he has met success in his own chosen business? Then why should he wait for death to cut off such effort as is needed to win success in this new business? To use millions and millions of money well is hard. Is any considerable task easy, and do we wish it to be easy? A man almost despises an easy task, and a strong man seeks a hard task for the very joy of the struggle. We of this day can never expect to sit quietly and watch the world seethe, struggle, boil over, — and be scalded. It is costly, dangerous, in truth wicked, and we cannot suffer in silence mistakes which we can avoid.

IV

Here is a suggestion. Let a man gifted with very great ability, who has used every talent to develop large enterprises with success, and won great riches, set an example of high civic virtue, and help in the making of our nation by the use of his talents in spending all his fortune during his lifetime. He has won his spurs on one field, and every conqueror seeks fresh victories. Why not try another field? It will give him full occupation for his remaining years, and thus round out his life. 'What I gave, I have.' He does infinite good, wins great trust and love, purifies himself of the selfishness which comes from thinking overlong of his own interests, and changes a feeling of envy into one of friendliness. He has given his family a fame hitherto unknown, — and what has it cost? What has he given? — Simply all that has lain in his power, — just what many men have done who have given all their talents and their lives, never asking a reward. See George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Eliot, William James, our great soldiers, judges, statesmen, teachers, artists, poets, inventors, physicians, men like Major Walter Reed, who gave his life to teach us about the yellow-fever mosquito, and the private soldier who offered his body for poisonous experiments, which paralyzed him.

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The instances are numberless. Whether a man gives life itself, or his life-work, or all his money accumulated in his lifetime, what does it matter? Each is doing, in a wise, unselfish spirit, his utmost for his fellow men.

The strong man has reached his goal, but it is not time for resting. The day has come for him to show to other men that his life and his work are henceforth for them, and not for his own gratification. He must prove that he has labored for the common good, and that he knows the rightful, wise use of his profits. He has worked diligently and skillfully in his great cornfield, and has reveled in his tasks; now he is to learn the comfort of a garden blooming with flowers, which fills tired women with happiness, and gives the children a place to romp in to their hearts' content, and breathe in health and strength. He is building for the future of the race just as he has built his mills and his railroads; he is educating the nation, and presently he will find the task so pleasant that his difficulty will be to resist the temptation to toil unceasingly in his new garden.

Does such a plan seem too large? Do men who have built and who manage railroads across our continent balk at anything? These men build steamers twenty times the size of the large boats in which we used to cross the ocean. They bore miles underground, — whether below great warehouses or rivers is immaterial. They dig a mile or two into the bowels of the earth to mine for iron and copper. Are they to hesitate at any problem when it may help their fellows to a higher plane of life, and may teach them the eternal laws?

V

The question may be asked: 'How shall a man spend a great fortune during his lifetime?' Many ways lie open, many are already being tried. Preventive medicine is the quest of the day. Physicians are working hard to discover the causes of diseases, and to prevent sickness through healthier living conditions obtainable by all. These conditions come about more quickly if men stand ready to pay for the experiments which lead to public action in the future. To buy a tract of high pasture and woodland and build shacks upon it; to fill these shacks with patients, who would otherwise suffer and presently die in wretchedness; to multiply these camps until all the patients of the United States are happily cared for, would be a noble feat calling for real ability. Tuberculosis may be wiped out if our rich men strive to that end as hard as our physicians.

We need clean and well-ventilated club-rooms in our towns, where men can find food, pleasant talk, and books and pipes. Instruction in cooking is an imperative requirement of our people, who spoil more food than they eat. Industrial schools to teach the mechanic arts, business habits, and the household arts, are needed everywhere, for men and women taught in these subjects are more effective in daily labor.

Our national supply of food depends upon good agriculture. Our present wasteful methods could be improved by a man who would establish model farms where good methods were in use on a large scale. Our farms are yearly impoverished for lack of manure, while the sewage of our cities, now wasted in poisoning fishes, would go far to enrich those lands on which we rely for bread and meat and fruit and clothing. Our universities are beginning to teach the right methods of agriculture, — the selection of land, the breeding of cattle, pigs, and horses; but these same universities are always in dire need of money for tuition and research. They must have the ablest teachers and scientists,

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All our cities and towns should have better, healthier, and sunnier playgrounds, under skilled instructors, who will teach games, gymnastics, and, where it is possible, swimming. It is pathetic to see the health and the joy which our poor children get in their present playgrounds; but more and better are greatly needed. Simple music twice a week at these playgrounds would add much to the lives of the children, and of their parents also. See the crowds of work-people who flock to the art museums, and yet all these museums are poor in collections and in money.

In seeking chances for the good use of money, it should not be forgotten that over our broad land, in city and in village, is heard the cry for refreshment, for amusement, as a relief from the toil of our lives. The cry is just, and no more grateful task is offered us than to answer this cry by giving healthy amusement in the line of concerts and modest theatres. We live in a great cornfield, which is rich but dry. Let us plant flowers in it. Every day the men and women who look after and counsel the poor have fresh cases calling for money to be wisely expended. Mrs. Booth tells us of the men whom she has met in prison and reformed, thus giving the country useful citizens in place of costly criminals. No need to seek channels in which money would double, treble, the efficiency of the charities.

This plan gives occupation and happiness to the giver, explains, and, if you please, atones to his fellows for his success. It blesses the receiver and the giver; it cultivates kindly relations and feelings between the lucky and the less lucky men; it takes a long step toward the making of a great, healthy nation; and what higher, what more pressing duty can the citizen have than this task?

VI

My question has a very practical bearing. It may well be claimed that, as a people, we have been slow in the regulation of our corporations. Such regulation has now been established, and, if wisely and kindly enforced, will do good; but the danger arising from the management of our public-service corporations by our government is before our eyes, and would ruin the government. The sure result of government control is greater cost, greater confusion, less effectiveness, and, possibly, less honesty. If the government loses money by the railroad we, the people, pay it; for be it well understood that the government has no money except that which it draws from our earnings. If, by a large scheme of this nature, followed by many more of the same nature, our people see that in effect they themselves are the stockholders, the owners, of these corporations, because they enjoy the returns coming from them, they will prefer private to public ownership.

Heretofore, our people have relied on their individual powers, and have succeeded in their aims by force of them. To-day, some men are turning to the government for guidance and regulation in many directions. Government may do something, but often excites opposition, and in any case it will never have the high spirit which the private citizen can show, nor can it ever be so effective.

In short, while our nation may naturally profit through the action of government, it is the citizen's function and privilege to set the step, to lead the way, and to mark the path in which education, civilization, and a fine national career shall follow. In the end, government of every kind must seek and reach morality, or fail. Water can rise no higher than its level; therefore,

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it is for the citizen to see that the level is high and steadily rising. 'The community stagnates without the impulse of the individual; the impulse dies away without the sympathy of the community.'

Mr. Rockefeller has never invested money more profitably than in the great institution for the study and cure of disease, for disease is the most wasteful condition of life. He found able, trained men, who have devoted their lives to this work. He would easily find their equals in like establishments, and he would again invest money bearing a very great return. He is helping very largely the cause of education and of health in our Southern States, where the field is rich and almost untouched. He has been a patron saint in many directions, and he will never know the full result of his good works.

Mr. Carnegie is seeking to advance the causes of science and education by the institutions at Washington and at Pittsburg, and he has brought comfort and rest to many hard-working professors and their wives, through the Carnegie Foundation, which gives pensions to these professors. He has builded better than he knew.

Mrs. Sage is devoting her life and her money to a wise use in helping and housing laboring people.

Many other people are doing much in the way of charity and education. One great man is constantly collecting art objects, paintings, sculpture, and the like, and bringing them to America; and the Metropolitan Museum in New York has a collection of which any nation may be proud, and which has come from the purses of these rich men, assisted by New York City.

Our manufacturers have laid out villages for their work-people, and have provided them with gardens and libraries and halls for meeting; they have built for them churches and hospitals. They might well do the same for the relief of the numerous people who live in the cities, and who, not being in the employ of any company, are all the more in need of outside help.

One manufacturer has bought fifty good saddle-horses, which his mill-hands have agreed to use, — and the comment of the superintendent is that none of his investments has brought such a large return. Many great corporations have instituted systems of pensions, of funds for the sick and the wounded, of profit-sharing and the like. Indeed, altruism is in the air, and it should be in active and large practice.

All this is good, but it is not enough, and if these men can bless the land in such degree, why may they not do it in a far greater and wider degree? If many citizens establish great charities for play-grounds, schools, colleges, — and all means of education are charities, — why not till the field more thoroughly? In the last analysis, if we regard it as a national, a world-wide question, we must consider it as a matter of civilization and of business and a wise investment. These givers are getting their money's worth. Everything in this life costs, be it health, strength, happiness, or wealth; and if a man craves a high character he cannot gather pennies so easily or so largely as a man who is careless of his character. Is this a hardship? Anyway, the Lord has arranged it so, and all this goes to the making of our nation, and the nations rise together.

It is a necessary part of any such plan as that here proposed that two points should not be overlooked, namely, that the rich man should keep a reasonable amount of money for his children, who have grown up in certain habits, and who can best continue his work; and that the tidings of his action should be known far and wide, in order that all men should recognize the spirit

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and the blessing of it. We are in a time of unrest, and such news would soothe men's minds and counteract the sense of injustice. To see a very rich man parting with all his shares and bonds and houses, and doing it for the public good, would be an education to poor and to rich. Example is a good teacher, and the habit of giving, once formed, is sure to breed more wise gifts. All the material gifts which money can give are of far less value than the spiritual gift of everything — money, time, intelligence for the public welfare. 'What are the causes that make communities change from generation to generation? The difference is due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, and their decisions.'

VII

Our country has given birth to many geniuses in material affairs, who, boiling with imagination, energy, and resource, saw numberless chances for action, and in this spirit have developed the land. Using their powers to the best advantage for our country, these geniuses can work wonders in education and in civilization, wherein lies our national salvation.

Since my boyhood in the early fifties I have seen wonderful changes of habits and fortunes, which have separated men more than in those years, while our ideal was to draw men more together. Mere material prosperity, or indeed prosperity of any kind, cannot make a great nation. Therefore, it seems that our old ideal of a true democracy has even greater value than of yore, but that the path toward it is harder than we had known.

A man may say: 'Why fret about the present conditions of daily life? As a nation, we are flourishing and increasing daily, and growing rich. Let well alone.' Is it possible that any thinking man can blind himself to the unrest which prevails over the whole world, and hope that good government can exist unless this unrest is stilled by a removal of the causes? Is it possible that the successful man, so-called, can fail to see and to feel the emptiness of his success? A serious man cannot be content with mere pleasures. The picture of a great captain of industries dreaming, struggling, and finally reaching his imagined goal of success, and then finding it empty and himself lonely, — envied and disliked because of his success, — is dismal. On the contrary, the picture of his possible true success glows with sunshine. 'Science says that the best things are the eternal things, the overlapping things, the things in the universe that throw the last stone, so to speak, and say the final word.' Our plan falls back on these final things — the wider outlook, morality, religion, love, true happiness and well-being.

To the writer there seems to be no other outcome, no other foundation for a happy mankind, for civilization, than a full, generous, wise use of our powers for the good of our fellow men, and a happy forgetfulness of ourselves. Is such an ideal as is here proposed absurd? Our forefathers left England because they did not like her ways, and when she wished to enforce her authority and to insist on her ideas, they objected — with success. To-day England is glad of our success, and has profited by our ideals and by our material gains. Shall we now go back to the old ways, forgetting our ideals of a certain equality, and of a good chance for all our men and women? Surely our forefathers did not come to this country to win material success alone.

After a long doubt and delay, we objected strenuously to slavery as material and spiritual ruin, and paid a great price for our opinions. In one

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sense at least we have proved our case, for the material prosperity of the slave states far exceeds the old conditions there. In both these cases sober, cautious, excellent men regarded our national course as foolish and wrong.

For good or for evil, we have come into this period of great material development in every direction, and we must guide the spirit aright or lose control. We can do it by following high ideals. Let us remember that the world advances by ideals, and must hold fast to them. 'Communities obey their ideals, and an accidental success fixes an ideal.' Why not seek an accidental success, and risk the chance of failure?

It is true that many people have given, and are freely giving, of their money for public and private needs, and are unknown. Still more people give their time, which is more precious than money, for the one can be got again, but the other never can. All this is for good, and only warns us to ask for more of the very rich man, who, from his proved ability, is a leader, and who can to a superlative degree throw himself and his fortune into good works. Nor should the younger men wait until they can do great things. They should seize the daily chances to meet the daily needs. They will see their duty to provide for themselves and their dependents. This duty rests upon everybody, and the measure of it is only one of degree.

If it be objected that such plans as are here outlined draw capital away from the industries, and thus cripple business, it may be replied that investments already made may as well belong to a fund for industrial schools or hospitals as to a private citizen, and that the interest coming from education or greater health is very high. There is nothing more costly than disease, and wholesome homes give us better children, and draw the fathers back at night instead of sending them to the bar-rooms.

In so far as money is needed for development of new or old enterprises, no doubt somewhat less speed would ensue. Would not this loss be met by more efficient work, thorough knowledge, and better training? Old business men say that most of the failures and losses come from ignorance of true methods. If our enterprises are lessened in number, we as a nation may grow more slowly and more healthily; but, in any case, it is toward that result that many public men are working, although they are ignorant of the fact. Yearly we pay an enormous sum of money for insurance of our houses and goods, and if this be worth while, surely it is wise to insure to ourselves a peaceful, happy, healthy nation. Is the price of insurance too high? The insurance lies in the good-will and the kind feelings of people by offering to them such treatment as we ask of them.

We have a nation to make — a nation which will last only through noble achievements and high deserts, and which thus may help forward other nations. Can we find a finer task? We must have a quiet country, a happy nation, and we must assure this blessing to ourselves; else of what avail are our riches and fine houses? It is for us to choose — a life of turmoil or of happiness.

Free from the traditions and customs which weigh down the old nations, we citizens of the United States can reach our ideals if we will. 'Let us realize that this, the last country found, is the great charity of God to the human race'; and with such a blessing and behest from the Almighty to us, no effort toward true success can be too great.

What we gave, we have;
What we spent, we had;
What we left, we lost.

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THE PROVINCIAL AMERICAN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Viola. What country, friends, is this?
Captain. Illyria, lady.
Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
— *Twelfth Night.*

I AM a provincial American. My forbears were farmers or country-town folk. They followed the long trail over the mountains out of Virginia and North Carolina, with brief sojourns in Western Pennsylvania and Kentucky. My parents were born, the one in Kentucky, the other in Indiana, within two and four hours of the spot where I pen these reflections, and I was a grown man and had voted before I saw the sea or any Eastern city.

In attempting to illustrate the provincial point of view out of my own experiences I am moved by no wish to celebrate either the Hoosier commonwealth — which has not lacked nobler advertisement — or myself; but by the hope that I may cheer many who, flung by fate upon the world's byways, shuffle and shrink under the reproach of their metropolitan brethren.

Mr. George Ade has said, speaking of our fresh-water colleges, that Purdue University, his own alma mater, offers everything that Harvard provides except the sound of *a* as in father. I have been told that I speak our *lingua rustica* only slightly corrupted by urban contacts. Anywhere east of Buffalo I should be known as a Westerner; I could not disguise myself if I would. I find that I am most comfortable in a town whose population does not exceed a fifth of a million, — the kind of place that enjoys street-car transfers, a woman's club, and a post office with carrier delivery.

I

Across a hill-slope that knew my childhood, a bugle's grieving melody used to float often through the summer twilight. A highway lay hidden in the little vale below, and beyond it the unknown musician was quite concealed, and was never visible to the world I knew. Those trumpetings have lingered always in my memory, and color my recollection of all that was near and dear in those days. Men who had left camp and field for the soberer routine of civil life were not yet fully domesticated. My bugler was merely solacing himself for lost joys by recurring to the vocabulary of the trumpet. I am confident that he enjoyed himself; and I am equally sure that his trumpetings peopled the dusk for me with great captains and mighty armies, and touched with a certain militancy all my youthful dreaming.

No American boy born during or immediately after the Civil War can have escaped in those years the vivid impressions derived from the sight and speech of men who had fought its battles, or women who had known its terror and grief. Chief among my playthings on that peaceful hillside was the sword my father had borne at Shiloh and on to the sea; and I remember, too, his uniform coat and sash and epaulets and the tattered guidon of his battery, that, falling to my lot as toys, yet imparted to my childish consciousness a sense of

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what war had been. The young imagination was kindled in those days by many and great names. Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman were among the first lispings of Northern children of my generation; and in the little town where I was born, lived men who had spoken with them face to face. I did not know, until I sought them later for myself, the fairy tales that are every child's birthright; and I imagine that children of my generation heard less of

> old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago,

and more of the men and incidents of contemporaneous history. Great spirits still on earth were sojourning. I saw several times, in his last years, the iron-willed Hoosier War Governor, Oliver P. Morton. By the time I was ten, a broader field of observation opening through my parents' removal to the state capital, I had myself beheld Grant and Sherman; and every day I passed in the street men who had been partners with them in the great, heroic, sad, splendid struggle. These things I set down as a background for the observations that follow, — less as text than as point of departure; yet I believe that bugler, sounding charge and retreat and taps in the dusk, and those trappings of war beneath whose weight I strutted upon that hillside, did much toward establishing in me a certain habit of mind. From that hillside I have since ineluctably viewed my country and my countrymen and the larger world.

Emerson records Thoreau's belief that 'the flora of Massachusetts embraced almost all the important plants of America, — most of the oaks, most of the willows, the best pines, the ash, the maple, the beech, the nuts. He returned Kane's arctic voyage to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark, that most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord.'

The complacency of the provincial mind is due less, I believe, to stupidity and ignorance, than to the fact that every American county is in a sense complete, a political and social unit, in which the sovereign rights of a free people are expressed by the court-house and town hall, spiritual freedom by the village church-spire, and hope and aspiration in the school-house. Every reader of American fiction, particularly in the realm of the short story, must have observed the great variety of quaint and racy characters disclosed. These are the *dramatis personæ* of that great American novel which some one has said is being written in installments. Writers of fiction hear constantly of characters who would be well worth their study. In reading two recent novels that penetrate to the heart of provincial life, Mr. White's *A Certain Rich Man* and Mrs. Watts's *Nathan Burke*, I felt that the characters depicted might, with unimportant exceptions, have been found almost anywhere in those American states that shared the common history of Kansas and Ohio. Mr. Winston Churchill, in his admirable novels of New England, has shown how closely the purely local is allied to the universal. 'Woodchuck sessions' have been held by many American legislatures.

When *David Harum* appeared, characters similar to the hero of that novel were reported in every part of the country. I rarely visit a town that has not its cracker-barrel philosopher, or a poet who would shine but for the callous heart of the magazine editor, or an artist of supreme though unrecognized talent, or a forensic orator of wonderful powers, or a mechanical genius whose inventions are bound to revolutionize the industrial world. In Maine, in the back room of a shop whose windows looked down upon a tidal river, I have listened to tariff discussions in the dialect of Hosea Biglow; and a few weeks

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later have heard farmers along the un-salt Wabash debating the same questions from a point of view that revealed no masted ships or pine woods, with a new sense of the fine tolerance and sanity and reasonableness of our American people. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, one of the shrewdest students of provincial character, introduced me one day to a friend of his in a village near Indianapolis who bore a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, and who had something of Lincoln's gift of humorous narration. This man kept a country store, and his attitude toward his customers, and 'trade' in general, was delicious in its drollery. Men said to be 'like Lincoln' have not been rare in the Mississippi Valley, and politicians have been known to encourage belief in the resemblance.

Colonel Higginson has said that in the Cambridge of his youth any member of the Harvard faculty could answer any question within the range of human knowledge; whereas in these days of specialization some man can answer the question, but it may take a week's investigation to find him. In 'our town' — a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own! — I dare say it was possible in that *post bellum* era to find men competent to deal with almost any problem. These were mainly men of humble beginnings and all essentially the product of our American provinces. I should like to set down briefly the ineffaceable impression some of these characters left upon me. I am precluded by a variety of considerations from extending this recital. The rich field of education I ignore altogether; and I may mention only those who have gone. As it is beside my purpose to prove that mine own people are other than typical of those of most American communities, I check my exuberance. Sad indeed the offending if I should protest too much!

II

In the days when the bugle still mourned across the vale, Lew Wallace was a citizen of my native town of Crawfordsville. There he had amused himself in the years immediately before the civil conflict, in drilling a company of 'Algerian Zouaves' known as the Montgomery Guards, of which my father was a member, and this was the nucleus of the Eleventh Indiana Regiment which Wallace commanded in the early months of the war. It is not, however, of Wallace's military services that I wish to speak now, nor of his writings, but of the man himself as I knew him later at the capital, at a time when, in the neighborhood of the federal building at Indianapolis, any boy might satisfy his longing for heroes with a sight of many of our Hoosier Olympians. He was of medium height, erect, dark to swarthiness, with finely chiseled features and keen black eyes, with manners the most courtly, and a voice unusually musical and haunting. His appearance, his tastes, his manner, were strikingly Oriental.

He had a strong theatric instinct, and his life was filled with drama — with melodrama, even. His curiosity led him into the study of many subjects, most of them remote from the affairs of his day. He was both dreamer and man of action; he could be 'idler than the idlest flowers,' yet he was always busy about something. He was an aristocrat and a democrat; he was wise and temperate, whimsical and injudicious in a breath. As a youth he had seen visions, and as an old man he dreamed dreams. The mysticism in him was deep-planted, and he was always a little aloof, a man apart. His capacity for detachment was like that of Sir Richard Burton, who, at a great company given in his honor, was found alone poring over a puzzling Arabic

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manuscript in an obscure corner of the house. Wallace, like Burton, would have reached Mecca, if chance had led him to that adventure.

Wallace dabbled in politics without ever being a politician; and I might add that he practiced law without ever being, by any high standard, a lawyer. He once spoke of the law as 'that most detestable of human occupations.' First and last he tried his hand at all the arts. He painted a little; he moulded a little in clay; he knew something of music and played the violin; he made three essays in romance. As boy and man he went soldiering; he was a civil governor, and later a minister to Turkey. In view of his sympathetic interest in Eastern life and character, nothing could have been more appropriate than his appointment to Constantinople. The Sultan Abdul Hamid, harassed and anxious, used to send for him at odd hours of the night to come and talk to him, and offered him on his retirement a number of positions in the Turkish government.

With all this rich experience of the larger world, he remained the simplest of natures. He was as interested in a new fishing-tackle as in a new book, and carried both to his houseboat on the Kankakee, where, at odd moments, he retouched a manuscript for the press, and discussed politics with the natives. Here was a man who could talk of the *Song of Roland* as zestfully as though it had just been reported from the telegraph office.

I frankly confess that I never met him without a thrill, even in his last years and when the ardor of my youthful hero worship may be said to have passed. He was an exotic, our Hoosier Arab, our story-teller of the bazaars. When I saw him in his last illness, it was as though I looked upon a gray sheik about to fare forth unawed toward unmapped oases.

No lesson of the Civil War was more striking than that taught by the swift transitions of our citizen soldiery from civil to military life, and back again. This impressed me as a boy, and I used to wonder, as I passed my heroes on their peaceful errands in the street, why they had put down the sword when there must still be work somewhere for fighting men to do. The judge of the federal court at this time was Walter Q. Gresham, brevetted brigadier-general, who was destined later to adorn the cabinets of presidents of two political parties. He was cordial and magnetic; his were the handsomest and friendliest of brown eyes, and a noble gravity spoke in them. Among the lawyers who practiced before him were Benjamin Harrison and Thomas A. Hendricks, who became respectively President and Vice-President.

Those Hoosiers who admired Gresham ardently were often less devotedly attached to Harrison, who lacked Gresham's warmth and charm. General Harrison was akin to the Covenanters who bore both Bible and sword into battle. His eminence in the law was due to his deep learning in its history and philosophy. Short of stature, and without grace of person, — with a voice pitched rather high, — he was a remarkably interesting and persuasive speaker. If I may so put it, his political speeches were addressed as to a trial judge rather than to a jury, his appeal being to reason and not to passion or prejudice. He could, in rapid flights of campaigning, speak to many audiences in a day without repeating himself. He was measured and urbane; his discourses abounded in apt illustrations; he was never dull. He never stooped to pietistic clap-trap, or chanted the jaunty chauvinism that has so often caused the Hoosier stars to blink.

Among the Democratic leaders of that period, Hendricks was one of the

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ablest, and a man of many attractive qualities. His dignity was always impressive, and his appearance suggested the statesman of an earlier time. It is one of immortality's harsh ironies that a man who was a gentleman, and who stood moreover pretty squarely for the policies that it pleased him to defend, should be published to the world in a bronze effigy in his own city as a bandy-legged and tottering tramp, in a frock coat that never was on sea or land.

Joseph E. McDonald, a Senator in Congress, was held in affectionate regard by a wide constituency. He was an independent and vigorous character who never lost a certain raciness and tang. On my first timid venture into the fabled East I rode with him in a day-coach from Washington to New York on a slow train. At some point he saw a peddler of fried oysters on a station platform, alighted to make a purchase, and ate his luncheon quite democratically from the paper parcel in his car seat. He convoyed me across the ferry, asked where I expected to stop, and explained that he did not like the European plan; he liked, he said, to have 'full swing at a bill of fare.'

I used often to look upon the towering form of Daniel W. Voorhees, whom Sulgrove, an Indiana journalist with a gift for translating Macaulay into Hoosierese, had named 'The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash.' In a crowded hotel lobby I can still see him, cloaked and silk-hatted, the centre of the throng, and my strict upbringing in the antagonistic political faith did not diminish my admiration for his eloquence.

Such were some of the characters who came and went in the streets of our provincial capital in those days.

III

In discussions under captions similar to mine it is often maintained that railways, telegraphs, telephones, and newspapers are knitting us together, so that soon we shall all be keyed to a metropolitan pitch. The proof adduced in support of this is of the most trivial, but it strikes me as wholly undesirable that we should all be ironed out and conventionalized. In the matter of dress, for example, the women of our town used to take their fashions from *Godey's* and *Peterson's via* Cincinnati; but now that we are only eighteen hours from New York, with a well-traveled path from the Wabash to Paris, my counselors among the elders declare that the tone of our society — if I may use so perilous a word — has changed little from our good old black alpaca days. The hobble skirt receives prompt consideration in the 'Main' street of any town, and is viewed with frank curiosity, but it is only a one day's wonder. A lively runaway or the barbaric yawp of a new street fakir may dethrone it at any time.

New York and Boston tailors solicit custom among us biennially, but nothing is so stubborn as our provincial distrust of fine raiment. I looked with awe, in my boyhood, upon a pair of mammoth blue-jeans trousers that were flung high from a flagstaff in the centre of Indianapolis, in derision of a Democratic candidate for governor, James D. Williams, who was addicted to the wearing of jeans. The Democrats sagaciously accepted the challenge, made 'honest blue jeans' the battle-cry, and defeated Benjamin Harrison, the 'kid-glove' candidate of the Republicans. Harmless demagoguery this, or bad judgment on the part of the Republicans; and yet I dare say that if the sartorial issue should again become acute in our politics the banner of bifurcated jeans would triumph now as then. A Hoosier statesman who to-day occupies high office once explained to me his refusal of sugar for his coffee by

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remarking that he didn't like to waste sugar that way; he wanted to keep it for his lettuce. I do not urge sugared lettuce as symbolizing our higher provincialism, but mayonnaise may be poison to men who are nevertheless competent to construe and administer law.

It is much more significant that we are all thinking about the same things at the same time, than that Farnam Street, Omaha, and Fifth Avenue, New York, should vibrate to the same shade of necktie. The distribution of periodicals is so managed that California and Maine cut the leaves of their magazines on the same day. Rural free delivery has hitched the farmer's wagon to the telegraph office, and you can't buy his wife's butter now until he has scanned the produce market in his newspaper. This immediacy of contact does not alter the provincial point of view. New York and Texas, Oregon and Florida, will continue to see things at different angles, and it is for the good of all of us that this is so. We have no national political, social, or intellectual centre. There is no 'season' in New York, as in London, during which all persons distinguished in any of these particulars meet on common ground. Washington is our nearest approach to such a meeting-place, but it offers only short vistas. We of the country visit Boston for the symphony, or New York for the opera, or Washington to view the government machine at work, but nowhere do interesting people representative of all our ninety millions ever assemble under one roof. All our capitals are, as Lowell put it, 'fractional,' and we shall hardly have a centre while our country is so nearly a continent.

Nothing in our political system could be wiser than our dispersion into provinces. Sweep from the map the lines that divide the states and we should huddle like sheep suddenly deprived of the protection of known walls and flung upon the open prairie. State lines and local pride are in themselves a pledge of stability. The elasticity of our system makes possible a variety of governmental experiments by which the whole country profits. We should all rejoice that the parochial mind is so open, so eager, so earnest, so tolerant. Even the most buckramed conservative on the Eastern coast line, scornful of the political follies of our far-lying provinces, must view with some interest the dallyings of Oregon with the Referendum, and of Des Moines with the Commission System. If Milwaukee wishes to try Socialism, the rest of us need not complain. Democracy will cease to be democracy when all its problems are solved and everybody votes the same ticket.

States that produce the most cranks are prodigal of the corn that pays the dividends on the railroads the cranks despise. Indiana's amiable feeling toward New York is not altered by her sister's rejection or acceptance of the direct primary, a benevolent device of noblest intention, under which, not long ago, in my own commonwealth, my fellow citizens expressed their distrust of me with unmistakable emphasis. It is no great matter, but in open convention also I have perished by the sword. Nothing can thwart the chastening hand of a righteous people.

All passes; humor alone is the touchstone of democracy. I search the newspapers daily for tidings of Kansas, and in the ways of Oklahoma I find delight. The Emporia *Gazette* is quite as patriotic as the Springfield *Republican* or the New York *Post*, and to my own taste, far less depressing. I subscribed for a year to the Charleston *News and Courier*, and was saddened by the tameness of its sentiments; for I remember (it must have been in 1884) the shrinking horror with which I saw daily in the

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Indiana Republican organ a quotation from Wade Hampton to the effect that 'these are the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought four years on Virginia's soil.' Most of us are entertained when Colonel Watterson rises to speak for Kentucky and invokes the star-eyed goddess. When we call the roll of the states, if Malvolio answer for any, let us suffer him in tolerance and rejoice in his yellow stockings. 'God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.'

Every community has its dissenters, protestants, kickers, cranks, the more the merrier. I early formed a high resolve to strive for membership in this execrated company. George W. Julian, — one of the noblest of Hoosiers, — who had been the Free-Soil candidate for Vice-President in 1852, a delegate to the first Republican convention, five times a member of Congress, a supporter of Greeley's candidacy, and a Democrat in the consulship of Cleveland, was a familiar figure in our streets. In 1884 I was dusting law-books in an office where mugwumpery flourished, and where the iniquities of the tariff, Matthew Arnold's theological opinions, and the writings of Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley were discussed at intervals in the day's business.

IV

It is constantly complained that we Americans give too much time to politics, but there could be no safer way of utilizing that extra drop of vital fluid which Matthew Arnold found in us. Epithets of opprobrium pinned to a Nebraskan in 1896 were riveted upon a citizen of New York in 1910, and who, then, was the gentleman? No doubt many voices will cry in the wilderness before we reach the promised land. A people which has been fed on the Bible is bound to hear the rumble of Pharaoh's chariots. It is in the blood to feel the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely. The winter evenings are long on the prairies, and we must always be fashioning a crown for Cæsar or rehearsing his funeral rites. No great danger can ever seriously menace the nation so long as the remotest citizen clings to his faith that he is a part of the governmental mechanism and can at any time throw it out of adjustment if it does n't run to suit him. He can go into the court-house and see the men he helped to place in office; or if they were chosen in spite of him, he pays his taxes just the same and waits for another chance to turn the rascals out.

Mr. Bryce wrote: 'This tendency to acquiescence and submission; this sense of the insignificance of individual effort, this belief that the affairs of men are swayed by large forces whose movement may be studied but cannot be turned, I have ventured to call the Fatalism of the Multitude.' It is, I should say, one of the most encouraging phenomena of the score of years that have elapsed since Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* appeared, that we have grown much less conscious of the crushing weight of the mass. It has been with something of a child's surprise in his ultimate successful manipulation of a toy whose mechanism has baffled him that we have begun to realize that, after all, the individual counts. The pressure of the mass will yet be felt, but in spite of its persistence there are abundant signs that the individual is asserting himself more and more, and even the undeniable acceptance of collectivist ideas in many quarters helps to prove it. With all our faults and defaults of understanding, — populism, free silver, Coxey's army, and the rest of it, — we of the West have not done so badly. Be not impatient

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with the young man Absalom; the mule knows his way to the oak tree!

Blaine lost Indiana in 1884; Bryan failed thrice to carry it. The campaign of 1910 in Indiana was remarkable for the stubbornness of 'silent' voters, who listened respectfully to the orators but left the managers of both parties in the air as to their intentions. In the Indiana Democratic State Convention of 1910 a gentleman was furiously hissed for ten minutes amid a scene of wildest tumult; but the cause he advocated won, and the ticket nominated in that memorable convention succeeded in November. Within fifty years Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois have sent to Washington seven presidents, elected for ten terms. Without discussing the value of their public services it may be said that it has been an important demonstration to our Mid-Western people of the closeness of their ties with the nation, that so many men of their own soil have been chosen to the seat of the presidents; and it is creditable to Maine and California that they have cheerfully acquiesced. In Lincoln the provincial American most nobly asserted himself, and any discussion of the value of provincial life and character in our politics may well begin and end in him. We have seen verily that

> Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
> Shall constitute a state.

Whitman, addressing Grant on his return from his world's tour, declared that it was not that the hero had walked 'with kings with even pace the round world's promenade';—

> But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks with kings,
> Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois,
> Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farmers, soldiers, all to the front,
> Invisibly with thee walking with kings with even pace the round world's promenade,
> Were all so justified.

What we miss and what we lack who live in the provinces seem to me of little weight in the scale against our compensations. We slouch, — we are deficient in the graces, we are prone to boast, and we lack in those fine reticences that mark the cultivated citizen of the metropolis. We like to talk, and we talk our problems out to a finish. Our commonwealths rose in the ashes of the hunter's campfires, and we are all a great neighborhood, united in a common understanding of what democracy is, and animated by ideals of what we want it to be. That saving humor which is a philosophy of life flourishes amid the tall corn. We are old enough now — we of the West — to have built up in ourselves a species of wisdom, founded upon experience, which is a part of the continuing unwritten law of democracy. We are less likely these days to 'wobble right' than we are to stand fast or march forward like an army with banners.

We provincials are immensely curious. Art, music, literature, politics — nothing that is of contemporaneous human interest is alien to us. If these things don't come to us we go to them. We are more truly representative of the American ideal than our metropolitan cousins, because (here I lay my head upon the block) we know more about, oh, so many things! We know vastly more about the United States, for one thing. We know what New York is thinking before New York herself knows it, because we visit the metropolis to find out. Sleeping-cars have no terrors for us, and a man who has never been west of Philadelphia seems to us a singularly benighted being. Those of our Western school-teachers who don't see Europe for three hundred dollars every summer get at least as far east as Concord, to be photographed by the rude bridge that arched the flood.

That fine austerity, which the vol-

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uble Westerner finds so smothering on the Boston and New York express, is lost utterly at Pittsburg. From gentlemen cruising in day-coaches — rude wights who advertise their personal sanitation and literacy by the tooth-brush and fountain-pen planted sturdily in their upper left-hand waistcoat pockets — one may learn the most prodigious facts and the philosophy thereof. 'Sit over, brother; there's hell to pay in the Balkans,' remarks the gentleman who boarded the inter-urban at Peru or Connersville, and who would just as lief discuss the papacy or child-labor, if revolutions are not to your liking.

In Boston a lady once expressed her surprise that I should be hastening home for Thanksgiving Day. This, she thought, was a New England festival. More recently I was asked by a Bostonian if I had ever heard of Paul Revere. Nothing is more delightful in us, I think, than our meekness before instruction. We strive to please; all we ask is 'to be shown.'

Our greatest gain is in leisure and the opportunity to ponder and brood. In all these thousands of country towns live alert and shrewd students of affairs. Where your New Yorker scans headlines as he 'commutes' homeward, the villager reaches his own fireside without being shot through a tube, and sits down and reads his newspaper thoroughly. When he repairs to the drug-store to abuse or praise the powers that be, his wife reads the paper, too. A United States Senator from a Middle Western State, making a campaign for renomination preliminary to the primaries, warned the people in rural communities against the newspaper and periodical press with its scandals and heresies. 'Wait quietly by your firesides, undisturbed by these false teachings,' he said in effect; 'then go to your primaries and vote as you have always voted.' His opponent won by thirty thousand, — the amiable answer of the little red schoolhouse.

V

A few days ago I visited again my native town. On the slope where I played as a child I listened in vain for the mourning bugle; but on the college campus a bronze tablet commemorative of those sons of Wabash who had fought in the mighty war quickened the old impressions. The college buildings wear a look of age in the gathering dusk.

> Coldly, sadly descends
> The autumn evening. The field
> Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
> Of withered leaves, and the elms,
> Fade into dimness apace,
> Silent; hardly a shout
> From a few boys late at their play!

Brave airs of cityhood are apparent in the town, with its paved streets, fine hall and library; and everywhere are wholesome life, comfort, and peace. The train is soon hurrying through gray fields and dark woodlands. Farmhouses are disclosed by glowing panes; lanterns flash fitfully where farmers are making all fast for the night. The city is reached as great factories are discharging their laborers, and I pass from the station into a hurrying throng homeward bound. Against the sky looms the dome of the capitol; the tall shaft of the soldiers' monument rises ahead of me down the long street and vanishes starward. Here where forests stood seventy-five years ago, in a state that has not yet attained its centenary, is realized much that man has sought through all the ages, — order, justice, and mercy, kindliness and good cheer. What we lack we seek, and what we strive for we shall gain. And of such is the kingdom of democracy.

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CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

JANE ADDAMS, in *Twenty Years at Hull House*, implies that the two doctrines of economic determinism and class-consciousness have deterred her from accepting socialism. Now, the form in which these doctrines were currently presented by earlier socialists was sufficiently crass to repel any one idealistically inclined. Yet, looked at closely, economic determinism at least is a very innocent bogey. When we assume our free power to control social progress, we may proceed under a great delusion. So may we in assuming that we move about lightly in space, while really an incredible weight of atmosphere presses from every point upon us. It would be foolish to worry about that weight, however, when we are catching a trolley; and fatalistic ideas, whether attacking us from the side of sociology, theology, or science, are cheerfully disregarded the moment we enter the race of life. Determinism simply assures us that the threads of moral purpose are knit into the woof of the universe, instead of trailing vacuously through space. Just as we have deeper faith in a spiritual nature than our fathers, who clung to special creations, our children will find the privilege of coöperating with the Will disclosed to reverent study of the changing order, higher than the effort to impose on that order methods invented by private preference. '*Cercando libertà*,' was Dante's aim: the generations move onward; attaining it only in measure as, to use Wordsworth's fine phrase, they come to know themselves 'free because embound.'

When the early exponents of economic determinism uttered their thrilling call, 'Proletarians of all lands, unite!' it was a call to free men. But was that call a wise one? Shall we echo it? The question raises the vital issue of class-consciousness as a desirable factor in social advance. Only with the advent of the two theories together, did the Utopian socialism of the earlier nineteenth century become an effective force. As that force advances, enters practical politics, permeates life, the doctrines are phrased less crudely, but they are not abandoned; and class-consciousness at least proves itself to-day no academic theory, but a driving power.

To indorse it, is a serious matter. It means that we welcome discontent, it might call us to rejoice in revolt. It demands that we hail with satisfaction, instead of dismay, the steady dogged rise of proletariat claims to higher wages, shorter hours, larger compensations in injury. It means that while we may be mildly pleased with the announcement of a new profit-sharing scheme on the part of employers, our hearts leap with more confident gladness when an increase of wages has been won by a group of employees. We shall approve of any shrinking in the ranks of free labor, any accession to the ranks of the organized; shall encourage the spread of radical and subversive teaching among the work-

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ing people, make an Act of Thanks for Milwaukee, note with joy the socialist propaganda in New York, and desire by all rightful means to persuade the helpless unthinking mass of the Workers that power and responsibility are in their hands.

The majority of educated men are obviously not yet at this point. What we find to-day, on the part of most honest people, including our judicially minded Chief Executive, is a general claim to non-partisanship in case of industrial disturbance: a virtuous if platitudinous plea that the public stand off while the matter is decided on its merits. And of course in a sense this is quite the right attitude. Only it is not the whole story. It never was, it never will be; the convictions that control and create life are not generated in this way. Pure disinterestedness never occurs. It belongs to equations, not to men; at best it is academic, not human. In a given crisis, the undertow of sympathy, not the estimate of right in detail, is the big thing, the thing worth noting. Nor is this any more lamentable than the fact that a special episode in a drama must be justly judged, not on its own merits, but in its relation to the whole drift of the play.

The undertow is changing, the tide is at the turn. It is disquieting or inspiriting, according to one's prejudices, to observe the extraordinarily slow shifting of sympathy in matters industrial, during the past twenty-five years, toward the side of the workers. True, men still naïvely demand a clear case, a miracle that has perhaps never yet been seen. But here is the change: of old, when the workers were proved in the wrong, the public exulted; to-day, it is disappointed. The change is amazing, but it is still wavering; nor do men yet recognize the underdrift of sympathy in which they are caught. This drift is the recognition that the working classes must achieve their own salvation, and that such salvation demands not only fragments of improvement grudgingly bestowed, but a general pressure, if not toward social equality, then at least to the point where a 'living wage' shall secure the chance to all manhood to rise to its highest level.

As the drift slowly becomes conscious, people grow troubled. For they see that it involves two things: —

First, the sharp belief that privilege must be cut down before our general life can flourish. Now, the finer idealism does not shrink from this idea in itself. Disinterested men, including many who have a stake in the game, are coming to admit it; many are even inclined to accept the central socialist tenet, that no effective cure for our social evils will be found until a large proportion at least of wealth-producing wealth be socially owned. Many people disagree with this proposition, but it no longer shocks the common mind. The sacred and inalienable righteousness of the principle of private property was once even among radical thinkers an assumption to be built on; it is becoming a thesis to be proved.

But there is another implication from which the moral sense recoils: that is, from encouragement of class-consciousness as a militant weapon. For are we not coming to object to any weapons at all? Just when the old political militarism is coming to be at a discount in the idealist ranks, this new form of war — conflict in industrial relations — makes its appearance among pitiable mortals; and our enthusiasm is enlisted to foster in the working people the very traits which civilization is struggling to leave behind! True, ballot rather than bomb is the weapon commended, physical

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violence is honestly deplored by both sides, and even extremists ardently hope that we may spell our Revolution without the R. None the less are the passions educed by the whole situation essentially those of the battlefield; men exult in wresting advantages from their antagonists, they are trained to regard one another as adversaries, not brothers. And this in the very age theoretically agog for peace! The good people who would fain see all social progress proceed from the growing generosities of realized brotherhood, find a mere travesty of their desires in gains won through self-assertion. Shall the lovers of peace sympathize with a movement for quickening discontent and making hatred effective? Shall we lend our approval to destroying whatever meekness the poor may have, and summon them to curse that Poverty which a certain word calls blessed? It is time to call a halt!

There is doubtless some unconscious prejudice on the side of privilege in all this. But there is something better too, and every honest socialist knows it. The theory of class-consciousness does offend the conscience of the moralist as often as the sister doctrine of economic determinism offends the intellect of the philosopher.

II

Frank confession behooves us at the outset. Class-consciousness is a weapon, and to applaud it does involve a militant attitude. If people say that it is *ipse facto* discredited thereby, we can only enter a plea for consistency. Virtuous disapproval of the working-class struggle sits ill on the lips of those who point out with zest the stimulating qualities of the competitive system and vote enthusiastically for the increase of armaments. It is a curious fact that the man who talks Jingo politics most loudly, and defends with most vigor the admirable necessity to commerce of the triumph of the strong, is habitually the very person most outraged at the pressure of a united proletariat group toward freedom. Yet he may be hard put to it to persuade the man from Mars that to fight for one's country is glorious while to fight for one's class is an inspiration of the devil. Good Paterfamilias, sweating to discomfit your competitors for the sake of your darlings at home, how convince our visitor that in defending the interests of your family you fulfill a sacred duty, while your employee, fighting for the interests of his industrial group, flings a menace at society?

There is only one ground on which the distinction can be maintained: the assumption that family and nation are holy things to be protected at any cost, while class is an unholy thing which deserves no protection. The position has force. But, curiously enough, those ready to agree to it are the stubbornly 'class-conscious.' However, the matter is too serious to be met by an oblique argument. The instinct which considers class-feeling to be inferior to family feeling or patriotism, probably rests on the opinion that the forces which create class are not only divisive, but selfish and material.

Mazzini proffered an interesting plea for the superiority of political over social passion on this very ground, that the first alone was idealist and disinterested. However threatened, belief that the family is a spiritual and sacramental unit, is deeply ingrain. And yet must we not recognize the same foundation in all three cases? And need we be sorry? Patriotism rests upon reliance on the protection afforded by the state; the family is created by the craving for self-perpetuation. Class-feeling, too, has its sacramental sweetness. Of the strands from which it is

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woven many derive no color from personal advantage.

As for warfare, we all agree that its moral values are provisional, and look eagerly to that promised time 'when war shall be no more.' But while the vision tarries, no one who accepts that provisional value in one field should disallow it in another. Most of us moreover hold it to be a real value, and still thrill unabashed to martial strains. Why did Thackeray present soldiers as the only men among the weak egotists of Vanity Fair to preserve a standard of selfless honor? Why did Tennyson hail the clash of arms as the only means of transforming the smug clerks of England into her patriots? Not because these authors approved a militant ideal, but because they knew such an ideal to be nobler than prosperous sloth and self-absorption. Battle is deep embedded in our finiteness. As Helen Gray Cone nobly puts it, —

> In this rubric, lo! the past is lettered:
> Strike the red words out, we strike the glory:
> Leave the sacred color on the pages,
> Pages of the Past that teach the Future.
> On that scripture
> Yet shall young souls take the oath of service.
>
> God end War! But when brute war is ended,
> Yet shall there be many a noble soldier,
> Many a noble battle worth the winning,
> Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.
> Life is battle
> Life is battle, even to the sunset.

The Apocalypse which ends with Jerusalem, Vision of Peace, is chiefly occupied with chronicling in succession of awesome symbols the eternal Wars of the Lord. In the Teachings of Christ there are three bitter sayings against smooth conventionality for one against violence, for the context shows that the saying about non-resistance is personal, not social, in application. We may not dismiss class-consciousness as evil on the mere score that it arouses the passions of war. To determine its value, its end must be questioned, and the qualities evoked by the conflict must be scanned.

III

Let us take the last task first, for in fulfilling it we may almost hope to reassure those gentle folk, — notably on the increase even while nominal Quakerism declines, — the lovers of peace at any price. We may not approve war for the sake of its by-products alone, but when these are valuable we may find in them some consolation for such war as is bound to exist. The class-conscious movement has two precious results: its inner disciplines, and its power to widen sympathies.

Even the most recalcitrant grant the value of an army from the first point of view. Military life affords a unique training in the very virtues most needed by a democratic state: humility and self-effacement; courage, and swift power of decision, — the qualities of subordination and of leadership. We all hope to foster these qualities through the opportunities of peace, but so far our success is so imperfect that we can hardly disregard the help presented by the crises of war. Nowhere is this help more striking than in the class-conscious movement. Consider those class-conscious groups called trade-unions. Seen from without, especially in time of stress, a union may appear actuated by the worst impulses: ruthless in pressing unreasonable demands, callously indifferent to inconveniencing the public, stubbornly self-seeking. Seen from within, the aspect alters. Here is no longer a compact unit fighting for selfish ends, but a throng of individuals, each struggling no more for himself than for his neighbor. In such an organic group — composed, be it remembered, of very simple and ignorant people — you shall see each

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member submitted to severe discipline in the most valuable and difficult thing in the world, — team-work.

Wordsworth found in Nature the over-ruling power 'to kindle and restrain,' and it is not far-fetched to say that this same double function, so essential to the shaping of character, is performed for working people by the trade-union. It kindles sacrifice, endurance, and vision; it restrains violent and individualistic impulse, and fits the man or woman to play due part in corporate and guided action. Those who have stood shoulder to shoulder with the women during one of the garment-workers' strikes that have marked the last two years, have watched with reverence the moral awakening among the girls, born of loyalty to a collective cause. It was the typical employer, defending the American fetish of the Open Shop, who remarked, — when his clever Italian forewoman asked him, 'Ain't you sorry to make those people work an hour and a half for twelve cents?' — 'Don't you care. You don't understand America. Why do you worry about those peoples? Here the foolish people pay the smart.' And it was the spirited girl who replied to him, 'Well, now the smart people will teach the foolish,' — and led her shop out on strike.

Which better understood America and its needs? There is no question which had learned the truth that freedom consists, not in separateness but in fellowship, not in self-assertion but in self-effacement. The employer of so-called 'free labor' denies this sacred truth: for the liberty he defends is that of the disintegrating dust, not that of the corpuscle of living blood. By his vicious doctrine, 'each man free to make his own bargain,' he is doing his best to retard the evolution of the workers toward the citizenship of the future.

To note the services of the unions in the quickening of international sympathy, we need only point to the situation in one of our mining communities. For in the union is the only power competent to fuse the bewildered immigrant masses into some unity of aim. Where else in our melting-pot may we look for a fire to dissipate selfishness, misunderstanding, and distrust, in the heat of common aspiration? Trade-unions are no homes of sentiment. Yet beneath their frequent corruptions and tyrannies is an extraordinary undertow of just such idealism as the United States most needs. Struggling for harmony within, pitted against the capitalist class without, the union finds its gallant work full of dramatic terror and promise. Again and again the strain is over-great. Like all other group-passions, class-feeling tends easily to the bitterness of clique or the tyrannies of oligarchy. The scab is unable to rise above the idea of self-protection. Irishman will not work with Italian, nor Gentile with Jew. The union, finding a feeble response to disinterested motives, resorts to intimidation to build and hold its membership. Corruption, fierce enough to incline one toward an anarchistic return to Nature, is as much in evidence as in politics. None the less, with slow serious searching, the process goes on by which a ship or a state finds itself, as each atom becomes dimly infused with the holy sense of its relation to the Whole.

Socialism, the other great class-conscious force, is as yet little found among us except when imported. Menacing enough, the anarchical type that drifts to us from southern Europe; as ignorant as indifferent concerning American conditions; expecting, like many another creed, to save the world outright by the application of a formula. Yet, here too, we may already discern assets to be cherished. Mem-

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ory rises of illumined eyes belonging to a young Italian. Brought up, or rather kicked up, in a stable at Naples, a young animal when twenty, unable to read, careless of all except the gratification of desire, he found himself errand-boy in a restaurant frequented by a small socialist group. Then came the awakening: 'How behave longer like a beast, Signora? I could not disgrace the comrades! How should Luigi get drunk? There was the Cause to serve. I served it there, I serve it here. I now live clean. Life is holy.' Luigi had experienced that purifying, that rare, that liberating good, allegiance to an idea! Thinking goes on in all class-conscious groups: and while we feebly try to moralize and educate the poor, forces are rising from their very heart, generated by the grim realities of the industrial situation, competent to check self-absorption and widen horizons.

Nor in our straits can we afford to despise the international passion of socialism, for it is a strong force at work among the people, capable of kindling in them the sense, so needed here, of universal brotherhood. Adjustment of loyalties between old countries and new is a delicate problem sure to be increasingly pressing among us. No good American wants the old forgotten; no right-thinking immigrant should wish the new ignored.

> True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away.

He who loves two countries is richer than he who loves one only; but as matter of fact our newcomers usually end in loving none. These spiritual exiles present the pathetic spectacle, not of one man without a country, but of great throngs.

At the North End in Boston, Denison House conducts a Sunday lecture course for Italians. The control disclaims responsibility for opinions presented on this practically free forum. Yet American members consented with some reluctance to invite a speaker representing a society organized to strengthen the bond to Italy, and suspected of discouraging naturalization. With anxiety of another type, we asked a socialist club to send its orator for our next meeting. But what the speaker did was to talk with fire and eloquence, grateful to his grave Latin audience, on the theme of the necessity to the Italian in the United States of a new patriotism broad enough to disregard old lines, and to express itself in loyal American citizenship, and in coöperation with all that was progressive in the life of the United States. The inspiration of class-conscious internationalism was plain in the speech, and it did more to quicken a civic conscience than any words of ours could have achieved.

IV

Noting these things, comparing them with the dreary barrenness of the psychical life which obtains among the unaroused masses, how can we fail to see in the class-struggle one of those inspiriting forces which are the glory of history? Abraham Lincoln had probably never heard the famous phrase of Marx, but he had his own version of it: 'The strongest bond of human sympathy outside the family,' said he, 'should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds.' On what grounds rests this surprising and deliberate statement of our greatest American? On his intuition of the sanctity of labor, and probably also on his perception of a vast liberating power in this feeling for class.

From tribal days, group-consciousness has always involved a defiant attitude toward those outside the group, yet it has always been one of the chief

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forms of moral education. The larger the group toward which loyalty is evoked, the greater the emancipation from pettiness; and if class-consciousness is the most impressive form of group-consciousness up to date, it is because the working people include a majority of human kind. Class feeling quickens that imaginative power which democracy most needs. The tired workman, absorbed in his machine, suddenly finds far horizons open to his spirit. He hears the heart-beats of his brothers in Italy, in Russia, in Bohemia, in Denmark; and behold! a new means for accomplishing the central work of the ages, for releasing him from that self-centred egotism which is at once the condition of his finite existence and the barrier that he must transcend if he is to know himself a partaker of the infinite.

The means is new; for until economic development had reached its present point, class-consciousness could not have risen to the status of a world-power. Those whom it affects are the masses, voiceless through the long historic story: without coherence, other than that of trampled dust; without common aim, other than such as animates a herd of terror-driven cattle. Only occasionally, under stress of some sharp immediate oppression, has a brief sense of fellowship sprung into transient flame, soon sinking into ashes. To-day that healthful fire is creeping steadily and stealthily on, spreading from land to land, from speech to speech. We shall do well to welcome it, for what it will burn is dross, not gold.

It is the very newness of the force that shocks and terrifies. Race and nation have long broken humanity into groups on perpendicular lines. Class introduces a broad horizontal division. The mighty emotions it generates move laterally, so to speak, interpenetrating the others. They may be competent to overcome in large degree, as we have claimed, the deep-seated antagonisms, racial, political, religious, that separate men and hinder brotherhood. But is not a danger involved? These older loyalties were, after all, in their essence sacred. Does not loyalty to class threaten bonds rightly and jealously cherished? Will it not dull the allegiance of men to family, nation, and church?

The fear is real; to a certain point it is justified. The conflict of loyalties is the persistent tragedy of civilization. Even those accredited by time have been hard enough to harmonize among themselves. The three-fold passions which inspired chivalry at its height were loyalty to king, to lady, and to God; how brilliantly do all three shine in that mirror of the chivalric ideal, Malory's *Morte Darthur!* How desperate the struggle among them which ends in the destruction of the Table Round! To-day, the immemorial clash between allegiance to State and Church rends many a distressed heart in France and Italy. Does not socialism bring more curse than blessing when it introduces to an already distracted race a fresh appeal at cross-purposes with all the old?

Socialists themselves well illustrate the danger. The negative attitude toward family ties, marked enough among certain socialist groups, springs to be sure from other sources and is not relevant here to consider. But it is sober fact that socialism is, among many of its adherents, replacing all other religions, and filling the only need they experience for a faith and an ideal. We may in fairness ascribe this situation to temporary causes, and dismiss the difficulty, noting that all the best leaders stress the purely non-partisan and secular nature of the movement. But we have still to reckon with the indifference of the movement to patriotism, an indifference rising

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into antagonism in the earlier stages. Marx, in the *Communist Manifesto*, said that the working people have no fatherland. Bakunin could write: 'The social question can only be satisfactorily solved by the abolition of frontiers.'

This strong language, however, marked the infancy of the movement and is increasingly discarded. Patriotism has deep roots, and socialists are men. The issue has been hotly discussed in those socialist conventions where a rare and refreshing interest in great intellectual issues obtains. And 'The view is gaining ground among socialists,' says Sombart, 'that all civilization has its roots in nationality, and that civilization can reach its highest development only on the basis of nationality.' It is this growing conviction which makes the socialists sympathetic champions of oppressed peoples like the Poles and Armenians. 'The socialist purpose,' says a prominent leader, 'is to give to the proletariat an opportunity of sharing in the national life at its best. Socialism and the national idea are thus not opposed: they supplement each other.'

It is comfortable to know that such utterances are increasing. So far as the practical situation goes, there are no better Americans than trade-union men, and the possible service in the next act of our national drama of the very internationalist feeling of socialism has been already signaled. Meanwhile, we cannot wonder if the movement, entranced with its new vision of a universal brotherhood of workers, has for the time disparaged other ties. That is human nature. On account of the narrowness of our capacities, loyalties, as we have seen, conflict, and the large tragedies of history go on. We in our blindness would again and again meet the situation by suppressing one of the rival forces. That is not Nature's way: wiser than we, who would destroy life in the saving it, she goes on adding system to system, claim to claim, till, through the very anguish of adjustment and coördination, life deepens and unfolds. The complexity of the physical systems which control us does but correspond to the complexity of the body. The lungs breathe all the better because at the same time the heart is beating, the hair growing, and digestion going on. Progress consists in the addition of new functions. The delicate apparatus may easily get out of gear; one system may interfere with another. This is not health, but disease, equally dangerous whether it affect the body physical or the body politic. But it cannot be cured by retrogression in the scale of being. Health, physical, mental, or social, consists in the harmonious interaction of a number of activities practically undefined and constantly on the increase. We find it hard to realize the full wealth of our own nature, but there is no more limit to the loyalties a man may profess than to the corporate activities he may share. As Chesterton remarks, he can be at once an Englishman, a collector of beetles, a Roman Catholic, and an enthusiast for cricket. He may also without difficulty, when once adjustment is completed, be class-conscious, nation-conscious, and religion-conscious; the more his affiliations, the richer his possibilities, for through these avenues only can he escape from the prison of self. And the advent on a large scale of a new loyalty and a new system of attraction signals, not the destruction of the old, but the enriching of all social life and its advance to a higher level in the scale of being.

V

Class-consciousness then can be dismissed on the score neither of its milit-

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ant implications, nor of the menace it offers to older devotions. Both in its political aspect and in its more intimate reaches of private experience, we find it to be at once a disciplinary and an awakening force; it kindles and restrains.

But now we must go further. We have been dwelling mainly on the qualities it evokes, and the opportunities it offers. We have not yet asked ourselves squarely the final, the crucial question: What end does it propose?

To answer, we must turn from its inner reactions to its outer relations, and take into account the other combatants in the class-war.

By common consent, the term class-conscious is usually applied to the working people. But in accurate speech, it should not be so limited, for it describes quite as truly the stubborn struggle of the employing class to maintain supremacy. The persistence of this class in defending its prerogative is as natural a product of the industrial situation as the pressure of the proletariat. Why is not the emotion as right and admirable when experienced by employer as by employed?

It is more admirable, many will hasten to reply. We need not at this point answer the obviously partisan cry. But if we are to convince the dispassionate man, our supposed interlocutor, that our own cry is less partisan, if we are to justify that strong undertow of sympathy toward the popular cause of which we spoke at the outset, we must lean on an instructive assumption. This is the conviction that the time when the defense of prerogative was valuable to society as a whole is nearing its end, and that the ideal of the proletariat, not that of the capitalist, is implicit in the truly democratic state.

Do we or do we not want to put an end to class in the modern sense? This is the real, if paradoxical issue. The situation is curious and interesting. As we have already hinted, those who deplore most angrily the rise of class-consciousness in the proletariat foster it most eagerly in their own camp, and would with the greatest reluctance see class-distinctions disappear. On the other hand, the leaders who labor most earnestly to strengthen working-class solidarity do so because they hate class with a deadly hatred, and see in such solidarity the only means of putting an end to it altogether. If we agree with them to the point of holding that class, like war, is provisional, it would seem that these are the people to whom our sympathy is due.

Professor Royce has well shown us that the aim of all minor loyalties is to bring us under the wing of that mother of all virtues, loyalty to the Whole. One draws a long breath at this grandiose, appealing image of the unachieved end of all human striving. Which serves it best, — socialism with its class-conscious connotations, or capitalism with its repudiation of the new bond? The question implies the answer. The capitalist movement has avowedly no aim beyond self-protection and the maintenance of a new type of benevolent feudalism. The working-class movement, on the other hand, is probably the only form of group-consciousness yet evolved in history, to look beyond its own corporate aim. It is inspired by a passion of good-will for all men, and never loses sight of a universal goal. Nay, it is concerned with the welfare of the very enemies whom it is fighting, for it is aware that rich as well as poor are today so fast in prison that they cannot get out. Have we not good reason then to honor it and to exalt it above even patriotism in our thoughts?

The man fighting for his country does not look beyond that country's welfare. But the wider outlook is an in-

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tegral part of the class-conscious inspiration. The popular movement marches to the tune of Burns: —

> It 's coming yet for a' that
> That man to man the warld o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that.
>
> L'Internationale
> Sera le genre humain, —

is the rallying cry of the people. What they seek is not the transfer of privilege, but the abolition of privilege; and while they work first for the emancipation of their own class, they believe not only that this class comprises the majority of mankind, but that its freedom will enable all men alike to breathe a more liberal air. With the disappearance of privilege, all possibility of the class-war would of course vanish, for the very sense of class as based on distinction in industrial assets and opportunities would be replaced by new groupings founded, one would suppose, on more subtle and intimate affinities of pursuit, capacity, and taste. In all history-creating movements, the urge of life has been the impelling force; nor can we deny that it has on the whole worked for good to the whole as well as to the part. But it is the great distinction of socialism that, while frankly accepting and fostering such primal passion, it is at the same time more or less clearly aware of a more disinterested aim. Class will never become to our minds a permanent factor in social life, on a level with nation or country. In this fact we may find a legitimate reason for the distrust of class-consciousness that prevails. But, thinking more deeply, in the same fact is the indorsement and justification for the only movement which is to-day setting its face toward the destruction of class distinctions, and which has thus for its very object the annihilation of that sense of separateness which as a weapon it must temporarily use.

VI

We need then have no fear lest class-consciousness, any more than economic determinism, catch us in the net of materialism. Mazzini did well when he turned to the workers as the hope of the future, and told them that their duties were more important than their rights; only he should have stressed the fact that in claiming their rights they are fulfilling the most disinterested of duties. Rising to this altitude, we have made a great discovery; as Moody's lovely lyric has it, we have found a sky 'behind the sky.' The materialistic interpretation of history tries in vain to hold us within the zone of the lower heavens, for, —

> . . . when the lure is cast
> Before thy heedless flight
> And thou art snared and taken fast
> Within one sky of light,
> Behold the net is empty, the cast is vain,
> And from thy circling in the other sky the lyric
> laughters rain.

Yet there are always new heavens waiting, nor is it denied us to fly much higher than we have ventured yet into the upper air of pure spiritual passion. We have done full justice to the teaching that expounds the importance of the economic base, and vindicates the forces rooted in economic necessity and self-interest. But another question is waiting, nor can we close without asking once more whether all productive forces are directly related to this base, or whether we may reserve a place for the effective power of pure altruism.

Whether we look out or in, the question for most of us is answered in the asking. Heroic devotion springing from ranges quite out of the economic sphere fills the human annals; and this not least in the case of social progress. From the days of John Ball to those of John Howard, philanthropists who have waged brave successful battle against abuses, reformers who have

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lifted the general life to a higher level, have appeared from any and every social stratum, drawing their inspiration from depths greater than class can reach. All through history, the pressure of the unprivileged toward freedom has been supplemented at critical moments by the undercurrent of sympathy in the hearts of the privileged, and the one group has supplied leaders to the other. It would almost seem that the socialist movement is particularly rich in such leaders. Marx, if you come to that, was not a working man; nor Lassalle, nor Morris, nor Kropotkin, nor many another who in prison or exile has proved himself true to the workers' cause. Among contemporary leaders it is safe to say that the large majority are from the middle class. Looking at the high proportion of 'intellectuals' among effective socialists, one is even a little bewildered. Yet the situation is simple. It is evident, whatever radicals may say to the contrary, that if the proletariat could produce its own leaders there would be no need of social revolution.

The cry of the dispossessed is compelling. The working classes must show the way to social advance. They alone, free from sentimentality, the curse of the privileged, and from abstract theorizing, the curse of the scholastic, have that grim experience of the reaction of economic conditions on the majority from which right judgment can be born. But if their function be to furnish momentum, and corporate wisdom, the power of individual initiative and directorship will often in the nature of things be generated among those governing classes in whom these gifts have been fostered. If education and administrative experience are valuable enough to share, it is obvious that the dumb proletariat must to a certain extent look to the classes that possess them for the revelation of its own sealed wisdom and the guidance of its confused powers. The enlightened energy of those who come from other groups to serve it should not be slighted. Their high impulses, their rich devotions, are also, to ultimate vision, within, not without, the evolutionary process, — a process broader, deeper than current Marxianism admits. In them that wider loyalty, toward which class-consciousness itself is groping, has been born already, and to assert that they have no part in social advance and that the working class must produce unaided the new society, would be to deny democracy at the root.

The best, the final work of democracy will be to give us all the freedom of the City of the Common Life. This all Americans know in theory. Let us beware lest we deny it in deed by withholding our faith from the great class-conscious movement of the working people, which alone holds in practical form the ideal of a world where divisions based on economic accident and arbitrary causes shall be obliterated, and life be lifted to new levels of freedom. The instinctive sympathy with proletarian movements should cast aside timidity and incertitude, and realize that its roots strike deep into a true philosophic and religious conception of social advance. It should imply, not only indorsement, but coöperation. So only the effective reality of our national assumptions can be vindicated, and the day hastened when the Greater Loyalty shall be ruler of the world. So we can prove that the ideal central to this Republic at its outset was no histrionic Tree of Liberty cut from its native soil, to wither even as the echoes of the encircling dance and song should die away, but a growth firm-planted in the fruitful earth, and slowly, surely developing till it becomes a Tree of Life whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

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ÉGALITÉ

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

A STORY, charming if not truthful, was told in the Middle Ages of the father of Thomas à Becket, the holy blissful martyr. While crusading in the Holy Land, Gilbert Becket was captured, and made slave to a Saracen. It happened that God gave the Saracen's daughter both heart and will to love Gilbert, and when the prisoner, breaking his bonds, made his way homeward, she followed him, knowing only London and his name. God was her lodesman; like a strayed beast, she came to London, and wandered the streets until, by chance, she came to Gilbert's door. And it is only in what happened then that this old story differs from the narrative which follows.

Joe Moon was an American of the Americans. That is, he was a New Englander, spoke through his nose, voted the Republican ticket, chewed as well as smoked, and, before the experiences now to be recounted, regarded foreign lands and races with a frank and pitying contempt. Honest in all private dealings, industrious up to the limit of union hours, he did not fail to reveal the independence of his nature by a free-and-easy rudeness toward those who claimed superiority by word, deed, or appearance. Furthermore, he possessed the most prized of American virtues: he was practical, as was clearly proven by his career, short as that had been. At the age of thirteen he had left school, and therefore, by twenty-two, had been able to put nine unincumbered years into the study of his profession, which was that of carpenter and joiner. One weakness alone could be charged to the account of this exemplary youth, and even on this point his friends differed, some averring that to ship as carpenter on an Atlantic liner showed a tendency toward unsteadiness, while others returned that Joe had figured out a clear saving of a dollar a day on general expenses and board.

His steamer, a squat tub with the lines of a wooden shoe, made monthly trips to Rouen with cattle for the French markets. Four days of freedom came to him at each sixth week's end while the crew were unloading; the rest was hard work, seasickness, or boredom. On his first holiday, he was content to saunter about Rouen and enjoy the sense of his racial superiority. The workmen wore blouses, and clearly earned no more than a dollar a day. The streets were no wider than alleys; the churches they talked about were crumbling and run down.

His second arrival was in June. It was night when he landed, a night full of music, merry chatter, and moonshine. He sat by a little marble-topped table in front of the *Café National*, drank his bocks, listened with equanimity to the orchestra, and felt uneasily that the moving crowd before him, gay, voluble, enjoying itself without fighting and without being drunk, was made up of units more expressive than himself and almost as intelligent.

On his third trip, he made a little voyage up the Seine valley, and it was in a café by Seine-side in Vernon that he met Louise.

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The first time, he gulped at his vermouth and cassis, which he called 'bellywash,' and watched her with an admiring stare as she dashed off stale glasses, whisked on fresh ones, and treated the customers to *blague* which he could not understand. The next time he ordered whiskey, and got some of the *blague* himself. '*Mon Dieu! Monsieur pense que nous avons ici un bar américain!*' A sentence passed with a shrug which made him feel himself a helpless foreigner in a land of wits.

But by the fourth visit he had picked up a little French, and, what was more important, had brought with him a supply of home-bred self-assurance. As Louise tripped among the tables he followed her with brazen glances; when she turned jester, he called her 'a fresh mut' in English; if she laughed at his vile French he tried to kiss her. That night she put on her newest hat and leaned with him over the parapet of the Bridge of Lovers, saying smart things in Norman of the stars in the water (so he gathered), and darting starry looks at him which were more intelligible.

The last time was nearly fatal. The cattle-ship broke a propeller-blade just as she swung into the Seine estuary, waddled up to Rouen, and went into dry-dock for a ten days' rest. Eight of the ten belonged to him, and seven of the ten he spent at Vernon. It was St. Martin's summer. You could still sit with comfort at a green café table on the water front; you could lean over the parapet of the Bridge of Lovers by November moonlight, or, in the slack hour after *déjeuner*, watch the tows swing down the river, talk of America, the carpenter's trade, and the girls of France.

The seventh day was like early summer. A hazy sun warmed the chalk cliffs into dusty gold, and mellowed the yellow islands, the brown water, and the infinitely banded fields. It was a *fête* day, so in the afternoon they strolled down to a nameless village by a bridge where was an *auberge* called *Le Café des Trois Poissons*, and there they had an omelet, *pommes sautées*, good red wine, and, for him, many glasses of *eau de vie de cidre*, which is strong, good, and dangerously cheap. The early dusk found them elbow to elbow, face in face, while he told her how they did things at home. '*L'an prochain*, that's right, ain't it? *voyez-vous*, I'll shake the damned old ship, *j'irai de la bateau, et j'aurai trois* dollars, that's *quinze francs, un jour.*' Her piquant face, her quick replies, her patience when she did not understand, the *eau de vie*, the quiet of the place, led him on and on. Before they had reached the Bridge of Lovers on their return, he had kissed her three times, and tried to thirty more. Before he left her at the door of the *cuisine* he had said more than he cared to recall in the gray and drizzly dawn.

And that was why he ran back to Rouen one day ahead of time, sent her a *carte postale* with *au revoir* upon it, and fell to mending cattle-pens with a flustered heart. When the ship reached her home port he sent her another, the finest and ugliest picture of New York that he could find, with his name and Fairport written there, no more. Three weeks later he was sawing planks in mid-air on the scaffolds of an unfinished club-house, and in a month more you would never have guessed that Joe Moon had crossed the water, tasted *eau de vie de cidre*, or made love to a Norman girl on Seine-side in St. Martin's summer.

As for Louise, she frisked no less merrily for Joe's departure. Heavens! One must fill the bock glasses, fetch the *cigarettes à soixante centimes* from the *débit de tabac*, and make the *addition*, in spite of lovers fled or otherwise.

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'*Mais votre Anglais, est-ce qu'il est parti seul?*' cried Marie the laundress.

'Gone? No indeed,' laughed Louise. 'He is in Paris buying me a present.'

'You love me no more,' said Monsieur Folette the jeweler, as he lit his cigarette. 'I have seen you on the bridge with your Englishman who looks as stupid as a horse.'

'Is it stupid then to love me!' returned Louise.

Indeed, it was a certain heavy seriousness in Joe Moon that attracted this airy *mademoiselle* of the tables. No other man had ever talked '*les affaires*' in the face of her coquetry, or shown such a sublime indifference to all amenities of love-making less tangible than a kiss.

'Joe,' she would say to him, 'figure to yourself that we were in your Fairport. Where then would you take me on a fête day?'

And he would answer, 'Damned if — I don't know. Out to see the new buildings on the boulevard, I guess. I generally go there on Sundays.'

Such an answer, to a French girl, is *très curieux*, and the French are fascinated by the curious.

Or, possibly, the personal was not the strongest of motives. The serious Joe became voluble, would have become eloquent if his French had allowed him, when the talk turned to the land of opportunity. The American is the world's greatest boaster, and his boasting makes itself heard, for he boasts not of sentiments and ideals but of figures and facts. The Europeans all listen to him; no wonder Joe fascinated a cool-headed Norman girl with thrift in her blood. She did listen; furthermore she thought. In truth she was changing in her mind the dollars of a prospective wage into francs when he broke down her guard for the first kiss. But that kiss was so rude, so strong, the arm about her waist had such a willful power to it, that she forgot her sum.

'You think me an American girl,' she cried in struggling, and then wondered longingly just what the sweethearts of such rude, strong men were like.

Joe Moon went back to Fairport, Louise back to her *café* tables, where she sang her snatches, whisked her dish-cloth at the cats, whistled to the birds in the cage over the *patronne's* desk, dealt repartee to the *clientèle*, and hoarded all her *pourboires*. Each Saturday night she reckoned her winnings, each week she added one economy more. When she took to wearing felt slippers to save shoes (shoes cost in France), the *patronne* had her say. The *patronne* was a dark and petulant Gasconne who screamed when she was angry. Louise had always managed her with care, but this time she laughed at the rebuke.

'My poor little one,' rumbled the *patronne* majestically, 'if you are impudent, out you go on the streets.'

Louise giggled shrilly.

'Daughter of a viper,' shrieked the mistress, 'you insult *me;* I who give two francs a day to a slut as slovenly as a Bretonne!'

'Two francs,' repeated Louise with a shrug. '*Mon Dieu!* In America where I am going I shall have five.'

So they learned in Vernon that Louise, the *mademoiselle* at *La Licorne*, was to emigrate. A few held up their hands; most shrugged approvingly. One does not leave Normandy for want, but only because of the prospect of a fortune. The *petite* had no family, few friends. There was the milliner of Chartres one read of in *Le Petit Journal*, who had made a million in New York. Why not? Those Americans would buy anything! And the wages, *Mon Dieu!* — Most of them had forgotten Joe Moon.

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Not so Louise. As she bumped along in third class towards Cherbourg, a pleasant romance drove out loneliness, scattered homesickness. She felt for a souvenir which Joe had left with her, a wire nail, if you please, and fingered it lovingly. She spoke his name half aloud, Jo Moo', between bites of bread and draughts of *vin rouge*, laughing at the sound. When an inspector put his head in at the window, she giggled, 'Ow d' jou do,' so that even that piece of machinery smiled. English was sweet upon her tongue, not least sweet to her. Careful Norman that she was, she had not failed to plan out the progression of her new life: a good place, strict economy, and to become *patronne* herself as soon as might be. But her heart sang to her in the train that this pretty progression would be interrupted — by Joe Moon. In either case one's future was secure!

And then Cherbourg, the frightening hurry of the port, the tender piled high with trunks, and swarming with harsh people who talked like Joe but dressed much more finely; the little crowd of French peasants who crouched with her on the lower deck, sniffling women, men staring like driven cattle until she too, creature of sunlight, was clouded, and looked back at the huddled quay and green France beyond with a new sense of their value, and a new pang. Then the black sides of the vast steamer, the rough voices of the sailor-folk, the smells of the steerage, — a sob, a wild forgetting of all her calculations, all her dreams, sobs which shook her as she crouched over the thundering propellers, — and then they were past the mole and swinging far up, far down on the winter ocean, with the hills and the whole world swaying far away behind.

On the fifth day she tottered upon deck, tasting the air like an invalid and gazing curiously as one to whom the world, the sea, and life had meant nothing. A sailor spoke to her familiarly in English, and another pushed her aside as he swabbed down the deck before the companionway. She felt hurt and lonely. Was this the people she was to come among! The men of the peasant families were gathered in a little knot by the rail. She crept nearer to them and eagerly heard their talk. It was all of their *pays*, the price of wheat and wine, the excellence of the *patron's* butter, and how Jacques Lefèvre had sold his land. They were Picards, but their gossip in *patois* was like singing to her ears, and the gray ocean an awful thing. She felt so young, so lost, so infinitely alone. But on the sixth day the sun came out, the water turned to sapphire, and white gulls circled over the wake. With the sun, the Picard wives crawled from the noisome hold and chattered weakly. Their talk was all of the new land: farms in Dakota, the joy of freeholding, the abundance and the cheapness of the food. Louise crouched at the edge of their circle, and was glad when they asked for her name. Yes, it was as *fille de chambre* or *bonne* that she hoped to launch her fortunes.

'But, mon Dieu, one does not know! Perhaps I shall marry a millionaire!' It was her first *blague* since she had left France. And if a *blague*, yet there was always Joe Moon!

New York! The home-coming American stands by the rail and speculates proudly upon the emotions which must be aroused in the heart of the simple immigrant by that jagged wall of buildings crowned with towers, brilliant with myriads of windows, and plumed with a thousand steam jets. Perhaps; but curiosity, surprise, distress are quite as common as wonder or fear. The Slav and the Hun may gape, the French are not so easily moved. Louise found the harbor and the brilliant island gay, and that pleased her; she thought the massed

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office buildings *très curieux*, and a little ugly. Nothing startled her until, the landing over and Ellis Island passed, she was slung through the rattling subway. Nothing made her lose her *sang froid* until, in company with a miserable drove of booted Russians, tawdry Italians, and filthy Russian Jews, all, like her, labeled with a destination, she was herded up the steep steps to Forty-second Street and into the Grand Central station. For the jostling, prosperous crowds looked curiously at the little group, curiously and pityingly at *her*. She drew a little away from the Russian women and unconsciously put her hand to her hat and to her collar, straightening them with a knowing French twist. But the crowd made no distinction. 'Immigrants,' she heard some say indifferently. 'Poor things!' whispered others more kindly, and their tone she understood.

The train dashed eastward at what seemed a frightful speed. Unkempt fields, tracts of waste land, and black towns, whirled behind her; wooden houses devoid of gardens, dropped here and there on the landscape, brown meadows hideous with signs. Only the men in the car and on station-platforms pleased her. They looked steady, serious, like Joe Moon. She took out her one souvenir, the wire nail, and fingered it stealthily.

'*Ex*cuse me,' said a fat woman whose side her elbow had touched, and glanced at her defiantly. For a second only her eyes rested upon the ticket pinned to the French girl's dress, but the look burned like a tongue of flame. Louise tore the paper from her corsage, then, in quick pride, covered the place with her hand. But the fat woman never looked again; and thus they came into Fairport.

The crowd swept her from the car and halfway up the gaunt platform before she could stem it and stand thinking, a slender black figure before an unshapely bag. Joe Moons kept leaping to her eyes in the hurrying Fairport throng; this one had his shoulders, another his plodding walk, a third a brown felt hat that almost made her cry his name, and at each fancied recognition she looked hurriedly about her to see if the herd were still near, to see if she were still branded as a social outcast, as an immigrant. But he, and he, and he, — no one was Joe Moon. And the train had pulled out bearing with it booted Russians and raucous Italians, leaving her alone and respectable again. She thanked St. Maclou that she had learned it was not *commode* to be an immigrant — and in time, before she found Joe Moon.

It was two o'clock on a Saturday in March, raw, with a wet wind blowing, fingers of blue sky above, and a puddled platform below.

'I must have a place,' Louise thought first of all when the crowd had left her alone there, — 'I must have a place before I see Joe Moon.' And knowing by reputation, if not by name, of intelligence-offices, she looked for some one to guide her.

'Would *monsieur le sous-chef de la gare* kindly direct her to —' But the compliment was lost upon *monsieur*, who was only a baggage-smasher and 'did n' know no dago.' A uniform in the station shouted at her from under a megaphone with a rudeness which she had already learned was characteristic of a free people. A woman shook her head in irritated mystification. She despaired. No one could understand her. And then she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. Not that she knew the person; but the abstracted glance, the open countenance, the book in the outer pocket all proclaimed him. She had seen his like a hundred times in Vernon. The book then was red, but the creature was the same. They knew

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French words, these tourists, if not French.

'Would *monsieur* have the great bounty to tell her —'

Monsieur, it was clear, would try, and, after many preliminaries of '*Que voulez-vous*' and '*Je pense*,' he did his best. Louise noticed, however, a subtle change. In Vernon the species was free and unabashed, proud, if anything, of the honor of conversation. But this specimen was suffering from something more acute than bad French. He looked to right and to left; when she fell into the jesting manner which always pleased them, he showed signs of departing. Furthermore, this person, who had done nothing but accumulate information at Vernon, knew little or nothing of his Fairport. The best she could secure was a note-sheet, with 'intelligence-office' written upon it, which she was to show to the first sage individual who should be met. This kind action performed, he saw another of his variety approaching and saved himself expeditiously by flight. It was very curious — like the buildings in New York.

So she drifted helplessly out into the city, and found herself in an ill-kept quarter aswarm with a brown and dirty race which she knew to be Italian; and from there, marveling, she wandered into another which Russian Jews and even stranger aliens possessed. Nor were these any longer the passive brutes of the herd, but rough and loud-mouthed, jostling her on their sidewalks, and gazing at her foreign clothes with impudent contempt. She sought for a *gendarme* and, finding one, showed her little note-sheet. He waved her on to a broader street on which vast trams, bursting with men and women, clanged and jolted. Here she heard English again, and saw sights to be understood, restaurants, clothing shops, cafés. Workmen were coming home from overtime jobs, and once, meeting a row of carpenters, Louise flinched into a doorway lest she should meet Joe before the time. But they were all strangers whose eyes passed over her without interest, and left her safe, though hurt, she hardly knew why. Then the crowd thickened and carried her with it, unresisting. It eddied about a legless beggar and his organ on the curb, swirled through a narrow passageway beneath scaffolding, and, meeting a counter-current, flung her from the channel and against the windows of a shop.

In the doorway above her stood a pursy little fellow, hands on hips, a knowing look on his face. She had seen his like a hundred times in Vernon.

'*Monsieur* speaks French?' she asked timidly.

Monsieur's eyes left the crowd and fell upon her with interest. It was clear that the sound of his native tongue pleased him, that it stirred those instinctive notions of courtesy, which few Frenchmen are without. Louise was rescued from the crowd as an exhausted swimmer from an eddy. She panted breathless in the doorway beside him. What could he do for *mademoiselle*? He had the honor to be her compatriot, and to serve her would be a pleasure. Louise warmed with thankfulness. Again she held forth her note-sheet. A stupid had given her this at the railroad station, but never told her how to find her way. If he would be so amiable as to help.

The intelligence-office, so it proved, was just in face of them. She might see the name there even as written on the paper. And then they chatted for an instant, each pleased to be voluble in the familiar tongue. He was a merchant, it appeared, once of Honfleur. He sold lace. Twelve girls worked in his shop; she might see the heads of six.

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'Ah, but, *monsieur*, you may do me a favor then,' cried Louise. 'I have no room. I do not know where it is proper for me to go. Could I stay at the *pension* of some of your *mesdemoiselles* for the night at least?'

The face of the shopkeeper was comical to look upon. How explain without offense; how make her understand us Americans, it seemed to say. But *mademoiselle* must comprehend that his girls were shop-girls; that here in America the shop-girl had a certain enmity for those who went into service. One gave *ennui* to the other. It was clear, was it not? But assuredly he would find her lodgings and of the most respectable.

'Mees Riley,' he called. A tow-headed, freckled girl in a soiled shirt-waist lounged to the door and chewed gum violently while he asked questions in English. Louise saw the look of curiosity bent upon her give way to a disparagement which rang in the tone of her answer.

'Ther's a boardin'-house for them down on State Street, number 234,' were the words. Louise was told the address; the tone needed no translation.

Timid, puzzled, her assurance failing, she climbed a crooked, dirty staircase to the intelligence-office, knocked on a belabeled door, and found herself in a stuffy room before a desk. A row of strays from all races, perched awkwardly each in a chair, stared at her stupidly.

The desk proved ingratiating — knew a little bad French, was even smiling when it had changed a ten franc gold piece and given back a few uncountable pieces of a still strange coin. Louise faltered certain words which went to fill up the blanks in a formidable printed slip, and, obeying orders, took her seat with the awkward ones at the end of the room.

A pause. She looked around her, at first timidly, then with more boldness. For they were not frightening, those others who were waiting for a place. One was black with big lips, a Negress evidently; another had the small eyes and stupid mouth of a peasant; none were neat, none looked as if they could please a *clientèle*, or make an *addition* of six courses without error. A sullen anger stirred in her breast. She began to understand. Was she to be ranked with these because her trade was to serve? Was there no fraternity in this country? Were women judged only by their work?

The door opened and a little old lady pattered in. A word at the desk, then she came straight to Louise and addressed her in French. Alas, she wanted a good cook and must look further down the line. Next bounced in an important personage. She trafficked shrilly with the desk, and then ran down the row of girls with knowing eye. At Louise she hesitated, sniffed 'too independent,' and ran on. After parleyings she bounced out, followed by a Swede with spiritless face and no corsets. Entered a pompous dame in rustling silks who ignored the desk, but tramped mightily up and down the line. She paused at Louise, asked a haughty question, failed to understand her '*plait-il?*' and rustled out of the door again.

A pause. Louise drooped her head. She was hungry, but that was nothing; weary, but weariness was a familiar. In truth, she was humiliated, discouraged, puzzled by it all. Why was the sallow-faced, *démodée mademoiselle* of the lace shop better than she? Why did these *mesdames* look at her so angrily? There was something *bête* in this new country!

The door opened to admit a gaudy creature in a kitchen-garden hat who strode up to the desk and announced that she wanted a girl. Not a lazy girl, not a stuck-up smart thing who did n't

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know a lady when she saw her. She was going to get married to-morrow and wanted a girl as would be satisfactory from the *start*. No, she would n't pay more than three-fifty, but them servant girls were n't worth more. She knew!

Louise hated her at sight, and all the other waifs seemed to hate her too, for an insulting glance down the line was followed by a chorus of whisperings.

'A shop-girl till jes' a week ago an' now she wants a lady to live out with her! My land!' the Negress muttered, rolling the whites of her eyes at Louise, who caught 'shop-girl' and remembered her experience of an hour ago. Was it possible that this vulgar woman, whose clothes were impossible, who talked like a peasant, and acted like a *demi-mondaine*, was superior to her! She shrugged, set her eyes alight with French impudence, and met the gaze of the newcomer fierily.

'What's *your* name?'

'Plait-il?'

'Ladle! Nice names in this office — Oh, she does n't understand English! Well, I don't want any *dagoes* in *my* kitchen — and nobody named Ladle anyhow!'

The desk chuckled politely; even the line giggled. Poor Louise! Uncomprehending, she struggled with the rage of those who fight in the dark. She had been made ridiculous, and all the biting *blague* which rose to her lips was of no avail. To scream, to scratch like the drunken women on the quays at Rouen, would have been a relief. And even words were denied her!

The door opened, and in came — Joe Moon. Hesitant, embarrassed, fumbling with his hat and looking only at the desk and her enemy, he shambled across the room. Louise turned giddy with the surprise of it, and then a warm rush of blood made her tingle with joy. In the depths of her humiliation somehow he had found her. He had followed her unasked. He had come to rescue her from this horror. She watched, breathless, his dear familiar movements, saw the coat-collar that was always turned up, the necktie, as ever, under his ear. He spoke a sullen word to the desk, and turned. Louise, trembling, half-rose to meet him, and their eyes met, hers dewy with expectancy, his round with utter surprise. Their glances met and clung; then, in utter shame, Louise sank back in her chair. For Joe Moon had flushed, had known her, and, like a whipped dog, his glance had slunk away. Confusion beat in her ears; a thousand horrid surmises sprang to her mind; then despair, then incredulity, then disbelief. She raised her eyes again, and saw him, brick-red, shame-faced, but dogged, moving towards the door. The creature's hand was on his arm; pride of possession shone in her eyes; the door closed.

A pause. The little old lady, who had been pursuing murmured investigations at the other end of the line, pattered back to Louise. 'My dear,' she said, 'even though you can't cook, I like your face and I think I will take you. Will you come to-night?'

But Louise was all stone. 'No, madame,' she answered dully. 'I will never go into service — never, never, never!' Suddenly her control gave way and she burst into passionate tears. 'Am I not as good as these shop-girls?' she sobbed.

The old lady looked at her with pitying comprehension. 'Don't cry, my dear,' she said. 'Of course you are. But they won't admit it because — well, because it is America. But perhaps you'll be able to say some day that you are *better* than they are, and that —' she hesitated, 'well, that will be because it is America. *Won't* you come with me?'

And Louise went.

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MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA[1]

BY JOHN MUIR

July 15 [1869].— Followed the Mono Trail up the eastern rim of the basin nearly to its summit, then turned off southward to a small shallow valley that extends to the edge of the Yosemite, which we reached about noon and encamped. After luncheon I made haste to high ground, and from the top of the ridge on the west side of Indian Cañon gained the noblest view of the summit peaks I have ever yet enjoyed. Nearly all the upper basin of the Merced was displayed, with its sublime domes and cañons, dark upsweeping forests and glorious array of white peaks deep in the sky, every feature glowing, radiating beauty that pours into our flesh and bones like heat-rays from fire. Sunshine over all; no breath of wind to stir the brooding calm.

Never before had I seen so glorious a landscape, so boundless an affluence of sublime mountain beauty. The most extravagant description I might give of this view to any one who has not seen similar landscapes with his own eyes would not so much as hint its grandeur, and the spiritual glow that covered it. I shouted and gesticulated in a wild burst of ecstasy, much to the astonishment of St. Bernard Carlo, who came running up to me, manifesting in his intelligent eyes a puzzled concern that was very ludicrous, and had the effect of bringing me to my common senses. A brown bear too, it would seem, had been a spectator of the show I had made of myself, for I had gone but a few yards when I started one from a thicket of brush. He evidently considered me dangerous, for he ran away very fast, tumbling over the tops of the manzanita bushes in his haste. Carlo drew back with his ears depressed, as if afraid, and looked me in the face as if expecting me to pursue, for he had seen many a bear battle in his day.

Following the ridge, which made a gradual descent to the south, I came at length to the brow of that massive cliff that stands between Indian Cañon and Yosemite Falls, and here the far-famed valley came suddenly into view throughout almost its whole extent: the noble walls, sculptured into endless variety of domes and gables, spires and battlements and plain mural precipices, all a-tremble with the thunder tones of the falling water. The level bottom seemed to be dressed like a garden, sunny meadows here and there and groves of pine and oak, the river of Mercy sweeping in majesty through the midst of them and flashing back the sunbeams. The great Tissiack or Half Dome, rising at the upper end of the valley to a height of nearly a mile, is nobly proportioned and lifelike, the most impressive of all the rocks, holding the eye in devout admiration, calling it back again and again from falls or meadows or even the mountains beyond, — marvelous cliffs, marvelous in sheer dizzy depth and sculpture, types of endurance. Thousands of years have they stood in the sky, exposed to rain, snow, frost, earthquake, and avalanche, yet they still wear the bloom of youth.

I rambled along the valley-rim to

[1] Earlier portions of this journal were published in the January and February *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

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the westward; most of it is rounded off on the very brink so that it is not easy to find places where one may look clear down the face of the wall to the bottom. When such places were found, and I had cautiously set my feet and drawn my body erect, I could not help fearing a little that the rock might split off and let me down; and what a down — more than three thousand feet! Still my limbs did not tremble, nor did I feel the least uncertainty as to the reliance to be placed on them. My only fear was that a flake of the granite, which in some places showed joints more or less open and running parallel with the face of the cliff, might give way. After withdrawing from such places excited with the view I had got, I would say to myself, 'Now don't go out on the verge again.' But in the face of Yosemite scenery cautious remonstrance is vain; under its spell one's body seems to go where it likes, with a will over which we seem to have scarce any control.

After a mile or so of this memorable cliff work I approached Yosemite Creek, admiring its easy, graceful, confident gestures as it comes bravely forward in its narrow channel, singing the last of its mountain songs on its way to its fate, — a few rods more over the shining granite, then down half a mile in snowy foam to another world, to be lost in the Merced, where climate, vegetation, inhabitants, all are different. Emerging from its last gorge, it glides in wide lace-like rapids down a smooth incline into a pool, where it seems to rest and compose its gray, agitated waters before taking the grand plunge; then slowly slipping over the lip of the pool basin it descends another glossy slope with rapidly accelerated speed to the brink of the tremendous cliff, and with sublime, fateful confidence springs out free in the air.

I took off my shoes and stockings, and worked my way cautiously down alongside the rushing flood, keeping my feet and hands pressed firmly on the polished rock. The booming, roaring water rushing past close to my head was very exciting. I had expected that the sloping apron would terminate with the perpendicular wall of the valley, and that from the foot of it where it is less steeply inclined I should be able to lean far enough out to see the forms and behavior of the fall all the way down to the bottom. But I found that there was yet another small brow over which I could not see, and which appeared to be too steep for mortal feet. Scanning it keenly, I discovered a narrow shelf about three inches wide on the very brink, just wide enough for a rest for one's heels. But there seemed to be no way of reaching it over so steep a brow.

At length, after careful scrutiny of the surface, I found an irregular edge of a flake of the rock some distance back from the margin of the torrent. If I was to get down to the brink at all, that rough edge, which might offer slight finger-holds, was the only way. But the slope beside it looked dangerously smooth and steep, and the swift, roaring flood beneath, overhead, and beside me was very nerve-trying. I therefore concluded not to venture farther, but did nevertheless. Tufts of artemisia were growing in clefts of the rock near by, and I filled my mouth with the bitter leaves, hoping they might help to prevent giddiness. Then, with a caution not known in ordinary circumstances, I crept down safely to the little ledge, got my heels well planted on it, then shuffled in a horizontal direction twenty or thirty feet until close to the outplunging current, which by the time it had descended thus far was already white. Here I obtained a perfectly free view down into the heart of the snowy, chanting throng of comet-

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like streamers into which the body of the fall soon separates.

While perched on that narrow niche I was not distinctly conscious of danger. The tremendous grandeur of the fall in form and sound and motion acting at close range smothered the sense of fear, and in such places one's body takes keen care for safety on its own account. How long I remained down there, or how I returned, I can hardly tell. Anyhow, I had a glorious time, and got back to camp about dark, enjoying triumphant exhilaration, soon followed by dull weariness. Hereafter I'll try to keep away from such extravagant, nerve-straining places. Yet such a day is well worth venturing for. My first view of the High Sierra, first view looking down into Yosemite, the death-song of Yosemite Creek, and its flight over the vast cliff, each one of these is of itself enough for a great life-long landscape fortune — a most memorable day of days — enjoyment enough to kill, if that were possible.

July 16. — My enjoyments yesterday afternoon, especially at the head of the fall, were too great for good sleep. Kept starting up last night in a nervous tremor, half-awake, fancying that the foundation of the mountain we were camped on had given way, and was falling into Yosemite Valley. In vain I roused myself to make a new beginning for sound sleep. The nerve-strain had been too great, and again and again I dreamed I was rushing through the air above a glorious avalanche of water and rocks. One time, springing to my feet, I said, 'this time it is real — all must die, and where could mountaineer find a more glorious death.'

July 20. — Our shepherd is a queer character, and hard to place in this wilderness. His bed is a hollow made in red, dry-rot, punky dust beside a log which forms a portion of the south wall of the corral. Here he lies with his wonderful, everlasting clothing on, wrapped in a red blanket, breathing not only the dust of the decayed wood but also that of the corral, as if determined to take ammoniacal snuff all night after chewing tobacco all day. Following the sheep, he carries a heavy six-shooter swung from his belt on one side, and his luncheon on the other. The ancient cloth in which the meat, fresh from the frying-pan, is tied, serves as a filter through which the clear fat and gravy juices drip down on his hip and leg in clustering stalactites. This oleaginous formation is soon broken up, however, and diffused and rubbed evenly into his scanty apparel, by sitting down, rolling over, crossing his legs while resting on logs, etc., making shirt and trousers water-tight and shiny.

His trousers in particular have become so adhesive with the mixed fat and resin, that pine-needles, thin flakes and fibres of bark, hair, mica-scales, and minute grains of quartz, hornblende, etc., feathers, seed, wings, moth and butterfly wings, legs and antennæ of innumerable insects, or even whole insects such as the small beetles, moths, and mosquitoes, with flower-petals, pollen dust, and indeed bits of all plants, animals, and minerals of the region, adhere to them, and are safely imbedded, so that, though far from being a naturalist, he collects fragmentary specimens of everything, and becomes richer than he knows. His specimens are kept passably fresh too by the purity of the air and the resiny bituminous beds into which they are pressed. Man is a microcosm; at least our shepherd is, or rather his trousers. These precious overalls are never taken off, and nobody knows how old they are, though one may guess by their thickness and concentric structure. Instead of wearing thin they wear thick, and in their

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stratification have no small geological significance.

Besides herding the sheep, Billy is the butcher, while I have agreed to wash the few iron and tin utensils, and make the bread. Then, these small duties done, by the time the sun is fairly above the mountain-tops I am beyond the flock, free to rove and revel in wildness all the big, immortal days.

Sketching on the North Dome. It commands views of nearly all the valley, besides a few of the high mountains. I would fain draw everything in sight, — rock, tree, and leaf. But little can I do beyond mere outlines, — marks with meanings like words, readable only to myself; yet I sharpen my pencils and work on as if others might possibly be benefited. Whether these picture-sheets are to vanish like fallen leaves or go to friends like letters, matters not much, for little can they tell to those who have not themselves seen similar wildness, and like a language have learned it.

No pain here, no dull empty hours, no fear of the past, no fear of the future. These blessed mountains are so compactly filled with God's beauty, no petty personal hope or experience has room to be. Drinking this champagne-water is pure pleasure, so is breathing the living air, and every movement of limbs is pleasure, while the whole body seems to feel beauty when exposed to it as it feels the campfire or sunshine, entering not by the eyes alone, but equally through all one's flesh, like radiant heat, making a passionate ecstatic pleasure-glow not explainable. One's body then seems homogeneous throughout, sound as a crystal.

Perched like a fly on this Yosemite dome, I gaze and sketch and bask, oftentimes settling down into dumb admiration without definite hope of ever learning much, yet with the long-ing, unresting effort that lies at the door of hope, humbly prostrate before the vast display of God's power, and eager to offer self-denial and renunciation with eternal toil to learn any lesson in the divine manuscript.

It is easier to feel than to realize, or in any way explain, Yosemite grandeur. The magnitudes of the rocks and trees and streams are so delicately harmonized, they are mostly hidden. Sheer precipices three thousand feet high are fringed with tall trees growing close like grass on the brow of a lowland hill, and extending along the feet of these precipices a ribbon of meadow a mile wide and seven or eight long that seems like a strip a farmer might mow in less than a day. Waterfalls five hundred to one or two thousand feet high are so subordinated to the mighty cliffs over which they pour, they seem like wisps of smoke, gentle as floating clouds, though their voices fill the valley and make the rocks tremble. The mountains, too, along the eastern sky, and the domes in front of them, and the succession of smooth, rounded waves between, swelling higher, with dark woods in their hollows, serene in massive, exuberant bulk and beauty, tend yet more to hide the grandeur of the Yosemite temple, and make it appear as a subdued, subordinate feature of the vast harmonious landscape. Thus every attempt to appreciate any one feature is beaten down by the overwhelming influence of all the others. And as if this were not enough, lo, in the sky arises another mountain-range with topography as rugged and substantial-looking as the one beneath it, — snowy peaks and domes and shadowy Yosemite valleys, — another version of the snowy Sierra, a new creation, heralded by a thunderstorm.

How fiercely, devoutly wild is Nature in the midst of her beauty-loving tenderness, — painting lilies, watering

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them, and caressing them with gentle hand; going from flower to flower like a gardener, while building rock-mountains and cloud-mountains full of lightning and rain. Gladly we run for shelter beneath an overhanging cliff, and examine the reassuring ferns and mosses, gentle love-tokens growing in cracks and chinks. Daisies too and ivesias, confiding wild children of light too small to fear. To these one's heart goes home, and the voices of the storm become gentle.

Now the sun breaks forth, and fragrant steam arises. The birds are out singing on the edges of the groves. The west is flaming in gold and purple, ready for the ceremony of the sunset, and back I go to camp with my notes and pictures, the best of them printed in my mind as dreams. A fruitful day, without measured beginning or ending. A terrestrial eternity. A gift of good God.

Wrote to my mother and a few friends, mountain hints to each. They seem as near as if within voice-reach or touch. The deeper the solitude the less the sense of loneliness, and the nearer our friends. Now bread and tea, fir bed and good-night to Carlo, a look at the sky lilies, and death-sleep until the dawn of another Sierra to-morrow.

July 21.—Sketching on the dome,—no rain; clouds at noon about quarter filled the sky, casting shadows with fine effect on the white mountains at the heads of the streams, and a soothing cover over the gardens during the warm hours.

Saw a common housefly and a grasshopper and a brown bear. The fly and grasshopper paid me a merry visit on the top of the dome, and I paid a visit to the bear in the middle of a small garden meadow between the dome and the camp, where he was standing alert among the flowers as if willing to be seen to advantage. I had not gone more than half a mile from camp this morning when Carlo, who was trotting on a few yards ahead of me, came to a sudden, cautious standstill. Down went tail and ears, and forward went his knowing nose, while he seemed to be saying, 'Ha, what's this? A bear, I guess.' Then a cautious advance of a few steps, setting his feet down softly like a hunting cat, and questioning the air as to the scent he had caught, until all doubt vanished. Then he came back to me, looked me in the face, and with his speaking eyes reported a bear near by; then led on softly, careful like an experienced hunter not to make the slightest noise, and frequently looking back as if whispering, 'Yes, it's a bear; come and I'll show you.'

Presently we came to where the sunbeams were streaming through between the purple shafts of the firs, showing that we were nearing an open spot; and here Carlo came behind me, evidently sure that the bear was very near. So I crept to a low ridge of moraine boulders on the edge of a narrow garden meadow, and in this meadow I felt pretty sure the bear must be.

I was anxious to get a good look at the sturdy mountaineer without alarming him; so drawing myself up noiselessly behind one of the largest of the trees, I peered past its bulging buttresses, exposing only a part of my head; and there stood neighbor Bruin within a stone-throw, his hips covered by tall grass and flowers, and his front feet on the trunk of a fir that had fallen out into the meadow, which raised his head so high that he seemed to be standing erect. He had not yet seen me, but was looking and listening attentively, showing that in some way he was aware of our approach. I watched his gestures, and tried to make the most of my opportunity to learn what I could about him, fearing he

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would catch sight of me and run away. For I had been told that this sort of bear, the cinnamon, always ran from his bad brother man, never showing fight unless wounded or in defense of young.

He made a telling picture, standing alert in the sunny forest garden. How well he played his part, harmonizing in bulk and color and shaggy hair with the trunks of the trees and lush vegetation, as natural a feature as any other in the landscape. After examining at leisure, noting the sharp muzzle thrust inquiringly forward, the long shaggy hair on his broad chest, the stiff erect ears nearly buried in hair, and the slow heavy way he moved his head, I thought I would like to see his gait in running, so I made a sudden rush at him, shouting and swinging my hat to frighten him, expecting to see him make haste to get away. But to my dismay he did not run or show any sign of running. On the contrary he stood his ground, ready to fight and defend himself, lowered his head, thrust it forward, and looked sharp and fierce at me. Then I suddenly began to fear that upon me would fall the work of running; but I was afraid to run, and therefore, like the bear, held my ground.

We stood staring at each other in solemn silence within a dozen yards or thereabouts, while I fervently hoped that the power of the human eye over wild beasts would prove as great as it is said to be. How long our awfully strenuous interview lasted I don't know, but at length in the slow fullness of time he pulled his huge paws down off the log, and with magnificent deliberation turned and walked leisurely up the meadow, stopping frequently to look back over his shoulder to see whether I was pursuing him, then moving on again, evidently neither fearing me very much nor trusting me. He was probably about five hundred pounds in weight, a broad rusty bundle of ungovernable wildness, a happy fellow whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. The flowery glade in which I saw him so well, framed like a picture, is one of the best of all I have yet discovered, a conservatory of Nature's precious plant people. Tall lilies were swinging their bells over that bear's back, with geraniums, larkspurs, columbines, and daisies brushing against his sides. A place for angels, one would say, instead of bears.

July 23. — Another midday cloudland, displaying power and beauty that one never wearies in beholding, but hopelessly unsketchable and untellable. What can poor mortals say about clouds? While a description of their huge, glowing domes and ridges, shadowy gulfs and cañons and feather-edged ravines is being tried, they vanish, leaving no visible ruins. Nevertheless these fleeting sky-mountains are as substantial and significant as the more lasting upheavals of granite beneath them. Both alike are built up and die, and in God's calendar difference of duration is nothing. We can only dream about them in wondering, worshiping admiration, happier than we dare tell even to friends who see furthest in sympathy, glad to know that not a crystal or vapor particle of them, hard or soft, is lost, — that they sink and vanish only to rise again and again in higher and higher beauty. As to our own work, duty, influence, etc., concerning which so much fussy pother is made, it will not fail of its due effect, though like a lichen on a stone we keep silent.

July 24. — Clouds at noon occupying about half the sky gave half an hour of heavy rain to wash one of the cleanest landscapes in the world. How well it is washed! The sea is hardly less dusty than the ice-burnished pave-

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ments and ridges, domes and cañons, and summit peaks plashed with snow like waves with foam. How fresh the woods are and calm after the last films of clouds have been wiped from the sky. A few minutes ago every tree was excited, bowing to the roaring storm, waving, swirling, tossing its branches in glorious enthusiasm like worship. But though to the outer ear these trees are now silent, their songs never cease. Every hidden cell is throbbing with music and life, every fibre thrilling like harp-strings, while incense is ever flowing from the balsam bells and leaves.

No wonder the hills and groves were God's first temples, and the more they are cut down and hewn into cathedrals and churches the farther off and dimmer seems the Lord himself. The same may be said of stone temples. Yonder to the eastward of our camp-grove stands one of Nature's cathedrals hewn from the living rock, almost conventional in form, about two thousand feet high, nobly adorned with spires and pinnacles, thrilling under floods of sunshine as if alive like a grove-temple, and well named 'Cathedral Peak.'

Even Shepherd Billy turns at times to this wonderful mountain-building, though apparently deaf to all stone-sermons. Snow that refused to melt in fire would hardly be more wonderful than unchanging dullness in the rays of God's beauty. I have been trying to get him to walk to the brink of Yosemite for a view, offering to watch the sheep for a day, while he should enjoy what tourists come from all over the world to see. But though within a mile of the famous valley, he will not go to it, even out of mere curiosity.

'What,' says he, 'is Yosemite but a cañon, — a lot of rocks, — a hole in the ground, — a place dangerous about falling into, — a d——d good place to keep away from?'

'But think of the waterfalls, Billy, — just think of that big stream we crossed the other day, falling half a mile through the air, — think of that and the sound it makes. You can hear it now like the roar of the sea.'

Thus I pressed Yosemite upon him, like a missionary offering the gospel, but he would have none of it. 'I would be afraid to look over so high a wall,' he said. 'It would make my head swim; there is nothing worth seeing anyway, only rocks, and I see plenty of them here. Tourists that spend their money to see rocks and falls are fools, that 's all. You can't humbug me. I've been in this country too long for that.'

Such souls, I suppose, are asleep, or smothered and befogged beneath mean pleasures and cares.

July 26. — How boundless the day seems as we revel in these storm-beaten sky-gardens amid so vast a congregation of onlooking mountains. Strange and admirable it is that the more savage and chilly and storm-chafed the mountains, the finer the glow on their faces and the finer the plants they bear. The myriads of flowers tingeing the mountain-top do not seem to have grown out of the dry, rough gravel of disintegration, but rather they appear as visitors, a cloud of witnesses to Nature's love in what we in our timid ignorance and unbelief call howling desert. The surface of the ground, so dull and forbidding at first sight, besides being rich in plants, shines and sparkles with crystals, — mica, hornblende, feldspar, quartz, and tourmaline. The radiance in some places is so great as to be fairly dazzling, keen lance-rays of every color flashing, sparkling in glorious abundance, joining the plants in their fine, brave beauty-work, — every flower, every crystal, a window opening into heaven, a mirror reflecting the Creator.

From garden to garden, ridge to

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ridge, I drifted enchanted, now on my knees gazing into the face of a daisy, now climbing again and again among the purple and azure flowers of the hemlocks, now down into the treasuries of the snow, or gazing afar over domes and peaks, lakes and woods, and the billowy glaciated fields of the upper Tuolumne, and trying to sketch them. In the midst of such beauty, pierced with its rays, one's body is all one tingling palate. Who would n't be a mountaineer! Up here all the world's prizes seem nothing.

July 30. — Ants, flies, and mosquitoes seem to enjoy this fine climate. A few house-flies have discovered our camp. The Sierra mosquitoes are courageous and of good size, some of them measuring nearly an inch from tip of sting to tip of folded wings. Though less abundant than in most wildernesses, they occasionally make quite a hum and stir, and pay but little attention to time or place. They sting anywhere, any time of day, wherever they can find anything worth while, until they are themselves stung by frost. The large jet-black ants are only ticklish and troublesome when one is lying down under the trees. Noticed a borer drilling a silver fir; ovipositor about an inch and a half in length, polished and straight like a needle. When not in use it is folded back in a sheath, which extends straight behind like the legs of a crane in flying. This drilling, I suppose, is to save nest-building and the after care of feeding the young. Who would guess that in the brain of a fly so much knowledge could find lodgment? How do they know that their eggs will hatch in such holes, or after they hatch, that the soft helpless grubs will find the right sort of nourishment in silver-fir sap?

This domestic arrangement calls to mind the curious family of gall-flies. Each species seems to know what kind of plant will respond to the irritation or stimulus of the puncture it makes, and the eggs it lays, in forming a growth that not only answers for a nest and home, but also provides food for the young. Probably these gall-flies make mistakes at times like anybody else, but when they do there is simply a failure of that particular brood, while enough to perpetuate the species do find the proper plants and nourishment. Many mistakes of this kind might be made without being discovered by us. Once a pair of wrens made the mistake of building a nest in the sleeve of a workman's coat, which was called for at sundown, much to the consternation and discomfiture of the birds. Still the marvel remains that any of the children of such small people as gnats and mosquitoes should escape their own and their parents' mistakes, as well as the vicissitudes of the weather and hosts of enemies, and come forth in full vigor and perfection to enjoy the sunny world. When we think of the small creatures that are visible, we are led to think of many that are smaller still, and lead us on and on into infinite mystery.

August 2. — Clouds and showers about the same as yesterday. Sketching all day on the North Dome until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when, as I was busily employed thinking only of the glorious Yosemite landscape, trying to draw every tree and every line and feature of the rocks, I was suddenly and without warning possessed with the notion that my friend Professor J. D. Butler, of the State University of Wisconsin, was below me in the valley, and I jumped up full of the idea of meeting him, with almost as much startling excitement as if he had suddenly touched me to make me look up.

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Leaving my work without the slightest deliberation, I ran down the western slope of the dome and along the brink of the valley-wall, looking for a way to the bottom, until I came to a side cañon, which, judging by its apparently continuous growth of trees and bushes, I thought might afford a practical way into the valley, and immediately began to make the descent, late as it was, as if drawn irresistibly. But after a little, common sense stopped me and explained that it would be long after dark ere I could possibly reach the hotel, that the visitors would be asleep, that nobody would know me, that I had no money in my pockets, and moreover was without a coat. I therefore compelled myself to stop, and finally succeeded in reasoning myself out of the notion of seeking my friend in the dark, whose presence I only felt in a strange, telepathic way. I succeeded in dragging myself back through the woods to camp, never for a moment wavering, however, in my determination to go down to him next morning.

This I think is the most unexplainable notion that ever struck me. Had some one whispered in my ear while I sat on the dome, where I had spent so many days, that Professor Butler was in the valley, I could not have been more surprised and startled. When I was leaving the university he said, 'Now John, I want to hold you in sight and watch your career. Promise to write me at least once a year.' I received a letter from him in July at our first camp in the Hollow, written in May, in which he said that he might possibly visit California some time this summer, and therefore hoped to meet me. But inasmuch as he named no meeting-place, and gave no directions as to the course he would probably follow, and as I would be in the wilderness all summer, I had not the slightest hope of seeing him, and all thought of the matter had vanished from my mind until this afternoon, when he seemed to be wafted, bodily almost, against my face. Well, to-morrow I shall see, for, reasonable or unreasonable, I feel I must go.

August 3. — Had a wonderful day. Found Professor Butler as the compass needle finds the pole. So last evening's telepathy, transcendental revelation, or whatever else it may be called, was true; for strange to say, he had just entered the valley by way of the Coulterville Trail, and was coming up the valley past El Capitan when his presence struck me. Had he then looked toward the North Dome with a good glass when it first came in sight, he might have seen me jump up from my work and run toward him. This seems the one well-defined marvel of my life of the kind called supernatural; for, absorbed in glad Nature, spirit-rappings, second-sight, ghost-stories, etc., have never interested me since boyhood, seeming comparatively useless and infinitely less wonderful than Nature's open, harmonious, songful, sunny, everyday beauty.

This morning when I thought of having to appear among tourists at a hotel, I was troubled because I had no suitable clothes, and at best am desperately bashful and shy. I was determined to go, however, to see my old friend after two years among strangers; got on a clean pair of overalls, a cashmere shirt, and a sort of jacket, the best my camp wardrobe afforded, tied my notebook on my belt, and strode away on my strange journey, followed by Carlo. I made my way through the gap discovered last evening, which proved to be Indian Cañon. There was no trail in it, and the rocks and brush were so rough that Carlo frequently called me back to help him down precipitous places.

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Emerging from the cañon shadows, I found a man making hay on one of the meadows, and asked him whether Professor Butler was in the valley. 'I don't know,' he replied, 'but you can easily find out at the hotel. There are but few visitors in the valley just now. A small party came in yesterday afternoon, and I heard some one called Professor Butler, or Butterfield, or some name like that.'

In front of the gloomy hotel I found a tourist party adjusting their fishing-tackle. They all stared at me in silent wonderment as if I had been seen dropping down through the trees from the clouds, mostly, I suppose, on account of my strange garb. Inquiring for the office, I was told it was locked, and that the landlord was away, but I might find the landlady, Mrs. Hutchings, in the parlor. I entered in a sad state of embarrassment, and after waiting in the big, empty room, and knocking at several doors, the landlady at length appeared, and in reply to my question said she rather thought Professor Butler *was* in the valley, but to make sure she would bring the register from the office.

Among the names of the last arrivals, I soon discovered the professor's familiar handwriting, at the sight of which bashfulness vanished; and having learned that his party had gone up the valley, probably to the Vernal and Nevada Falls, I pushed on in glad pursuit, my heart now sure of its prey. In less than an hour I reached the head of the Nevada Cañon at the Vernal Falls, and just outside of the spray discovered a distinguished-looking gentleman who, like everybody else I have seen to-day, regarded me curiously as I approached. When I made bold to inquire if he knew where Professor Butler was, he seemed yet more curious to know what could possibly have happened that required a messenger for the professor, and instead of answering my question he asked with military sharpness, 'Who wants him?'

'I want him,' I replied, with equal sharpness.

'Why! Do *you* know him?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Do *you* know him?'

Astonished that any one in the mountains could possibly know Professor Butler, and find him as soon as he had reached the valley, he came down to meet the strange mountaineer on equal terms, and courteously replied, 'Yes, I know Professor Butler very well. I am General Alvord, and we were fellow students in Rutland, Vermont, long ago, when we were both young.'

'But where is he now?' I persisted, cutting short his story.

'He has gone beyond the falls with a companion to try to climb that big rock, the top of which you see from here.'

His guide now volunteered the information that it was the Liberty Cap Professor Butler and his companion had gone to climb, and that if I waited at the head of the fall I would be sure to find them on their way down. I therefore climbed the ladders alongside the Vernal Fall, and was pushing forward, determined to go to the top of Liberty Cap Rock in my hurry rather than wait, if I should not meet my friend sooner. So heart-hungry at times may one be to see a friend in the flesh, however happily full and carefree one's life may be.

I had gone but a short distance, however, above the brow of the Vernal Fall, when I caught sight of him in the brush and rocks, half-erect, groping his way, his sleeves rolled up, vest open, hat in his hand, — evidently very hot and tired. When he saw me coming, he sat down on a boulder to wipe the perspiration from his brow and neck; and taking me for one of the valley guides, he inquired the way to

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the fall ladders. I pointed out the path, marked with little piles of stones, on seeing which he called his companion, saying that the way was found. But he did not yet recognize me. Then I stood directly in front of him, looked him in the face, and held out my hand.

He thought that I was offering to assist him in rising. 'Never mind,' he said.

Then I said, 'Professor Butler, don't you know me?'

'I think not,' he replied; but catching my eye, sudden recognition followed, and astonishment that I should have found him just when he was lost in the brush and did not know that I was within hundreds of miles of him. 'John Muir, John Muir, where have you come from?'

Then I told him the story of my feeling his presence when he entered the valley last evening when he was four or five miles distant, as I sat sketching on the North Dome. This of course only made him wonder the more. Below the foot of the Vernal Fall the guide was waiting with his saddle-horse, and I walked along the trail chatting all the way back to the hotel, talking of school-days, friends in Madison, of the students, how each had prospered, etc., ever and anon gazing at the stupendous rocks about us, now growing indistinct in the gloaming, and again quoting from the poets, — a rare ramble.

It was late ere we reached the hotel, and General Alvord was awaiting his arrival for dinner. When I was introduced he seemed yet more astonished than the professor at my descent from cloudland, and my going straight to my friend without knowing in any ordinary way that he was even in California. They had come on direct from the East, had not yet visited any of their friends in the State, and considered themselves undiscoverable.

As we sat at dinner the general leaned back in his chair, and looking down the table thus introduced me to the dozen guests or so, including the staring fisherman mentioned above.

'This man, you know,' he said, 'came down out of these huge trackless mountains, you know, to find his friend Professor Butler here, the very day he arrived. And how did he know he was here? He just felt him, he says. This is the queerest case of Scotch farsightedness I ever heard of,' etc., etc. While my friend quoted Shakespeare: 'More things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' 'As the sun ere he has risen sometimes paints his image in the firmament, e'en so the shadows of events precede the events, and in to-day already walks to-morrow.'

Had a long conversation after dinner over Madison days. The Professor wants me to promise to go with him some time on a camping trip in the Hawaiian Islands, while I tried to get him to go back with me to camp in the High Sierra. But he says, 'Not now.' He must not leave the general; and I was surprised to learn they are to leave the valley to-morrow or next day. I'm glad I'm not great enough to be missed in the busy world.

(To be continued.)

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BOYS AND THE THEATRE

BY FREDERICK WINSOR

ANY one at all familiar with boys at the present time, and with their interests and their amusements, cannot help being struck by their familiarity with the theatre. In the life of the city-bred boy of to-day, the stage occupies a very large place; indeed it is often his most absorbing interest. So universal is this condition that not to know the songs of the latest 'musical show,' not to have seen the last catchy piece played at any of the leading theatres, puts a boy at once out of touch with his fellows. Hence the insistence with which many a boy pleads with his astonished parents to be allowed to go to this or that performance. His parents would not be so astonished if they could hear the talk of any group of school-boys from a city day-school or of boarding-school boys just back at work after a vacation. The stage is the staple subject of conversation, and the boy who has n't seen the shows is as much out of it as a man is out of it at St. Andrews if he can't talk golf.

Many parents of boys from fourteen to eighteen find themselves allowing much greater liberty to their sons than they themselves were ever allowed at the same age in the matter of the theatre, simply because the custom has become so universal: it is easier to allow your boy to do what 'all the other boys do,' than it is to consider seriously the real bearing of the matter and do what the boy's own good requires. It is to such parents that this article is addressed, in the hope that they will find in it matter to strengthen their convictions and a sufficient argument to make them stand firm against this growing custom of allowing boys almost indiscriminate freedom in attending the theatre.

Certain of the evils which result from much theatre-going are so obvious that they call for no more than cursory mention here. It is a self-evident truth, for example, that growing boys need more sleep than their elders, and that frequent theatre-going is bad for their health. It is equally obvious that at this formative period in a boy's life his taste is being moulded and determined just as surely as his mind and character, and that to let him go to any but a few selected plays results in equipping him for life with a taste which must inevitably be indiscriminating, if not positively demoralized. A still more serious, though perhaps not quite so obvious, result of the atmosphere of the stage is the craving to which it caters for complicated and artificial amusements. It is a crying evil of our modern life that simple pleasures are so rare. The ramble through the fields and woods, ending with a picnic luncheon, which used to delight their parents, no longer satisfies our children; one must tear through the country by motor-car and lunch at some far-away inn. The evening around the fireside, with reading or story-telling or 'round' games, has given place to dancing or an entertainment provided by a hired performer; and the taste for the theatre is but

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another example of this unhealthy appetite for artificiality and excitement. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to develop these phases of the matter. Our boys' health, their taste, and their manner of life, are all of secondary importance to their morals.

There are some of us who believe that the question in the marriage service, 'Wilt thou keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?' has its application long before a man comes with his bride to the church to make there his vows before the altar. The ideal of keeping himself unspotted and unsullied, for the sake of playing fair with the unknown woman whom he will some day marry, is often the strongest incentive that a young man can have to keep himself clear of demoralizing influences and to lead a decent, clean life. We all of us desire more than all else that our sons may have this ideal, but do we always remember that it will not grow of itself, and that its very life depends on the atmosphere in which a boy lives, and on the public opinion which feeds and nourishes it? Are we not apt to forget that such an ideal has not yet won a recognized place in the world, but that it is rather to-day a vision which has still to be accepted as a moral principle by humanity in general? Truth, justice, temperance, courage, loving service, are pretty much the same all the world over, and are everywhere recognized as among the virtues; but there is hardly a nation from Japan to England that recognizes continence as a virtue; only here in the United States will you meet any sort of universal sympathy with this ideal, or even any general understanding of it. We must jealously guard against every influence that tends to weaken it if we are to preserve it in our sons as a living vital force in their lives, and we must recognize that they are surrounded by a multitude of such influences; and of all this multitude, indiscriminate theatre-going is the most dangerous and the most subtle.

The truth of this statement is perhaps not very commonly realized. Nine people out of ten would probably say that bad books were much more dangerous to boys than bad plays; and so we find that, as a rule, parents are more particular about what a boy reads than about the shows that he sees acted. An examination of the facts, however, will be enough to show that for several reasons the effect of a play, good or bad, upon a boy's mind is more penetrating, more comprehensive, and more lasting, than the effect of a book. This is because the book appeals only to the boy's imagination. What he reads can only be made real to him by mental pictures, which will vary in intensity with the ability of the author and with the vividness of the imagery supplied by the boy's own mind. His only means of keeping in his memory what he sees on the printed page is the power of his vision, physical and mental. The play, on the other hand, appeals to the ear as well as to the eye, and it leaves nothing to the imagination. What the boy sees is a fragment of real life, where the people involved are not creatures of his fancy but real living, breathing men and women. What they say, for better or worse, is printed on his memory, not in the dead symbols of letters, but in words and actions instinct with vital, moving force. Eye and ear and the actor's art combine to sear the experience into his soul till it is almost as if he himself had lived it.

To understand what is put before him and to make it real, the boy's imagination is not once called into play, but this does not mean that his imagination is necessarily idle. Suppose that the play is filled with vulgar innuendo,

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with speeches bordering on the indecent, and suppose that the chorus queens are openly flirting with men in the audience and exhibiting their personal charms in the way which the press-agent calls 'dashing,' but which decent people call disgusting. Do you suppose that the boy does n't perceive these things, and that they do not excite him, and that his imagination does n't work over-time? To paraphrase Kipling —

> Johnny ain't a bloomin' fool,
> You bet that Johnny sees;

or to use Johnny's own language, 'There's very little that gets by him.' Yes, his imagination is very busy, and it leads him beyond the stage that lies immediately under his eyes. He hears live men and women saying impossible things, and he asks himself what kind of people they must be off the stage, what sort of things they say to each other in private at rehearsals, if they can say things as broad as this in public. He follows in his mind the acquaintance between the peach in the chorus and the chappie in the second row, which he imagines he sees beginning under his very eyes, never guessing that the flirtation is probably as much a part of the girl's acting as her dancing is. We who are older take these things less seriously; we have become accustomed to them, therefore blind to them, as we are blind to the misery that we pass unheeded on the city streets, the horrors of the billboards along our railways, or the unsightly dump-heaps in our suburbs; but our boys see and note them all.

This does not mean that our boys are bad; it means that they are boys, young animals filled with animal life and animal instincts, facing a strange and fascinating world about which they are intensely curious. A certain side of this world they know only through hearsay, hearsay of a strange, furtive, sneaking, underground kind, but of a kind which no boy can escape. It is not possible, in an article devoted to play-going for boys, to dwell on the matter of the duty of parents to give their boys a sound, wholesome knowledge of the shadows of life as well as of its brighter aspects; but the duty is there, the duty of giving a boy a pure-minded knowledge of life, instead of leaving this knowledge to come to him by chance. Parents neglect this duty, and the vast majority of boys have no clearer, juster knowledge of life than what they have been able to get from these underground channels; they cannot fail to be excited by the apparent justification of their information afforded by vulgar shows, since these shows are actually the only publicly tolerated demonstrations which immorality is allowed to make in our world of to-day, — so far, certainly, as our boys see the world.

Ever since the Elizabethan period the theatre has been the agent and the ally of vice. It will not do to cry out that a good play is as great an influence for good as a good sermon, or to name the noble and the pure men and women who have from time to time honored the profession of acting with their presence in it. No one wants boys to be kept away from uplifting plays, and no one is trying to throw mud at the actor's art or the men and women of blameless life who make it their profession. The warning is directed against the unworthy plays, and against those who make use of the stage as a medium of advertising and publicity for immorality. It is a notorious fact that to-day, as in the past, the stage has lent itself to such purposes; and our boys cannot escape the demoralizing influence of the mere knowledge of this fact if they go much, and without guidance, to the theatre.

Three kinds of plays are dangerous

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to boys: the 'problem play,' the salacious farce, and the 'musical show.' Of these, the first is the least dangerous; the last, the most. The 'problem play' is not apt at any rate to treat infidelity as amusing, but is apt to paint it in its true light, and to give us at least a glimpse of its harrowing consequences. The salacious farce, of course, is as demoralizing as anything can be, but we are on our guard against it. The danger is that it does not always carry its character written in its title, and that we may allow our children to attend it without ascertaining beforehand what it is really like. Such a play was recently described as follows in a Boston paper in the column devoted to plays then being given at the New York theatres: 'French farce *à l'Américaine* — with its sprightliness thickened into dullness, its glitter coated with commonness, and its wit coarsened into vulgar innuendo. Already seen and liked in Boston.' Of course, if we knew in advance that it was coarse and suggestive, we should be forewarned, but the trouble is that we depend on the judgment of a friend. 'Oh, it 's a great show,' says he; 'have n't enjoyed anything so much for years. I laughed till my sides ached. Cleverly acted, too. You ought to see it.' He is n't thinking of its effect on a boy; the morals or lack of morals of the piece made no impression on him; he is a man grown, and his morals were established long ago. It amused him, that's all. So we, urged on by Johnny, who is crazy to go to the Theatre with a big T, *any* theatre, and knowing that none of the other pieces now playing are worth seeing from any point of view, remember our old friend's enthusiasm, and delight Johnny with our consent. Moral: don't let your children see a play that you have n't seen yourself.

'Musical comedy,' however, presents the real difficulty and danger, and it is dangerous because its influences are insidious. A piece comes to town and captivates the whole city. The music is catchy, the girls are pretty, the dances are graceful, the chorus is well drilled, and the *ensemble* is an artistic masterpiece that delights the eye. We see it and are charmed by it, and we take the children. But when we sit down in cold blood and analyze the thing, we are somewhat horrified to realize the atmosphere we have allowed them to breathe. The scene was laid in Paris. We remember that the hero enters the scene half-drunk, at which every one is mildly amused, that he announces that he has been summoned to attend his lordship, and much to his disgust has had to interrupt a supper-party at which he had been entertaining a party of *cocottes* over the recollection of whose attractions he smacks his lips, and he then proceeds to sing a song about them in which he calls them all by their pet names. Snatches of this song recur at intervals all through the piece. The young man is a kind of libertine that we should not allow our sons to know in real life, but we have taken them to the theatre to be introduced to him at long range. We remember that the chief comic incident of the play is where a man finds another man, whom he knows to be married, shut up in a summer house with a woman whose identity is a mystery to him, but whom he knows to be not the man's wife. He peeks through the keyhole and chuckles with glee over what he sees going on inside. Then he suddenly discovers that the woman is his own wife, and — everybody laughs; the theatre is shaken from floor to roof by the public's appreciation of this humorous situation! You may protest that the whole play is nonsense, and that it is absurd to suggest taking anything in it seriously, — but

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the protest won't stand when you are dealing with children and their ideals.

Let us not, however, interrupt our recollections of the play. We remember that the last scene was laid in an immoral resort in Paris, where we would not for worlds allow our sons to go till they had reached years of discretion, — till they had become in fact sufficiently discreet not to want to go there. This scene is so acted in French in Paris itself that the restaurant-life is entirely subordinated to the movement of the play. The manners and customs of this famous resort are not obtruded upon the audience more than can be helped. As we have permitted our boys to see it, however, in New York and Chicago, it is as near an accurate picture of the life of the place as can be put on the stage.

Now, what do our boys take away from such a show besides the recollection of the music? They take away from it, in the first place, a series of photographs of costumes and posturings which we should confiscate with horror if we found them in their possession as actual pasteboard realities. They are none the less real, and we ourselves have furnished them to our boys by taking them to such a play. But that is a small matter in comparison to the fact that they take away with them the idea that drunkenness, infidelity, and immorality are laughing matters. All about them they have seen people laughing at them, and we have been sitting placidly by their sides, laughing too.

The writer begs to be indulged in a bit of personal experience. The strongest influence in his life to keep him from any temptation to the abuse of intoxicants has not been the knowledge of their disastrous effects, it has not been any discourse against their use that he ever read or heard, or even his personal observation of their frightfully demoralizing effect. It has been the recollection of the attitude of mind of his parents toward drunkenness, their horror of it, and their unconcealed disgust when any one made light of it. As soon would he have thought of making a mock of epilepsy in his parents' presence as of drunkenness. And it is his firm belief that if we wish to instill into our boys a longing for clean living, for purity of mind, and for continence, we can only do it by showing them at every opportunity that we have such a horror of immorality and infidelity that even incongruities which would seem funny to us in any other connection, cannot pierce our repugnance for the nauseating medium in which they are presented.

So we come naturally to the second rule which every parent should follow in connection with his children's theatre-going. Not only should he know of his own knowledge that the play is worth the child's seeing, but he should go with him and *talk it over with him afterward*. Let the children have the benefit of our taste and judgment. If part of the show disgusted us, make it evident to our boys that it did. As we sit beside them and see it through their eyes, we shall find our discrimination wonderfully quickened and our standards wonderfully purified.

By all means, then, send your children sometimes to the theatre; don't neglect an influence in education so quickening and so potent. Use it, however, with moderation and discrimination, taking only the good. Make it, for your boy, instead of an exciting, debasing thing, a means of teaching reverence for womankind, a tonic for his sense of chivalry, and a reinforcement of this highest of moral ideals, this American ideal of manly pureness. Let the influence of the stage help him so to live that his bride looking straight into his eyes may be content.

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IN PRAISE OF PARROTS

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

When Madame de Sérigny finally embraced me she said, 'And now I am going to give you a little souvenir of the Sacré Cœur: I have told Manuel to carry Jo to your hotel to-night, cage and all, to take on your long journey home. Guard him well, dear child, for the sake of your old friends at the convent.' I was much too overcome to thank the Madame Superior adequately. For two years I had gone to the convent regularly, every Thursday afternoon, ostensibly to visit my sister (no boy of five is ever much excited about that), actually to see the charming ladies of the Sacré Cœur, — and chiefly to walk through the adorable gardens with the never-to-be-forgotten Madame de Bardon, whom I stoutly regarded as the most beautiful saint outside of the calendar. I can realize now, thirty-five years later, that she must have been very young, and that she must have been exquisitely pretty in her white veil, not being then fully 'professed.'

The objective of our walk was always the lodge of Manuel, the old gardener, with whom either I — or perhaps Madame de Bardon — was a prime favorite, for he always had a generous goûter for us, consisting of a kind of gingerbread full of currants, and some deliciously mild wine, which I have never been able subsequently to identify. I don't remember whether Madame de Bardon ever took any of the goûter, because I was always much too excited over Jo, who, in his turn, swung excitedly in his cage, talking Spanish which I could not understand, and invariably ending with a wild laugh, after which, as if out of breath, he would gasp, 'O, là-là-là!' Whenever I would ask him 'Comment ça va, Jo?' — or, lapsing into American, 'Hello, Polly!' — he would merely wink knowingly. But at 'Tu veux du goûter, hein?' he would carefully take a bit of gingerbread from my fingers, put his bill up in the air, and gravely exclaim, in Manuel's deep guttural voice, 'Deo gratias!' to the ill-concealed delight of Manuel and the obvious perplexity of Madame de Bardon.

My intercourse with Jo was never really satisfactory, because his conversation was almost exclusively in Spanish, the white-haired gardener being an expatriated Andalusian. What little French he knew was delivered in Manuel's, to me, puzzling Iberian accent, — and, of course, he had no English at all. 'He's too old to learn French,' explained Manuel. 'I try to learn him these eighteen years, eh, old José? — but he come to me from the Azores with only Spanish — but of a profanity, Madame — now corrected, thank God.' Nevertheless I would chatter gayly with Jo, for would he not chuckle when I laughed, and would he not groan sympathetically when I told him the story of St. Laurent, or St. Estephe, learned perhaps that morning at the Brothers' Academy, and would he not whistle perfectly enchantingly? Surely there was never a more intelligent or sympathetic creature. It was always too soon when Madame de Bardon whis-

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pered to me that the hour of Vespers was near. After shaking hands with Manuel and thanking him, I would say good-bye to Jo in the little Spanish the gardener had taught me, at which Jo would reply, first cordially, then sinking to a plaintive whisper, then ending with a rheumatic mumble: 'Adios, señor, — adios — adios — adios. O, là-là-là.'

Sometimes as we hurried along the rose-bordered path of pinkish gravel, Madame de Bardon and I, I could hear, as if from beyond the now vanishing gardener's lodge, a strange sudden uproar, like the cawing of an infuriated crow or the warning screams of a malignant peacock. But Madame de Bardon was always silently whispering her 'preparation,' and I could n't ask her about the noise. And then as we neared the convent, quiet haven of mellow Caen stone with two slender poplars before the side portal, I naturally forgot everything else. If I then remembered Jo, he was simply an adorable little gray-and-green fluff on the very fringe of my consciousness.

On this day of parting, however, my beloved Madame de Bardon, because, probably, of some religious duties, did not accompany me on my little tournée of the gardens, but, instead, the stately Superior, Madame de Sérigny. This was a great honor, of course, but I none the less keenly regretted the substitution, — until this wholly unexpected golden gift of Jo, which rendered me so ecstatically incoherent that I could remember my manners only well enough to kiss Madame's slender white hand, and babble childish ineptitudes in French and English. Then with an armful of Malmaison roses — 'pour Madame ta mère, avec tous mes vœux de bon voyage' — I took my final adieux of the convent, never to see it again.

That evening Jo arrived at our apartments, but after I had been put to bed. With him came a little note which I found on my plate at breakfast. 'My dear François,' it began, in the elegant, angular, long-looped convent script (the barbarous 'Franklin' of my name had been promptly changed two years before from its abbreviated 'Frank' into its softer Gallic equivalent) —

'My dear François, I regret that I could not give you in person my parting wishes, but I am kindly permitted to send them to you. That you will ever be a good little boy, and therefore happy, will be in my prayers. I trust you will cherish little Jo; and remember, in so doing, that our good St. François, your Patron, preached even to the birds of the air. That he may always guard you is the wish of your friend in Notre Seigneur, Marie-Hélène Bardon de Segonzac, R. S. C.'

And so Jo was really mine, and began with me a new life in New York. After the long voyage, during which I saw little of him, he was at last installed with high ceremony in the dining-room at home. His cage was ever the first thing to greet my eyes when I hurried in to breakfast each day; and after performing my filial duties, I had to go over and wish Jo good-morning before I could think of porridge or other grosser matters. His cage stood on a console in front of one of the long French windows that opened on the little garden, or 'yard,' at the back of the house, and the grape arbor that arched above the window shaded him pleasantly from the morning sun. The cage seemed to me enormous: and indeed it really was an extraordinary fantasy in gilt wire, shaped, to my mind, somewhat like the mortuary chapel of the Orléans family at Dreux, which I had seen the year before. There were two perches at different levels, and above the upper one was a delightful swing.

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The floor was sanded, and the two porcelain semi-circular cups on the rez-de-chaussée were usually filled, one with hemp-seed and the other with cold café-au-lait. A third cup, like an upper balcony, was reserved for more fleeting delicacies, such as a leaf of lettuce, a green pepper, or a Malaga grape or two, which he adored.

The coffee for a long time perplexed me. I was not allowed to have coffee; chocolate for breakfast with a great deal of hot milk, and occasionally in the afternoon an exciting cup of cambric tea was all I might aspire to. Why, then, was my comparatively tiny gray-green friend permitted this mature, dignified beverage? Nothing was too good for Jo, of course, but still I had to find out the reason for this discrimination. 'But, my dear,' explained my mother, 'you know you are only a little boy yet — five "going on six," is n't it? — while Jo is quite a grown-up parrot.' And then I unexpectedly remembered that Manuel had spoken of Jo's failure to master French in eighteen years, — and he must have learned Spanish before even that! It suddenly flashed across me that Jo was very old indeed. And from being merely an obvious delight, he slowly became, in addition, a baffling personality, possessed of the great wisdom of ripened years, — twenty, twenty-one, who knew? — and unable to express it in a way that I could understand. At once each farrago of nonsense that he occasionally rattled off became charged with a serious, if unknowable, import, and as I could never hope, until I was grown up, to learn Spanish, I determined to spare no pains in teaching Jo English.

Looking back thirty-five years, I wonder at the patience of the little boy who daily spent an hour after his own tasks, trying to teach a third language to an absurdly ruffled little bundle of parti-colored feathers, to whom old Manuel's efforts of eighteen years had failed to impart a second. I can remember how Jo would cock his head on one side, his eyes never leaving me as he dilated and contracted their amber pupils, while I gravely attempted endless verbal experiments, sometimes even singing rhymes to him in hope that the music would lighten his difficulties. He generally would attempt some vocalization in harmony with the rhymes. He would at least always laugh gently when I sang: —

Cackle! cackle! cackle! said the *old* white hen;
Gobble! gobble! gobble! said the *turkey* then;
Ba! ba! ba! said the old black sheep;
Bow! wow! wow! said the doggie in his sleep.

And he would croon a soft, wordless accompaniment when I sang one of my mother's favorite little songs: —

Some one stole my heart away,
Riding on a load of hay, —

At any rate, I know 'Handsome, sunburned Johnny Brown' was one of Jo's favorites also. 'Ding, dong, bell, — Pussy's in the well,' he never cared for, but then, neither did I; but 'Kitty of Coleraine,' on the other hand, he found quite stirring, and his thick grayish-pink tongue would cluck stumblingly over a meaningless attempt at its pattering rhythm. The fact remains, however, that poor Jo never mastered more than an absurdly few English phrases. But discouragement was far in the future for me then, for did he not eventually learn to say, with quite tolerable distinctness, 'How d' ye do, Jo?' and '*All* right!' And although it disturbed me, I nevertheless felt a secret pride in him when his 'O, là-là-là!' became finally, thanks to Norah, who tended his cage, a deprecating 'O Lord, Lord, Lord!'

Perhaps Jo's most engaging trait, as the years slowly passed, was his love of music, or, rather, his sensitiveness

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to it. Every afternoon from half-past three till five my sister used to practice on the piano, and I thought then that no one ever played more charmingly. I used to snuggle into a big chair in the library off the drawing-room, with a favorite book, Ivanhoe, or Leather-Stocking, or even Don Quichotte, full of enchanting little French engravings. And then I would try to read and listen to the music at the same time, — a difficult feat. And Jo, from the dining-room, would follow the music even more attentively. The first twenty minutes of the 'Gradus ad Parnassum,' or the 'Well-Tempered Clavichord,' always bothered him, and he would wander from perch to perch, hanging on to the wires with his bill while one claw groped for the next wooden bar; then, after landing, he would shake himself till the little green feathers about his neck were ruffled out to twice their usual circumference. If scales and arpeggi were the programme for the moment, he would simply burrow his bill into the cup of hemp-seed and scatter it about recklessly — obviously, like myself, preferring anything to scales and arpeggi. But when what I called the 'real music' came, Jo was a different creature. Usually it began with the little waltz of Chopin, where the cat is chasing its tail, — music to which only a Columbine could dance. Jo now would raise excitedly first one claw and then the other in the air, or he would draw himself to his full height, hunching his shoulders and stretching his neck; and then he would emit the most ecstatic little laugh, very soft, but very high, somewhat the way Columbine herself might laugh. But this always stopped at the more lyrical second theme, when he would quietly sway from side to side with half-closed eyes, only to break into the ghost of a chuckle at the resumption of the first theme, — and then, 'da capo.'

During some of the Polonaises he would chatter vehemently in Spanish; but perhaps the second sonata, that in B flat minor, moved him most of all. With the 'Marche Funèbre' he would begin muttering, for all the world like the bassoons in Berlioz's 'Marche au supplice,' and I could even catch occasionally his deprecating 'O Lord, Lord, Lord!' With the transition into D flat major, he would begin to cry, very gently, but as if there were little more in life for him; and I know that my sister used to wring the last drop of sentimentality out of the theme just to hear Jo's exquisitely delicate grief. By this time, on autumn afternoons, the light was growing 'entre chien et loup,' and I would forego my Don Quichotte and wait luxuriously for the final rondo of the sonata. When this came crashing to its close, Jo would give a little trilling falsetto 'Hur-r-r-ah!' which I had managed to teach him; and then all three of us would laugh together and have a piece of gingerbread in the dusk of the dining-room.

I must not, however, give the impression that Jo was always good; indeed, I doubt if half his trespasses were ever told me at the time. But I remember well the fright he gave us one morning, when he nipped Norah's finger as she was giving him fresh coffee. Then, as she drew back, and as the door of his cage was open at the moment, he flew forth valiantly into the room, and with a swoop of unaccustomed flight, alighted on the gilded frame of the portrait of my grandfather above the chimney-piece, and poised there jabbering and laughing shrilly. I can see his little angry figure now, ruffling itself above my grandfather in his white stock and velvet coat-collar, and I can remember our corporate excitement. My mother hurriedly threw a napkin over her lace breakfast-cap (not even very old ladies wear

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those charming morning-caps any longer, alas!), and my sister fled to the glass door leading to the library. At length my father succeeded in calming Jo enough to induce him to step gingerly off the picture-frame and on to the ivory handle of his walking-stick, which I had run for; and I had the final triumph of putting him back into his cage, where he walked to and fro excitedly, rolling out an occasional defiant 'All *right!* — all *right!*' When several years later I first read 'The Raven,' I don't think that that bird of omen moved me half so much as Jo did; and, somehow, the bust of Pallas always seemed benignantly to resemble my grandfather. At any rate, the mental picture the poem created was robbed of the thrill of the unexpected, thanks to little Jo.

Although he had done no real harm, it was decided to clip one of his wings. After that, he was every now and then let out (given 'shore liberty,' my father called it), and one no longer feared for one's hair. But I have never yet understood why all women assume that bats and parrots will promptly rush for their coiffures and destroy them; because they really don't.

Jo walking on terra firma was not very graceful; his ambling gait was a fairly uncertain waddle, and every little while in his hurry he would give a side stroke to the floor with his bill to help himself along. His objective was invariably the leg of a chair or anything to climb. Sometimes, however, it would be discovered that his wing feathers had grown faster than was expected; and one April morning, lured by a hurdy-gurdy at the front of the house, a little green projectile whirled out of the open drawing-room window and landed high in the budding branches of the chestnut tree at the edge of the sidewalk. Here his gay chattering roused the neighborhood, a rattle of Spanish interspersed with hilarious laughter and clucking. Norah and I presently stood at the edge of the small crowd that promptly gathered, Norah wringing her hands, and I acutely embarrassed and fearful for Jo's safety. At last Mr. Flynn shoved his way through us (Mr. Flynn, the policeman, was a great crony of Norah's and mine), and seeing the trouble, prepared for action. I had the unspeakable privilege of holding his brass-buttoned coat and helmet while he climbed the tree (after that, whenever I read of Zaccheus I never knew which to think of, Jo or Mr. Flynn), and we all encouraged his upward progress. When he got well within range, and held out his huge hand for Jo to perch upon it, Jo, of course, nipped his finger, and retreated higher. Mr. Flynn put his finger to his mouth, ruminated, and then descended to the first branch. On his second ascent he carried Norah's apron with him. After a breathless struggle he at last entered the house with an agitated white bundle, and the cheering crowd rapidly dispersed. When domestic peace was finally restored, Mr. Flynn was much petted by Norah and the cook, and my mother sent him down a glass of port; while I enjoyed the occasion which permitted me to examine his stick, his gloves, his whistle — in short, all of his wonderful equipment. I could just hear Jo upstairs, scolding himself.

But one trait of Jo's I have withheld till I can conceal it no longer: he *would* scream, and a more distressing noise I have rarely heard. Now a dog howls when he is lonely, a cat wauls (the word must be right, for it comes from 'caterwaul') because of some combative or amative impulse; but a parrot screams through sheer boredom. I sometimes think it is the only creature that shares with us that secondary

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curse which followed our ejection from Eden, — ennui. And I know that if Noah fed his animals well, and if they had plenty of room for exercise, the only creatures who rebelled vocally against the dire tedium of the voyage, and the creatures who made the most noise, bar none, were the two little papingoes (as our forefathers used to call them). At any rate, Jo would scream, and I now realized the source of the fearful din that sometimes disturbed me as I left old Manuel's lodge with Madame de Bardon. At breakfast or at luncheon everything would be progressing peacefully, when suddenly, for no reason at all, there would come from Jo a succession of piercing, raucous yells. Conversation at once became impossible. Then Norah or I would rush to his cage and offer him a frantic variety of food, anything, everything at hand. But all would be impatiently rejected or ignored, and the uproar would go on until exhaustion set in, or until Jo was removed to the library and a cloth was thrown over his cage.

I remember once, at his removal in disgrace, my father, with a little laugh that scarcely hid an ebbing patience, exclaimed, 'And really, my dear, I used sometimes to wonder at Madame de Sérigny's generosity in her little gift of our Jo!' My mother hurriedly brushed aside the remark, the meaning of which I did n't at all grasp at the time, although I understand it now. And yet I wonder now which of us would do much better than little Jo, caged far away from the beautiful enchanted land of our early years, were it not for the growth of new and different ambitions, or, they being thwarted, for the quieting discipline of Christian patience. 'I can't get out!' was the plaintive cry of Sterne's starling; but I never believed in that starling (*his* creator was a rank sentimentalist), and I can understand Jo's robustly pagan, frenzied hubbub far better.

So here you have Jo's small personality: his virtues, which may seem trivial enough to one who has not loved him since childhood, his vagrancies, and the one great flaw in his charm. A very ordinary little bird, you will say, but I cannot see him, as I should, with the critical vision of middle life. I will admit that he has shown a flash of genius but once in his long and possibly futile career. That was when, because of my sister's illness, he was sent away on a visit to old Mrs. Renfrew. His occasional noise and laughter was a disturbing note in the hushed house; and as Mrs. Renfrew owned a famously talkative parrot, it was thought that Jo might pick up a few phrases from a teacher of his own species. Of course, Jo did not. But it is still told how on one memorable day Mrs. Renfrew's parrot burst into a wild hullabaloo, crying at the top of its voice, 'Fire! fire! fire! — turn out — turn out! — here they come! — Hi-yi-yi-yi!' — a long, deafening uproar. Jo, in his adjoining cage, raised one claw, then the other, and blinked. When the racket subsided, he gave a little gasp and exclaimed slowly, 'O my God!'

One cannot account for these startlingly apposite reactions in a 'lower' animal, in what Descartes called a 'bête machine.' Perhaps — very probably — they mean nothing. But sometimes (though, thank God, rarely) when an acquaintance or friend reacts on something I have said, I wonder if the feeling that prompts his reply, or the mind that directs it, is, ultimately, at all like my own. The philosophers, at least some of them, say that we can never really, finally, know. And speculation in this direction, for all except the philosophers, leads to a

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haunting doubt of most things; one has to take one's own kind on trust. So when I extend this form of trust even to Jo's elementary little reactions, I know that I shall be thought unscientific, and probably childish; but then, the good Saint Francis was wonderfully both when he besought his little feathered flock to trust in the goodness of God. And life is surely a pleasanter thing this way.

A few years more, and I went away to school, where my life was filled with fresh interests and excitements. Holidays and long vacations, however, brought me home, and there not the least friendly fact was Jo, who always gave me, it seemed, a very special welcome. Gradually the years ran each a little more swiftly, till I reached the University and beyond. And then, one by one, Jo's little circle departed this life, until only he and I were left to cherish the happy memories of our long journey together. Jo still seems to me very old indeed, for to his thirty-five years with me I must add at least his eighteen with Manuel (now, undoubtedly, a faithful gardener to Our Lady, to whom, in the old days, he so humbly dedicated his choicest flowers). Fifty-three, at least! — 'fifty-four, going on fifty-five'? — who knows? Years ago I would occasionally read with awe some stray newspaper paragraph, in which would be told the length of life of various animals: whales, I remember (or was it turtles?), were said to live to an incredible age, — I forget the exact tale; but parrots, with what accuracy I cannot say, were nearly always allotted a round century. How near this cycle my venerable little friend may be, I do not know; I can give only the authentic records that I have. Jo's declining days are carefully shielded; and once every year at least, I pay him a visit at my dear old aunt's, in whose quiet dining-room he now dwells. He will still let me gently rub the top of his little green head; and when I ask him, 'How d'ye do, Jo?' he will still answer cheerfully, 'All *right!*' So I know that although he no longer has a little boy to play with, or the charming music of long ago to listen to, and although he seems to grow a bit more silent each year, it is still well with Jo.

Several years since, I was journeying in southwestern Mexico, through a jungle chiefly of cactus, twenty feet high and more. I had long grown accustomed to the brilliant flowers and the fantastic vines and orchids that flung themselves high overhead; and as the afternoon waned I had lapsed into a brown study, punctuated only by the hoof-beats of my horse and the quicker patter of the burro behind, on which rode my little *mozo*, Porfirio, — a silent Don Quichotte and a silent squire. Suddenly there was a fluttering whir of wings and a gay cry from Porfirio: 'Look, Don Francisco! — the pretty parrots!' And a rippling little green cloud of birds whirled up from the thicket and away to the left, — the first I had ever seen in freedom. A flash of brilliant emerald as the sunlight struck them, a few sharp cries on a high note, and they were gone. When I relapsed into my brown study, my thoughts were thousands of leagues away, with little Jo as their curiously persistent focus; and a sudden nostalgia seized me, of a kind that comes to a man rarely, but sometimes with an exquisite poignancy, — the nostalgia for one's childhood, that enchanted, lost country, which I hope Heaven will resemble, at least a little bit.

And then I wondered what my next long journey would be. Perhaps to the convent of the Sacré Cœur! Madame de Sérigny would be gone these many years. But Madame de Bardon might be there, a gentle,

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beautiful old nun of sixty. She would not recall the name on my visiting-card when it reached her; but when she received me, I should surely make her remember. Then of course we should visit the Chapel first, and I should have her arrange for a candle to be lighted, — not, perhaps, in honor of Saint Francis, to whose care she commended me so long ago, but surely in honor of Saint Margaret, my sister's Patron, and one for Saint Katharine, my mother's. And then perhaps we should walk through the gardens to the lodge, and if only little Jo could be there, I know he would air to Madame de Bardon his later accomplishments; I know he would say at last, in a little boy's childish treble, 'All right! — all right!' Or perhaps he would revert to old Manuel's deeper tones, and cry out, 'Deo gratias!'

HOMESICKNESS

BY CHARLES GRANT MATTHEWS

Toward yonder purple ridges
  Low in the twilight sky,
With mighty rush of pinions
  The wild goose rideth by.

I cannot tell what anguish,
  Sudden and sweet and dim,
Out of the leaden present
  Calleth me after him.

O mountains of the southland,
  What was it came and went?
A lost bird speeding homeward
  After the day is spent?

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THE SLAVE PLANTATION IN RETROSPECT

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

THE race question in the South is at last beginning to be approached in a temper fairly free from partisan bias. But the institution which bequeathed us the race question still awaits dispassionate historical appraisal. Despite the lapse of almost half a century, the embers of the great conflict in which slavery perished are still hot, if one but deeply stir the ashes. It is therefore to be accounted a rare piece of good fortune that the first two volumes of the *Documentary History of American Industrial Society* [1] delineate the 'peculiar institution' wholly from the economic point of view. Professor Phillips has ranged far in his quest of illuminating excerpts, but has discerningly garnered only what is untouched by political rancor. The diary of the planter, the journal of the traveler, the account-book of the merchant, the private report of the overseer, the correspondence of friends, the advertisement, news item, and editorial, the personal testimonial, the confession of the convict, the public petition, the criminal records of parish and county, the private contract, and the occasional local ordinance, — all have contributed to the deftly arranged mosaic set before us in *Plantation and Frontier*. The illustrative material has been organized around various topics of cardinal importance, such as Plantation Routine, Plantation Vicissitudes, Slave Labor, Negro Qualities, 'Poor Whites,' Migration, Frontier Society, so that each assemblage of documents bears a common character.

It is due perhaps to a too sedulous avoidance of the political aspect of slavery that the statute-book has been drawn on so sparingly to produce this composite picture. And it is, of course, true that the politics of slavery is a domain quite by itself. The earliest colonial statutes against slave importations, — most, if not all, of them frustrated by the Crown, — the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, the Constitution's delimitation of the life of the foreign slave trade, the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Thirteenth Amendment, — all these are only some of the greater landmarks, extinct volcanoes as it were, in the seismic tract of national politics. They would have been quite out of place in a treatise like this.

But there is another kind of fundamental legal monument at whose absence among so much that is pertinent we must somewhat wonder. An instance in point is the assimilation of

[1] The *Documentary History of American Industrial Society*, edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews, and published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, will be completed in ten volumes of which eight have already appeared. The first two volumes, entitled, *Plantation and Frontier*, 1649–1863, selected, collated, and edited, with Introduction, by Ulrich B. Phillips, Ph.D., Professor of History and Political Science, Tulane University of Louisiana, relate wholly to the economic fortunes of the South. The remaining volumes are devoted to the Labor Movement in the United States up to 1880.

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the offspring of mixed unions to the servile status of the mother. Almost the entire institution of slavery was profoundly affected by this single juridical custom. It reflected an attitude of the white toward the subject race that is certainly deserving of notice. Moreover the varying legal status of the colored race as regards rights both personal and real, such as the slave's *peculium*, seems so essential a part of the true inwardness of slavery that its omission is at least remarkable. Nor is the rejoinder quite adequate that the two volumes are designed to portray the plantation rather than slavery, for the economics of the plantation were the economics of slavery, and as Professor Phillips rightly contends at the outset, industrial history is concerned 'in the main with men and manners. It is a phase of social history'; and social history has no mirror comparable to the statute-book.

Regrettable as is the omission of statute and adjudication, their absence carries a very real compensation. The portraiture of the economic life of the South by means of less technical documents gains thereby in immediate intelligibility. An enactment or a leading legal decision may be of most profound social significance, but it commonly speaks an alien tongue. It requires too often an interpreter, while the intimacy of everyday intercourse speaks for itself. Matter of fact arrests a thousand auditors where the abstractions of the forum engage but few. The integration of the various cycles of illustrative material moreover is skillfully effected by Professor Phillips's prefatory essay. This introduction serves admirably both to outline the general character of the plantation system, and to knit into a congruous fabric the diverse strands of evidence contained in the various sections of the two volumes. It is as though a scholarly lecturer first traversed with an intelligent audience the essential historical movements of a period, before throwing upon the screen the concrete pictures to exemplify the living reality.

'When Virginia was founded, the word *plantation* had the meaning of the modern word colony. The Jamestown settlement was the plantation of the London Company in the sense that the Company had founded it and exercised jurisdiction over it.' But before long 'plantation' came to signify, not the planting of colonists, but the planting of staples. Essential to the plantation, as Professor Phillips insists, was a labor force of considerable size, generally in bondage, subdivided into groups working each under supervision, and producing a commodity intended, not for consumption at home, but for sale in the market.

The farm was differentiated from the plantation not so much by the farm's smaller area as by its self-directing labor, and by its affording the cultivator his immediate subsistence. The duel between the farm and the plantation epitomizes the greater part of the *ante-bellum* industrial history of the South. The struggle moreover was an oft-renewed fight, and not a single pitched battle. In the same territory, as, for example, in seaboard Virginia, the early supremacy of the plantation yielded later, when the soil's pristine fertility had been exhausted, to the farm. And in general, while the superior efficiency of the plantation for the raising of staples vanquished the farm system in the short run, Providence for once fought against the 'big battalions' and was bent on according the final victory to the smaller contestant.

Not the least merit of Professor Phillips's illuminating introduction is his demonstration that a purely chronological method will not suffice for the

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history of the plantation *régime*. The same cycle of alternate triumphs and reverses as between the two industrial claimants for the soil of the South was rehearsed in different regions at very different periods. The pell-mell rush into the uplands of the interior when Whitney's gin had made the short-staple cotton commercially profitable, carried the struggle ever onward to the Mississippi. Frontiering was only the onward lip of the migratory wave which in the Southwest coveted the exploitation of virgin soil by the labor of the slave-gang. The essential service of these two volumes is the picture they afford of the *vie intime* of the plantation, and the emphasis they throw on the frontiersman as the advance guard of the slave planter.

What then was the typical character of the slave plantation of the South? Was it essentially a mild patriarchal form of industrial organization, in which the master safeguarded the real interests of his slave dependents, themselves incapable of self-government or self-support? Or was it in the main a tyrannous exploitation of the African for the profit of his owner?

The questions just suggested deserve an answer less than they deserve analysis and criticism. They are keyed up to a note of hectic moral expectancy, and betray an anticipation of sweeping approval or condemnation which the judicial, many-sided study of history must invariably disappoint. The slave plantation bore a character impressed upon it by the industrial conditions of its day and age. As these varied, the plantation varied; and while the character of the individual owner often notably shaped for his lifetime the general tone and character of his own estate, the manifold influences of the economic environment controlled in the long run.

'The plantation system was evolved to answer the specific need of meeting the world's demand for certain staple crops in the absence of a supply of free labor.' The primary impulse was undeniably commercial, in a day when humanitarian or social considerations sat lightly upon the master class. The lot of the white redemptioner upon the early tobacco plantation was, to say the least, not enviable; while the African, removed but a span from savagery, lacked all claim to any customary rights which sheltered the English-born subject from abject degradation. And yet there were mitigations, if not compensations, to the slave, in the situation; in the rude plenty that unbounded land of unimpaired fertility at first afforded; in the self-interest of the far-sighted planter, alive to the fact that his continued profit depended on the physical well-being of his bondsmen; and in the Englishman's ingrained habit of feeling no inconsiderable measure of personal responsibility for the essential comfort of man or beast subject to his domination.

This preliminary characterization of the plantation system requires almost indefinite qualification and amendment. 'The plantation system,' Professor Phillips tells us, 'had independent origins in the Spanish West Indies and in English Virginia.' The West Indian type radiated outward from Charleston, South Carolina. Thither the Barbadian English had migrated in 1670. By 1694 they had begun the cultivation of rice by slave labor. It is difficult to escape the conviction that the Virginia type of plantation was immensely more humane than the Carolina type. In part this was due to the larger size of the slave-gangs worked on the Carolina rice-swamps. Some appreciable taint of Spanish inhumanity, it may be conjectured, had infected the morale of the system. Moreover the frequent absenteeism of the Carolina

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plantation owner, caused by the miasmic character of the region, completed the opportunity for the more than fitful emergence of oppression on the part of overseer and driver.

Perhaps no contrast is more marked in the documents cited by Professor Phillips than the exacting solicitude shown by the more humane plantation owners for their slaves as over against the uniform incompetence of the hired overseers, who seem as a class to have been both incapable and unfeeling. The instructions issued by the owners to their agents and managers often expressly prohibit cruel or excessive punishment; allow a direct appeal by the slave from the overseer to the master; guard against excessive tasking; provide for proper medical attendance and nursing; authorize kitchen gardens and minor opportunities for the slaves to earn money; and establish regular religious instruction. On the other hand, Olmsted is quoted as to the character of the overseer: —

'I asked why he did not employ an overseer.'

'Because I do not think it right to trust to such men as we have to use, if we use any, for overseers.'

'Is the general character of overseers bad?'

'They are the curse of the country, sir; the worst men in the community.' [1]

And yet the unfortunate overseer must not be condemned without due allowance. He had to contend against the mean status among his own race that his employment too frequently involved. He had to cope with fire and flood; with drought and crop failure; with the frequent ravages of fatal epidemics, especially cholera, among his hands. More vexatious than all else, and more trying to nerves and temper, was the task of exacting unwilling labor from the blacks. Their incorrigible tendency to eye-service, to laziness, lying, petty thieving, quarrelsomeness, and malingering, would have taxed the patience of far better men than overseers for the most part were. Besides, a salary of four to five hundred dollars a year was not likely to command the combined virtues of a Moses and a Numa. And so we catch in the records the constantly recurring complaint of the overseer concerning his tantalizing and vexatious lot. Thus in 1771 one of these taskmasters from the Custis estate writes to Washington about a runaway: '. . . he went away for no provocation in the world bot So lazey he will not worke and a greater Roge is not to be foun.' Another instance may be found in the letter to Miss Telfair when the overseer of her Georgia plantation writes despairingly in 1836: '. . . so soon as I am absent from either [gang] they are subject to quarrel and fight, or to idle time, or beat or abuse the mules, and when called to account, each Negro present . . . will deny all about the same.'

Perhaps the least inadequate answer to the question broached above as to the essential character of the plantation is to say that the moral level of its community life depended on the presence or absence of certain well-defined factors. If the plantation owner felt his responsibility, — and very generally, I think, this was the case, — if he avoided absenteeism, and made his authority felt by his personal presence; if the social ties of an old established neighborhood had created its crust of beneficent custom; if the field-hands on the plantation were neither too few nor too numerous; if the character of the work, such as the raising of cotton or tobacco, excluded insanitary conditions of work and life (such as frequently prevailed on the rice and sugar plantation); if neither financial misfortune, nor the death of the owner, nor

[1] *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1856).

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the partition of his property, led to the dispersal of his slaves; and, above all, if the absence of greed for quick and exorbitant profits shut out frequent accessions to the slave hands and prevented the reduction of the whole gang to a mere profit-getting machine, as on the frontier, — the plantation *régime* may be regarded in relation to its time as an efficient and fairly merciful industrial system, which sheltered a backward people, and 'incidentally trained a savage race to a certain degree of fitness for life in the Anglo-Saxon community.'

On the other hand, every qualification which limits the conditional verdict just rendered, denotes a door of potential abuse and perversion. The unfeeling, the immoral, the mercurial, and the rapacious master and overseer — and such there were — distorted the homely virtues of the *régime*. Its moral level was perhaps at its highest when its heyday of economic profitableness was past, or at least when the quest of immediate profit was tempered by higher and more humane considerations.

At best, the *régime* was doomed to be but temporary, for its existence came to depend on unexhausted, virgin soil, and the geographical confines of plantationdom had been all but reached by 1860. Given some system of soil-renewal, sugar and cotton might have been raised for some years longer by slave labor, for in both cases large gangs could be worked at routine tasks every month in the year. Tobacco culture required labor for but a portion of the twelvemonth, and the slave's cost in days of comparative idleness became prohibitive economically. The growing of cereals required hired help for only a fraction of the year, and was clearly beyond the competitive capabilities of the slave plantation. Moreover the self-directing labor of the factory system confirmed the monopoly of manufactures to free soil.

The seamy side of slavery was obvious and dramatic; its beneficent aspect was largely hidden and silent. The slave trade and the slave mart focused the cruelty of slavery, although the renting out of slaves to alien taskmasters, and the legal disabilities imposed upon 'free persons of color,' were almost equally poignant in their pathos. The horrors of blood and torture in which the infrequent slave conspiracies were extinguished were unspeakable, although, it must be confessed, the holocaust seems the product of race antagonism with its implacable cruelty rather than of slavery proper. The attitude of the master to his 'people,' as he termed his slaves, was in general one of patriarchal control where their well-being was a constant care conscientiously borne.

But despite the detestation which the South showed for inhumanity toward the Negro, the two volumes illustrate to the life the inevitable way in which slavery was bound to occasion the deepest misery to the best of the subject race. For example, an anonymous pamphlet of about 1808, entitled *A Tour in Virginia*, relates how 'two blanched and meagre-looking wretches were lolling in their one-horse chair, protected from the excessive heat of the noonday sun by a huge umbrella, and driving before them four beings of the African race, fastened to each other by iron chains fixed round the neck and arms, and attended by a black woman, a reliance on whose conjugal or sisterly affection prevented the application of hand-cuffs or neck-collars'; while 'the people on the road loaded the inhuman drivers with curses and execrations.'

A counterpart to the foregoing is the petition of a free Negress, Lucinda, who refused to remove from Richmond, Virginia, to Tennessee, 'as in Richmond

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she had a husband . . . from whom the benefits and privileges to be derived from freedom, dear and flattering as they are, could not induce her to be separated.' She was threatened with the forfeiture of her freedom because, against the law, she had remained over a year after her emancipation in Virginia, and feared compulsory sale and separation from her husband. 'To guard against such a heart-rending circumstance, she would prefer, and hereby declares her consent, to become a slave to the owner of her husband.'

The intimate and vital flashes which these two volumes frequently turn upon slavery and its economic shell, the plantation, are paralleled by the judiciously chosen vignettes of frontier life in the South. To be sure, it savors something of special pleading in validation of the title *Plantation and Frontier*, to claim that the 'full type of the frontier' was not found north of Mason and Dixon's line, 'in that the United States Army policed the Indians, and the popular government was administered directly under the Federal authority.' The northwestern frontiersman had begun to penetrate the wilderness before the United States Army existed; and if local government in that vast region was 'administered directly under the Federal authority,' we have been sadly misled by many competent historians. The various types of migration in the South, however, are well exemplified in the round hundred pages devoted to the topic. The early redemptioner whose service had expired on the seaboard plantation, the small cultivator of tobacco in the same region who had been worsted by the competition of the large planter, the artisan who found the black laboring population of riparian Virginia little to his liking, were all lured to the 'back country.' By 1740 the tongue of migration had extended to within fifty miles of the Blue Ridge Mountains. After 1798 a second impetus was given the westward movement by the eager quest for cotton lands, and the upland regions of the South were rapidly invaded. The earlier pioneers, often displaced by the oncoming of the planter, sold their lands, and pushed deeper into the wilderness.

In this motley throng of migrants were to be found various well-defined types. At the one extreme there was the restless adventurer like Gideon Lincecum, who in 1818 'had been reared to a belief and faith in the pleasure of frequent change of country'; who looked upon the long journey to Alabama of 'about five hundred miles, all wilderness,' with 'much pleasure,' and who felt 'as if I was on a big camp hunt.' The sting of pioneering was in the blood, and like others of the breed 'he hoped to realize a profit from it, as soon as people should move into the country.'

At the other end of the series was to be found the gentleman-farmer type, like Colonel Leonard Covington, whose tobacco lands were unprofitable, and who in 1808 looked cautiously toward betaking himself with his family and slaves to Mississippi, there to retrieve his fortunes. He writes to his brother for various particulars, and adds, 'I have a thousand more questions in my head, but, pushed for time just now, must hope you will say everything that I could ask, not forgetting politicks, the state of religion, if there be much amongst you. As to dealings generally, are the folks pretty punctual, or is there much use for lawyers?'

It is possible that the cautious inquiry about 'the state of religion, if there be much amongst you' may have been elicited by the news of the desperado, the 'bad man,' and the affrays in which every frontier is prolific; characters like Colonel Bishop, and that

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'pinck of purity and truth, George W. Wacaser,' who on election day 'attacked two gentlemen riding in a carriage and with the butts of their muskets, in a most shocking manner, bruised and mangled their heads and bodies.'

If the imagination be allowed to range over the facts disclosed by the history of slavery in the new world, the dramatic magnitude of the great episode becomes almost oppressive. Weston, in the *Progress of Slavery* (1857), called attention to the fact that instead of America's being settled by the European races, 'the truth really is, that America, including its islands, has been settled chiefly from Africa, and by Negroes'; and that prior 'to the commencement of the present century, the number of Negroes brought hither had probably exceeded the whole number of Europeans of all nationalities, who had emigrated hither, twenty-fold, or even more.' *The Encyclopædia Americana* (1851) computed the Negroes taken for transportation to the new world during the last three centuries at 'above forty millions, of whom fifteen or twenty per cent die on the passage.'

This age-long panorama of millions of Africans, wrenched from their original habitat and forced by the rigorous tutelage of slavery to subdue an untamed continent, has a gloomy grandeur to it which at once enforces the fatefulness of human history and the cruel masterfulness of the dominant race.

> O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
> Is this the handiwork you give to God,
> This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
> How will you ever straighten up this shape?

At the bar of history, justice for this age-long agony of unconjectured tears can hardly be required at the hands of less than the whole Caucasian family. So far as amends are concerned, it matters now comparatively little that the mere legal bond of servitude has been destroyed. It boots not that our own forbears may have escaped the immediate contact with the slave, or even that our own kindred vicariously for us may have paid by their blood for some infinitesimal part of a cosmic sin. Behind it all there stands an atavic transgression which the individual can never expiate; a racial iniquity beyond private atonement; a corporate cruelty whose blood is upon us and our children. The recognition of the abject status of a wronged race must furnish at the same time the indispensable basis for the white man's responsibility for the Negro, and the base of departure for the steep and arduous ascent which the African himself must make.

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THE UNPAINTED PORTRAIT

BY ELLEN DUVALL

For one who averred that he particularly hated bustle, Urquhart felt that the lines had fallen unto him in exceptionally pleasant places. The old-fashioned house, amply pillared and porticoed, standing sheltered and private in the middle of its old-fashioned and spacious garden, with the nobly satisfying live-oaks, and stately magnolias now in full bloom; the affluent quiet and peace —

'Truly, Ashford, I wonder you don't come home oftener,' he commented warmly, glancing about with interest, as the two friends sat on one of the side porticoes after dinner.

Ashford, with evident relish of the other's unqualified admiration, returned, 'Yes, it's really fine, singularly and subtly harmonious. Everything is so in keeping; the grounds with their laying out and adornment; the house with its size, shape, and furnishings, — I often ask myself what touch I would add, and am forced to confess I can suggest nothing.'

'You did n't do it, then?' said Urquhart in surprise.

'No, it's my mother's work; her home is her masterpiece, and she thoroughly loves and enjoys it.' He paused a moment, then added, 'And she has wisdom enough to know when she has achieved the due effect; so many people keep on tinkering till they spoil all.'

'You must inherit your talent from her,' said Urquhart with interest.

'I suppose I do, though it's only in the last few years that I've been beginning to think so,' replied Grantham Ashford candidly. It would have been crass affectation in him to minimize in the least his rich and rare talent; moreover, his reputation was too well established for him not to have become accustomed to all forms and degrees of flattery, to say nothing of sincere appreciation. He was a really delightful person to praise, for he treated his talent as impersonally, or as third-personally, as did Cæsar the Gallic War, so that his friends and acquaintance felt unconsciously at liberty often and openly to discuss his work.

'It may not impress you at first,' continued Ashford, 'but the sense and truth of it sink gradually in and cause a feeling of perfect rest. Harmony, harmony, everywhere, in mass, form, and color, — with here and there just that sharp fillip of unexpected contrast that affords the imagination its necessary stimulus. Here I always feel that momentary poise and thrill — what the gushing call "inspiration" — which precede more active work; and I'm apt to do my best work after being here.'

He spoke lightly, and with a certain frankness rather unusual; for, on the whole, Ashford was a somewhat self-contained man.

The two friends were on the south portico, and could look over the garden where the land sloped gently down to a broad expanse of water. Warm enough to sit out of doors with comfort, the May evening was perfect, and the pale bluish light of the as yet starless sky bathed all things with its

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shadowless flood. Both men were sensitive enough to keep silence awhile before the matchless beauty of evening.

'Of course, you've done a portrait of your mother?' remarked Urquhart presently, as if many impressions were coming to a focus.

Ashford smiled, and leaned forward from the depths of his chair. 'You know you've always said that my ninety-nine magnificent successes only throw into stronger relief my one-hundredth failure. Well, of all faces, my mother's is just my consummate miss. I've tried again and again, and always with the same result, — what comes from my hand is a sort of wooden sphinx. Yet if there *is* a face a portrait-painter ought to know, it is his mother's. And I assuredly do know mine; but it escapes me. You who theorize and speculate to the queen's taste, how will you account for this?'

Urquhart threw back his head and laughed. 'How can I answer? I've never met your mother, never even seen her, and you, yourself, have said very little about her. I've heard from others that she's a delightful woman, charming, very good company; but that's not much to go upon.'

'If you would know her, look around,' said Ashford gayly.

'Easier said than done,' returned Urquhart earnestly. 'All I can say is, evidently a person of perfect taste, and — as faith embraces works — one who balances perfect taste with a consummate sense of perfect comfort.'

Ashford laughed satirically. 'Most people appreciate the comfort far more than the taste.'

But Urquhart seemed to have taken his friend's question seriously, and to be considering. He laid his cigar in the ash-tray on the table between them, and gazed keenly about the lovely grounds as if to evoke from them the secret of their owner's being.

'If there's anything more beautiful and suggestive than a flowering tree, I don't know it,' he said presently, after a prolonged survey. 'Look at that magnolia; it's a realization of the Hermaphroditus of the Greeks, — masculine strength combined with feminine beauty.'

Ashford, who was a long-featured, handsome man, with a temperamental seriousness of expression, turned his naturally grave eyes thoughtfully upon his friend. 'Now I never think of that sort of thing,' he observed.

'Well, you don't have to, it's rank sentimentality,' returned Urquhart, laughing; 'but I get heaps of enjoyment out of it. If you can't amuse yourself with your own mind, what can you amuse yourself with?'

'But why does n't *my* mind work in something the same way?' persisted Ashford musingly; 'I think I'm something like Thackeray, — no head above the eyes.'

'Well, you may say it of yourself, if you choose; but he had the head as well as the eyes; he had both sight and vision.'

Ashford looked first surprised, then half vexed. 'The same old story, and from you, too? That's what my mother in effect said to me years ago: "Your sight far exceeds your vision, Grantham." And as my talent crystallized, and became more and more assured, with its seeing eye and facile hand, she once said, "You're like the Queen, in *Hamlet*, who said, 'All there is I see.' But she did n't see the Ghost, the only thing just then worth seeing."'

Urquhart wonderingly regarded him. 'That would seem as if she compassed *you*, rather than you her,' he said quickly.

Ashford looked frankly amused. 'Oh, my mother's not at all complex, not subtle. There's nothing particularly to understand about her. She's one

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of the most natural women in the world, absolutely and always just her cheerful, kindly self. She's always more or less interested in some one, or some thing; she's always helping lame dogs over stiles.' He paused, then added, 'And the easiest human being in the world to live with; one of the least exacting. She likes punctuality at meals out of consideration for the servants, she says; but this — other than moral lapses — is all I've ever known — trouble her.' Again he paused, as if reflecting. 'An ideal wife, I fancy, — I hardly remember my father, — an ideal mother, an ideal friend; and yet I can't for the life of me put my finger on those particulars that make up her unique sum of excellence. Her health is perfect, and she is wonderfully young,' — a vision of elderly artificiality flitted before Urquhart's mind's eye, — 'even my wife, who is essentially unenthusiastic, adores her.' — Urquhart had sometimes wondered whether it were not significantly sinister, Ashford's choice of the marvelously Beautiful Ordinary who was the younger Mrs. Ashford. — 'And she has right royally loved me, and fostered my talent.' His rather flat voice softened: 'Now, *why* can't I paint her portrait?'

Urquhart made no answer, and presently Ashford continued, 'I've often thought that my mother must have some kind of fine wine in her veins, some ichor of the gods, instead of mere human blood, — she so enjoys life and living. She once said that if she failed to give the proper account of herself, it would be because she had been so interested in the Lord's handiwork, men and women, nature animate and inanimate, that she had overlooked or forgotten her part. She is the life of any and every company; she can make anything "go." Some one once asked her, "What is happiness?" And she answered solemnly, "Twenty-one gowns and four proposals a year." It was the aptest reply possible to the simpleton who asked the question. But then she immediately added, "But for most women, self-martyrdom is happiness."'

Both men laughed.

'My mother, herself, has always had suitors; and even I, her son, naturally disinclined to a step-father, am persuaded that they were not actuated by mercenary motives. She *is* most attractive; I feel and know it. There is one "steady company," however,' continued Ashford, smiling, 'who has been quietly and persistently devoted to her for years, with what my mother herself calls "the tepid devotion of habit." You may have heard of him in a small way, as he has had a small success as a very minor writer, — Horace Gray; a faded white rose of a man, to quote my mother again, whose cheerful patience in the face of his dim success must appeal to her standing generosity.'

'Humph! The quality of life lies in its adjectives. How much of a human phonograph *are* you, Ashford?'

Ashford laughed. 'I leave you to guess. Gray is a civil-engineer by profession and family propulsion, a writer by inclination; something of a misfit either way, I take it.'

'I seem to recall the name — in a magazine occasionally,' said Urquhart slowly; 'too good for the average, not good enough for the best, — a kind of mezzanine writer.'

'Maybe so,' returned Ashford indifferently; 'at all events, he's my mother's long-time devoted.'

'I should love to meet her, and I wish she was n't away,' said Urquhart earnestly.

'Oh, she'll only be gone a few days; she went up to Washington to see an old friend. You *must* stay till she comes back,' said Ashford pleasantly.

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At this moment, through one of the long French windows, stepped the old colored butler. He held a small tray bearing a special-delivery letter.

'Something for you, Mr. Grantum,' he said, in a gentle, interested voice.

'Sign for me, please, Ben; and, here, give the boy this dime to ride back with.'

As Ben disappeared through the window again, Ashford exclaimed, 'Why, it's from my mother!' and hastily opened the letter. As his eyes gathered in the words, he uttered a smothered exclamation, and half rose. As he clutched the letter in one hand, his fine, straight-featured face flushed deeply, and even in the thickened light his annoyance was plain.

The situation was too obvious to be ignored, and Urquhart frankly said, 'Can I in any way help?'

Evidently the contents were so disquieting that, for the moment, Ashford could hardly speak. Strong feeling is a touchstone, and now, in the blank discomfiture of his expression, the wide helpless stare of his annoyed eyes, there was a suggestion of inadequacy or of limitation, some sense of which had come to Urquhart once or twice before. Grantham steadied himself, however, and said in a voice colorless from the effort at self-control, 'It's from my mother; she has married Gray.'

Urquhart could only reflect his friend's surprise, and was rather at a loss how to show sympathy.

'At her age, — it's worse than absurdity!' cried Ashford almost passionately. 'Why should a woman who has had emotional experience ever try to repeat it? She has everything to make life desirable — why should she think of taking under her wing this — this —'

He broke off, and Urquhart didn't know what to say.

'It's the sort of thing that makes a whole family ridiculous,' continued Ashford, in a tone of intense feeling. 'And people have always spoken of my mother's sense of humor!' he added bitterly.

Urquhart could not help reflecting that no one could ascribe much of this ozone to Ashford's own mental atmosphere.

'She is full sixty,' he concluded, with a look and manner of open disgust.

Urquhart was silent. To attempt to condole with a man because of his mother's second marriage at the ripe age of sixty, was worse than to proffer philosophical consolation for the toothache. The unexpected, wholly incalculable tangents of human nature, the actions which make kindred blood tingle with a sense of the undeserved ludicrous, are like the knight's move at chess; nothing may interpose. If Ashford took it in this way —

Ashford himself became aware of the varying shades of hesitancy in Urquhart's face.

'You may read the note; it's very characteristic, and not private.' He spoke abruptly, almost harshly, and held out the sheet.

Urquhart took it almost reluctantly, well knowing that nothing spoils friendship like too great, or impulsive, intimacy.

DEAREST GRANTHAM, — I have just married Horace Gray. I wish I could soften the blow to you; and it is because I knew it would be a blow, that I have deferred the action till now. But you no longer in any way need me; your character is formed; your art perfected; you have reached the acme of worldly success and fame; you are happily married to a charming woman who is devoted to you, and you are a father. Your life, rounded, full, complete, as a mere human life may be,

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has swung out into its own rightful orbit. Your art requires you to live chiefly abroad, and you lovingly return at times simply to see me. I cannot expatriate myself, and I have no art to absorb me, no particularly strong personal interest apart from your beloved self. In marrying Mr. Gray I am securing friendship and companionship for my old age, and I like the thought of fixing myself by some definite responsibility. I appreciate the parsimony of his pale success; and he understands the nature and quality of my so-called abundance. In other words, each can reckon with the other's boundaries, which is (believe me) a rare thing between any two. And — we both first love Life.

Lastly, before coming here to Margaret Hunsdon's to be married, Mr. Gray relinquished, unsolicited, any and all claim upon my property; and by this ante-nuptial agreement, all will come to you as in any case it would. You will think that I, at my age, by such a step, must make myself ridiculous; but the world easily forgets because it does not understand, and this will be less than a nine days' wonder. The thistle of ridicule has only to be grasped like any other.

Your loving mother,
CHARLOTTE GRANTHAM GRAY.

Urquhart handed back the note slowly, with a sigh; and the two men looked at each other in distinctly helpless silence.

Finally Urquhart ventured, 'What she says is quite true: your life *is* complete; and she has evidently enough individuality to desire a life of her own. Can you really object? A son is not like a daughter.'

Ashford stared gloomily into space. 'I don't understand it at her age,' he said presently. 'I see no inducement. She and Gray would have been friends to the end, — that should have sufficed. They used to play together as children; she is three years older. He was a rather delicate boy, and she protected him, I fancy. She is always protecting some one or some thing. Oh, no, I don't *object*, that would be extreme in its turn,' he continued bitterly. 'But it's the sort of thing that defeats calculation, and holds for me too much of the unexpected. I don't care for raw, elemental surprises.' He was falling back into the mood of chastened irony in which he generally lived.

Urquhart eagerly regarded him. The orientation of a soul to Life holds all possibility of revelation, and Urquhart could not help being avid for the manifestations. He was a born disciple of Isis, and waited hungrily for the glimmerings from behind the veil, gleams of beauty and of truth, or their reverse. Gathering himself together, he said, 'Are you one of those who think that a second marriage carries with it something of slight to the first?'

'In this day of easy divorce? How unfashionable you must think me! No, not when the first was ended by death more than thirty years ago.'

Urquhart's face showed an interest he did not care to put into words; but Ashford partly divined the nature of his friend's thoughts.

'Here at the South we think so much of family, you know. My mother had both family and money, though *that* came from the Northern branch, a great-uncle who was *not* a "Southern sympathizer." She married my father (she told me so herself) rather against the wishes of *her* family. He was a nobody in particular, except a very bright and promising young lawyer, and she was a girl of twenty; he died within seven years of their marriage. She befriended his people, who were socially obscure, and married off his

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young sisters to advantage; and she has always maintained cordial relations with his entire connection. But then, she has strong notions of family duty, and of the claims of kindred blood. Indeed, my mother maintains cordial relations, within reason, with every one, for she is a born promoter of peace, — a Hague Conference in herself.'

'Any significant action,' began Urquhart slowly, taking up his cigar again, 'throws a telling light upon an individual's feeling and thought.' He broke off, for his speech might be too close to the wind. What he was wondering was, whether in that first marriage there had been anything that might have made a second seem compensatory.

Ashford looked at him rather blankly. 'Oh, she was devoted to my father, by common account. She herself has never said very much, but she has frankly answered any questions I 've seen fit to put. But my mother is no hero-worshiper; and some of her casual remarks are very telling. "So long as marriage is the chief feminine career, a woman may be pardoned for marrying a man when to have loved him would be far less easily excusable." "It's a long love that knows no turning." "Among the blessings of life are, that no man may sequester sea and sky, and that no woman may marry her ideal; there always remain havens for the imaginative." I don't know any one who so enjoys life as does my mother, and by "life" she means people, singly or in groups; and yet she has a clarity of perception — '

He paused.

'— Which you might think would mar enjoyment?' asked Urquhart thoughtfully.

They were silent for a while, then Urquhart said lightly, 'I must stay, and meet her, Ashford; I want to find out why you can't paint her portrait.'

A morning or two later, Urquhart had come down early, and, thinking to sweeten and beguile time withal by a stroll through the rose-garden, he stepped out of one of the dining-room windows on to the portico, to be there confronted by a lady.

'It must be Mr. Urquhart. Good morning, and how do you do?' she said, smiling, and held out her hand.

'It's Mrs. — Gray. I so wanted to meet you, that I stayed on for that purpose.'

'I'm very glad you did. I hoped you would,' returned Ashford's mother, with a frankness and interest that matched Urquhart's own.

'And why?' asked he, as they unconsciously held hands a thought longer than usual, and gazed earnestly at each other.

'I wanted you to be with him when I made my little — venture, and I hoped you would soften the — the — surprise,' said the lady gently.

'He took it very well, if there was really anything to take, — after the first douche,' said Urquhart, smiling.

Mrs. Gray looked at him closely, and both sighed and smiled.

'The world may be divided into two classes,' she said, 'those who are surprised at nothing, and those who are surprised at everything. Neither has any real power of anticipation, so they are generally found in conjunction. Louise belongs to the first class; Grantham to the second, — so they hit it off admirably between them.'

'I can't answer for Mrs. Ashford. Ashford broke it to her in private; but your son never flinched — after the first.'

'And we must concede something to human nature,' said Mrs. Gray lightly. 'But I know what Louise said: "That's just like your mother, Grantham!" As if I had been in the habit of doing it every day in the year.'

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Her smile was subtle and reserved, but her laugh was as frank and simple as a child's; he noted the difference. And they now laughed together in mutual comprehension and sympathy.

'I congratulate you with all my heart, and wish you all happiness,' he said warmly. 'It's so wholesome and rare to be able to do just what one wishes, — the psychic moment ready, the gods being propitious, we privileged, and no other human rights invaded or impaired.' He spoke with the confidence that begets confidence.

'Thank you a thousand times; that sounds as if you understood,' she answered.

'Is comprehension so rare, then?'

'Have n't you found it so?'

They both paused, and looked perhaps rather wistfully at each other. Urquhart was a big, red, hairy man, with a woefully long upper lip, which he veiled and softened by a close-clipped moustache. He had small, finely expressive eyes with handsome lashes, his one beauty. His manner and manners were simple and compact, and quite devoid of ornament; not ungraceful, certainly, but suggestive of plain, family silver with nothing but an initial or clear-cut crest. He was sufficiently well furnished forth, but one could see that he carried no more life-baggage than was absolutely necessary, and that his power of adaptation was quietly great.

'Incomprehension is the only loneliness,' said Mrs. Gray presently, harking back to his last question.

'And you have always been more or less alone?' It escaped him involuntarily, yet for the life of him he could not help saying it; for it was pouring over him like the delicate freshness and light of early day, that this woman's individuality exhaled truth which, like gravitation, is a basic law, and must draw all things unto itself.

'Oh, no,' she said, indicating a chair, and taking one beside it, 'not in that sense; for I have always had it in my power largely to fashion and to fill my own life, which is as much a responsibility as a privilege; or perhaps the one always implies the other. But the heart asks friendship and love; and the first is equality, as Balzac says, and the second is, in one sense, comprehension. Life in itself is too rich and deep, too intense and varied, for any mere mortal to have the shameless audacity, the blasphemy, to ask more. Yet this is not all.' She sighed and smiled again. 'From every height of perception we look out to the heights beyond, Life's mountains of feeling, thought, and endeavor. They simply challenge us to come on and to dare. It is more than pleasant, then, to meet those who are not only climbers, but who keep step with us, who also love to see and look beyond. I never could understand why Goethe should have said, "On every height there lies repose." For a height is simply a breathing-place where we gather up ourselves in order to go on. On the very top we sigh for the clouds; and then — man builds himself an airship, or, better still, travels in the moonboat of the imagination.'

Her rare child's laugh was infectious, and Urquhart chimed in. He listened with a sense of witchery. She had a delightful voice, as if Nature had bestowed upon her the hid treasures of the winds. The whole gamut of feeling and of thought, he felt, could be compassed and expressed by that voice. And like Nature she had the perennial charm of unconsciousness; she spoke as if thought and word were inseparable, and as if she might fling them freely forth upon Life's waters, trusting to the wholesome ineptitude of the many, to the rare comprehension of the few. Urquhart knew that he was partaking of something finer than her hospi-

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tality, he was being presented with something of the freedom of her mind. He thought of the old colonial name of the grant, 'My Lady's Bower.' What an incomparable comrade, friend, lover, she would make! It was all there, all in her, the very soul of Life's joy.

He drank in her face with an avidity he had seldom felt when gazing upon a younger one. The features were moulded rather than chiseled, and, but for the eyes, smile, and expression, would have been somewhat broad and heavy; though the lines, now straightening with age, must have been voluptuously curved in youth. Her eyes, indeterminately dark, were far apart and rather narrow, though this, perhaps, was an effect of the solid, thick-lashed lids. The eyes themselves were still and clear, with a sense of light within them like a mountain pool. The lips were full, strong, and flexible, and showed readily the short, square, and quite good teeth. Her years no longer entitled her to a complexion, but her skin was wholesomely fine, sound in grain and surface, with the look of one who spends much time out of doors. The iron-gray hair was worn in an agreeable modification of the present fashion, and was very becoming to her face. And her figure was superb; rather broad for her height, deep-chested, full-bosomed; she was elastic of step and pliant of carriage, easy, strong, steady; no wonder Ashford had spoken of her as being 'profoundly young.'

'There are always coffee and a roll, or cornbread, for those who rise early; won't you have something?' she asked incidentally.

'With breakfast at nine? Oh, dear, no!' returned Urquhart. 'I won't spoil it. I had rather stay here with you.'

'The boat got in at seven, and I've been looking over the garden and grounds ever since we came,' she said simply.

She was well dressed in a traveling-dress of bluish gray, and wore at her throat an old-fashioned brooch of garnet, her one ornament. The more Urquhart looked at her, the more he admired, the more he felt, her harmony. It stole upon him and subtly enveloped him, a tremendously far-reaching sense of her essential femininity, not so much sex, perhaps, — that was too definite and limited, — as something far more primordial, possibly eternal. She was definitively woman, none more so, a gentlewoman, complex, as highly civilized as civilization has as yet gone; yet she brought home to his quickened and intensified consciousness, as never before, the imperishable elemental energy out of which sex itself springs. Some spirit-sense within him awoke and vibrated with *her* spirit.

She seemed to him at once eternally old and eternally young, and to belong to the back and the beyond and the base of all things. She was the feminine incarnate, as much womanhood as woman, and still more the radio-active feminine substance which may underlie creation. He thrilled at the thought that he was perceiving, through her, some elemental truth of the relative value of things; in a dim way, how man is man and woman is woman, — at least, there was a suggestion for him in the movement of creation's shimmering veil. For a moment he felt that he knew why woman is not creative, seldom a genius, and but a small part of the great creative force of the world. Yet she is the essence of which all this is made, the energy out of which the masculine initiatory principle springs, the matrix of art, as it were, at once substance and mould of all forms of energy. She bears out of herself, she broods, she hovers, and sets going the force that does create.

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There went through his mind like a blinding flash her definition (repeated parrot-like by her all so able son), 'But for women, self-martyrdom is happiness.' Had she simply instinctively voiced a great law? No wonder Ashford could not paint her. Splendid as his talent was, he was only the mortal son of the immortal mother. The old stories were subtly true, then, the old legends embodied guesses at eternal verity. Woman was at once greater and less, larger and smaller, more lasting and more ephemeral, than man. Infrequently would she be able to do the *things* that he does; but he would never be able to do anything at all without her.

'You are looking at me, Mr. Urquhart, as if you saw — visions; what is it?' she asked, smiling.

'I wish I had known you always — or have I known you always? I have some such feeling,' blurted Urquhart; then gathering himself up, he added, 'I was trying to discover why Ashford can't paint your picture.'

'Oh, he told you, did he? Well, it's quite true; he cannot.' Mrs. Gray laughed.

'I can catch glimpses of the sphinx which he said he produced,' pursued Urquhart earnestly. 'With the hair gone, replaced by the sphinx headdress, it might be possible, and would certainly be interesting.' He regarded her ruefully. 'The value of portraiture lies in expression, it is that that individualizes, and it is just your expression that would escape him. And with me it remains as an impression only. Yes, the likeness escapes; it's too large, too comprehensive, too — everything. I'm thankful to have had the glimpse, the thought, of you; but I can very well see why he fails.'

'You think he has n't — imagination enough?' Her smile was shadowy.

'Not that exactly,' returned Urquhart slowly, as if he found it difficult to formulate his thoughts; 'perhaps it's not intended, perhaps it would not be possible. We men are too definite, too positive. Talent, genius even, must have its necessary limitations; it is energy concentrated, and its limitation is the very condition of its activity and form; while you are the large, diffused, life-giving essence out of which the genius is framed. No, he'll never paint you; but that does n't mean —' Urquhart broke off with something like confusion.

'That he does n't appreciate womanhood, or me, or both?' she teasingly supplemented, with the sweetest, most amused expression of comprehension.

'He's a mere definite mortal son, while you — belong to Olympus; he's a part, while you are all. That's the reason.'

Urquhart exhaled a long, unconscious breath as if resting upon his own explanation.

At this moment a small, slight, exquisitely finished elderly man came out on the portico, paused, looked about him, and then came toward Mrs. Gray. His features were almost too delicate, and a casual observer would have called him more feminine-looking than his wife. As Urquhart rose, Mrs. Gray presented the two men.

'I have been venturing to offer my congratulations and best wishes,' said Urquhart warmly.

'Then offer them to *me*,' said Horace Gray finely, 'for Mrs. Gray has been princely to me all her life.' There was a glow in his face as, with a beautiful expression, he turned to his wife. Urquhart's seeing eyes comprehended them both. 'I was right at first,' he persisted gently, smiling at Mrs. Gray, 'all tributes should be laid at the feet of the giver.'

Just then Ashford appeared. Evidently he and Gray had already seen

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each other, and the son greeted his mother most affectionately.

'If you had only let us know, we would have had a royal wedding-breakfast,' he said, almost reproachfully. 'And you've met Urquhart, too, and I wanted to be in at the first impressions.'

'Intuitions, rather than impressions,' said Urquhart soberly. 'I think your mother must have known me always; and for me, all old faiths are made clearer and more assured. She tremendously enhances Life's value.'

'But that's what every one says,' returned Ashford. 'And do you know why I can't paint her portrait?' he asked, with an almost jealous quickness (a touch Urquhart liked in him), looking from one to the other.

'If I could have lived always, I might explain; but now I shall never have time,' said Urquhart.

'Well, then, let's go in to breakfast,' said Mrs. Gray, smiling, 'especially as I see Louise, beautifully dressed, coming down early to do me honor.'

And they went in.

A STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE

BY MARGARET LYNN

FAR away on the almost bare line of the prairie's horizon, a group of trees used to show. There was a tall one and a short one, and then a tallish crooked one and another short one. To my childish eyes they spelled l-i-f-e, as plainly as any word in my second reader was spelled. They were the point that most fascinated me as I knelt at the upstairs window, with my elbows on the sill and my chin on my folded arms. I don't know when I first noticed them, for they had been there always, so far as I could remember, a scanty little bit of fringe on a horizon that was generally clear and bare. There were tips of other woods, farther to the south, woods that were slightly known to me; but that group of trees on the very edge seemed to lie beyond the knowledge of any one. Even on the afternoons when I was allowed to go with my father on one of his business errands, and we drove and drove, we never came in sight of it. Yet, when I next went upstairs and looked from the window, there it stood against the sky.

I had no sense of making an allegory of it. At that age, to the fairy-tale-fed child, the line between allegory and reality is scarcely perceptible anyway, and at least negligible. The word on the horizon was quite a matter of course to me. An older person, had it occurred to me to mention the matter, would perhaps have seen something significant, even worthy of sentimental remark, in the child's spelling out the life waiting for her on her far horizon. But to me, mystery as it was, it was also a matter of fact; there it stood, and that was all. Yet it was also a romance, a sort of unformulated promise. It was related to the far distant, to the remote in time, to the thing that was some day to be known.

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So I rested my chin on my little arms and watched.

I suppose the fact that the trees were evidently big and old — ours were still young and small — and perhaps a part of some woods, was their chief appeal to me. For no one can picture what the woods mean to the prairie child. They are a glimpse of dream-things, an illustration of poems read, a mystery of undefined possibilities. To pass through our scant bits of woods, even, was an excursion into a strange world. From places on the road to town, we could see pieces of timber. On some blessed occasions when a muddy hollow was impassable or when the Howell bridge, the impermanent structure of a prairie country, was out, we went around through the Crossley woods. That was an experience! The depth of greenness — the prairie had nothing like it.

I think my eyes were born tired of the prairie, ungrateful little soul that I was. And the summer shadows in the woods were marvelous. The shadow of the prairie was that of a passing cloud, or the square shade of some building, deepest at noon-day. But the green depths of the woods' shadows, the softly-moving light and shade, were a wonderful thing. To me these trips put all probability on a new basis. Out on the bare prairie, under the shining sun, stories were stories, the dearest of them inventions. But in these shady depths, where my little eyes were led on from green space through green space to a final dimness, anything might be true. Fiction and tradition took on a reality that the glaring openness would not allow. Things that were different might happen in a wood. I could not help expecting a new experience. But it never came: we passed out of the timber to the prairie again. But at least expectation had been stirred. The possibility that something might happen seemed nearer.

For Romance was always just around the corner, or just a little way ahead. But out on the prairie how could one overtake it? Where could the unknown lurk in that great open? The woods seemed to put me nearer to the world on whose borders I always hovered, the world of stories and poems, the world of books in general. The whole business of my life just then was to discover in the world of actual events enough that was bookish to reconcile me to being a real child and not one in a story. For the most part, aside from play, which was a thing in itself and had a sane importance of its own, the realities of life were those that had their counterparts in books. Whatever I found in books, especially in poetry, I craved for my own experience. Only my childish secretiveness saved me from seeming an inordinate little prig. For there is no bookishness like that of a childish reader; and there is no romanticism like that of a child. For good or ill, I was steeped in both. But the two things, books and the visible world that the sun shone in and the prairie spread out in, were far apart and, according to my lights, incompatible. I always had a suspicion of a distinct line between literature and life, at least life as I knew it, far out in Iowa. Who had ever read of Iowa in a novel or a poem? No essays on Literature and Life had then enlightened me as to their relation; I did n't know they had any. I wished that life could be translated into terms of literature, but so far as I could see I had to do it myself if it was to be done.

One must admit that it was little less than tragic to read of things that one could not know, and to live among things that had never been thought worth putting into a book. What did it avail to read of forests and crags and waterfalls and castles and blue seas, when I could know only barbed-wire

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fences and frame buildings and prairie-grass?

Of course there were some elements of our living in which I discovered resemblances to what I found in my reading, and I was always alert to these things, however small. I admired my pretty young-lady sister, for instance, but I admired her most when she put on the garments of romance; when she wore a filmy white muslin with pale blue ribbons, a costume stamped with the novelist's approval from the earliest times; or better still, a velvet hat with a long plume sweeping down over her hair. For some reason I cannot now explain — possibly because I knew him better then than I do now — I associated her appearance then with that of some of Scott's heroines. She rose in my estimation — as did any one else — whenever she managed, however unconsciously, to link herself with romance. When I found after a time, as I grew sophisticated, that she was capable of exciting those feelings in the masculine breast that were depicted with some care in novels, especially in those that were forbidden and that I was obliged to read by snatches and in inconvenient places, I gave her my unqualified approval for all time.

As I said, there is no bookishness like that of a small bookworm. In my own little self I did try to make a point of contact between what I read and what I saw. I wished I dared to use the language of books. I did occasionally indulge in the joy of borrowing a literary phrase. To the grown-ups that heard it, it was doubtless a bit of precocious pedantry or an effort to show off. I sometimes saw visitors smile at one another, and with sudden amused interest try to draw me out; and in stammering prosaic embarrassment I shrank away, no literary fluency left. In reality I was not showing off. I could not resist the shy delicious pleasure of making my own a phrase from one of my yellow-leaved books of poetry. It linked reality with romance. In some way it seemed to make me free of the world of folk in books, whose company I craved. The elders never guessed the tremor with which I ventured on my phrase from Tennyson or Lowell, though I might have been rolling it under my tongue for half an hour. But it would not do, I saw, to use the sacred language lightly, before unproved hearers, so I reserved it for my little talkings to myself. I had my little code of phrases for my private purposes, and a list of expletives rich but amazing. They were gleaned all the way from Shakespeare to Scott; recent writers are pitifully meagre in expletives. If I did not know their meaning I said them — silently, with no less animus. Their effect was all that could be desired, in an expletive at any rate; using the word was more interesting than being angry.

But that was after all a thin delight. And to live in one kind of country and feed on the literature of another kind of country is to put one all awry. Why was there no literature of the prairie? Whatever there was did not come to my hands, and I went on trying to translate the phenomena of the Missouri valley into terms of other-land poetry. But even what things we had appeared in unrecognizable guise. We had wild flowers in abundance, but unnamed. And what are botanical names to a child that wants to find foxglove and heather and bluebells and Wordsworth's daffodils and Burns's daisy? We — I was not alone in this quest — wanted names that might have come out of a book. So we traced imagined resemblances, and with slight encouragement from our elders — *they* came from back East where well-established flowers grow — named plants where we could.

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There was a ruffly yellow flower with a vague, pretty odor, that we forced the name primrose upon. For the primrose was yellow, in Wordsworth at least, and some agreeable visitor said this might be a primrose. We invented spurious pseudo-poetic names, trying to pretend they were as good as the names we read. There was a pink flower of good intentions but no faithfulness, which retired at the approach of the sun, and which we christened 'morning beauty.' We had other attempts at ready-made folk-names, crude and imitative, but I have forgotten them. What a pity the prairie did not last long enough to fix itself and the things that belonged to it in a sort of folk-phrases! At least we ought to have had enough flower-lore at our command to give us the sweet real names that may have belonged to these blossoms or their relatives, in other lands. When we did learn such a name for some half-despised flower, how the plant leaped to honor and took on a halo of credit! Some elder occasionally went with us to the woods, some teacher, perhaps, hungry for her own far-away trees, and we found really we had a genuine sweet-William and dog-tooth violet and Jack-in-the-pulpit and May-apple, and even a rare diffident yellow violet. They were no more beautiful than our gay, nameless flowers of the open, but they grew in the woods and they had names with an atmosphere to them. In our eternal quest for names for things, some learned visitor, for we had many a visitor of every kind, would give us crisp scientific names, loaded with consonants. But how could one love a flower by a botanical name?

As days went by, however, even before it was time for me to be taken from the little country school and sent East to learn other things, some conditions had changed. Chance seeds of different flowers and grasses came floating West. In a neighbor's field were real daisies — we did not know then that they were not Burns's — brought in the seed with which the field was sown, most unwelcome to the farmer but worshiped by us. Our own groves, planted before we children were born, were growing up and already served for the hundred purposes which children know trees are good for. But the ones most generous in their growth and kindest in their service to us, we regarded with ungrateful contempt. Who had ever heard of a cottonwood in a book? The box-elder was distinctly unliterary. Even the maple was less valuable when we learned that it was not the sugar-maple, and that no matter how long we waited we could never have a sugaring-off, such as our mother had told us of. It was sometimes hard not to have a little grudge against our mother; she had had so many more advantages than we. The trees we were most eager for came on slowly. It seemed as if the oaks would never have acorns. They did come at last, and we were able to satisfy ourselves that they were not edible, either green or ripe, and to fit our pinky fingers into the velvety little thimbles of them, the softest, warmest little cups in the world.

Our grove was an experimental one, as a grove in a new country must be, and held all sorts of things, which we made our own one by one. There were slender white birches, to become beautiful trees in time, from which we stripped bits of young bark. It was quite useless, of course, a flimsy, papery stuff, but we pretended to find use for it. There were handsome young chestnut trees, bravely trying to adapt themselves to their land of exile. The leaves were fine for making dresses and hats, and we spent long July afternoons bedizened like young dryads. There were so many things to do and to inves-

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tigate in the earlier months, that it was midsummer before we reached this amusement. But we watched year by year for the fruit of the chestnut. It seemed as if we could not stand it not to see a chestnut bur. And at last, when the very first ones came, we did not discover them until we found them among the dry leaves in the autumn, empty and sodden and brown. Nothing could have been more ironical. One spring day, in the dimmest part of the maple grove, we found a tiny fern head, coming up from a scanty bed of moss. We watched it for days, consulting at intervals the pictures of ferns in the encyclopædia, and at last, when hope trembled on the brink of certainty, we solemnly led our mother out to identify it. Was it really a fern, or only a weed that looked like a fern? No sacred oak was ever approached with more careful reverence. Our mother, an exile from her own forest country, talked of bracken shoulder-high and rich moss on old gray stones or broad tree-stumps. We used to draw in our breath at the wanton riches of fallen trees and stumps. *Big* trees, to cut down! But our little frond was something. It drew as great ecstasy from our devoted little hearts as a bracken-covered hill has since brought out. We saw the bracken in epitome, and dreamed of conventicles and of royal fugitives.

How I hoarded my little borrowings from the actual to enrich the ideal! A neighbor had a stake-and-rider fence. No doubt he was a poor footless sort of farmer or he would never, in that country, have had one — where all good farmers had barbed-wire, or at best rail, fences. My father had some hedges and I was proud of them. They were not hawthorn, but one must be thankful for what gifts fate brings, and I felt some distinction in their smooth genteel lines. But that Virginia rail-fence, — I coveted its irregular convolutions and deep angles, where the plough never went and where almost anything might grow. Whether it was an older place than ours or a worse-cared-for one, I don't know. But if the cause were bad farming, it had a reward out of proportion, in my estimation, for the deep fence-corners held a tangle wonderful to investigate, of wild grape and pokeberry and elderberry and an ivy whose leaves must be counted to see if it were poison. They either should or should not be the same as the number of my fingers, but I never could remember which it was and had to leave its pink tips of tender new leaves unplucked. There were new little box-elders and maples, where the rails had stopped the flight of the winged seeds from the little grove around the house. There were tiny elms with their exquisite little leaves. No beauty of form I have ever found has given me more complete satisfaction than did the perfect lines and notches of those baby leaves. There were other plants that I never learned to know. How much better it would have been had all fields had a border like this, ornamental and satisfying, instead of the baldness of a wire fence. The possession of it gave the O'Brion children an eminence that, while I knew it was factitious, I could not help recognizing.

On our part we had a stream, such as it was. The muddy little creek — we called it *crick* — was to me a brook, secretly. Poor little creek! It did to wade in and to get hopelessly muddy in, but that was all. It had no trout, no ripples over stones, no grassy banks. It ran through a cornfield, and a bit of scanty pasture where its banks were trodden with the feet of cattle; and it did not babble as it flowed. Try as I might, I could not connect it with Tennyson or Jean Ingelow. But I could at least call it a brook, to myself. I had

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some other names of secret application. In the spring the dull little stream used sometimes to overflow its banks. Then the word brought to the house by one of the men would be, 'The crick's out.' But to myself I said freshet; and I suppose I was the only one in the whole section to use the old term.

There was an odd little hollow on the hillside near the brook. It was an unromantic spot enough, treeless, distinguished only by its dimple-like contour. But I called it a dell, or in intenser moments a dingle, or when I was thinking largely, a glen, and used to make a point to cross it. This was partly because sometimes I found bits of pebbles in the cup of the hollow, and any stone indigenous to the country was a treasure trove. I called the little level place below the hollow a glade, and the hillside a brae, and the open hill-top a moor or heath. Had I used the dictionary more freely I might have applied more terms, but I did not know just what a wold or a tarn or a down was, and, lazily, kept them in reserve, fine as they sounded. My private vocabulary, as can be seen, was largely Tennysonian, and I had instinctively his own taste for archaic terms. For whatever excursions I made into other poets, Tennyson was, first and last, my dear delight. My feet were turned ever and oft by the guardians of my reading to the easy paths of American poetry. I found due pleasure in them, but it was always tempered by a sort of resentment that, though American, their country was not my country. For New England was farther away than Old England; and I always went back to Tennyson. I used to sit in the dingle in bald sunlight and listen to such unpretentious noise as the creek made, and chant to myself, 'How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream.'

The beauty of the prairie is not of the sort that appeals directly to a child. The bigness of it, for instance, I had been used to all my life, and I can't remember that it conveyed any sense of expansiveness to me. In our long drives over it — interminably long they were! — my chief recollection is of greenness and tiredness, a long succession of rolling hills and hollows, and a little girl so weary of sitting up on a seat and watching the horses go on and on. There was one interest that did help to modify this *ennui*, when I was very little. I supposed, not that streams wore down their beds by their action, but that the bed was there first, and that when a nice long ditch was worn, all ready for occupancy, a spring opened up and produced a stream. So, as we drove up hill and down, I eyed expectantly the deeply cut wagon-tracks that marked the short cuts over the prairies, and in that loose soil were worn down to what I regarded as a depth fit for a beginning stream. I hoped some time to catch one in the very act of self-creation. But I outgrew that notion, and apart from such incidental interests as these, the prairie had little attraction. It was just green grass in summer and dry grass in winter. Children are not usually awake to shadings and modifications of color. The coral-pink at the roots of the dried prairie-grass, the opal tints of the summer mists in the early morning, I did not discover until I had reached a more sophisticated stage. And the prairie was not suggestive to me at this early time.

Looking back now, I guess that it was because it did not hint at the unknown. It should have, of course, but it did not. It did not carry me away and away to new possibilities. I knew that beyond these grass-covered hills there lay others and then others — and that is all there was to it. When I saw it face to face I seemed to know it all,

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— and who wants to know all about anything? This was not only because I was a book-stuffed little prig, as I suppose I was; I had imagination of a sort, it seems to me, now, as I recall my pleasure in certain things: in the dim hovering suggestiveness of twilight and the unanalyzable reverie it put me into; in the half-heard sounds of mid-afternoon in the orchard; in the bend of the young trees in a storm at night, when I slipped from bed to watch them in the flashes of lightning. There was a white pine near my window, 'an exile in a stoneless land,' that responded to the rush of this western wind with a beautiful bend and swing. But when in the broad daylight I looked out on the green hills, I saw no light and shade, no changing colors, none of the exquisite variety of view that may have been there. I saw only green hills.

But had the prairie had a literature, if I could only have been sure that it was worthy to put in a book! If Lowell and Whittier and Tennyson — most of all Tennyson — had written of slough-grass and ground-squirrels and barbed-wire fences, those despised elements would have taken on new aspects. I was a wistful peri at the gate of a literary paradise. But the Word on the horizon was something. It was far away, but it was real. I did not try to analyze its promise, but it was there.

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XXVIII

THREE days after his first, and as he promised himself, his last society ball, Courtier received a note from Mrs. Noel, saying that she had left Monkland for the present, and come up to a little flat on the riverside not far from Westminster.

When he made his way there that same July day, the Houses of Parliament were bright under a sun which warmed all the grave air emanating from counsels of perfection. Courtier passed them dubiously. His feelings in the presence of those towers were always a little mixed. There was not enough of the poet in him to cause him to see nothing there at all save only a becoming edifice, but there *was* enough of the poet to make him long to kick something; and in this mood he wended his way to the riverside.

Mrs. Noel was not at home, but since the maid informed him that she would be in directly, he sat down to wait. Her flat, which was on the first floor, overlooked the river, and had evidently been taken furnished, for there were visible marks of a recent struggle with that Edwardian taste which, flushed from triumph over Victorianism, had filled the rooms with Early Georgian remains. On the only definite victory, a rose-colored window-seat of great comfort and little age, Courtier sat down, and resigned himself to the doing of nothing with the

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ease of an old soldier. To the protective feeling he had once had for a small, very graceful, dark-haired child, he joined not only the championing pity of a man of warm heart watching a woman in distress, but the impatience of one who, though temperamentally incapable of feeling oppressed himself, rebelled at sight of all forms of tyranny affecting others. And as he coolly fumed on the window-seat of her flat, the sight of the gray towers, still just visible, under which Milton and his father sat, annoyed him deeply; symbolizing, to him, Authority — foe to his deathless mistress, the sweet, invincible, lost cause of Liberty.

But presently the river, bringing up in flood the unbound water that had bathed every shore, touched all sands, and seen the rising and falling of each mortal star, so soothed him with its soundless hymn to Freedom, that Audrey Noel, coming in with her hands full of flowers, found him sleeping firmly, with his mouth shut.

Noiselessly putting down the flowers, she waited for his awakening. That sanguine visage, with its prominent chin, flaring moustaches, and eyebrows raised rather V-shaped above his closed eyes, wore an expression of cheery defiance even in sleep; and perhaps no face in all London was so utterly its reverse as that of this dark, soft-haired woman, delicate, passive, and tremulous with pleasure at sight of the only person in the world from whom she felt she might learn of Milton, without losing her self-respect.

He woke at last, and manifesting no discomfiture, said, 'It was like you not to wake me.'

They sat for a long while talking, the riverside traffic drowsily accompanying their voices, the flowers drowsily filling the room with scent; and when Courtier left, his heart was sore. She had not spoken of herself at all, but had talked nearly all the time of Barbara, praising her beauty and high spirit; growing pale once or twice, and evidently drinking in with secret avidity every allusion to Milton. Clearly, her feelings had not changed, though she would not show them! And his pity for her became well-nigh violent.

It was in such a mood, mingled with very different feelings, that he donned evening clothes and set out to attend the last gathering of the season at Valleys House, a function which, held so late in July, was perforce almost perfectly political.

Mounting that wide and shining staircase which had so often baffled the arithmetic of little Ann, he was reminded of a picture entitled 'The steps to Heaven,' in his nursery four-and-thirty years before. At the top of this staircase, and surrounded by acquaintances, he came on Harbinger, who nodded curtly. The young man's handsome face and figure appeared to Courtier's jaundiced eye more obviously successful and complacent than ever; and our knight-errant passed on sardonically, manœuvring his way towards Lady Valleys, whom he could perceive stationed, like a general, in a little cleared space, where to and fro flowed constant streams of people, like the rays of a star.

She was looking her very best, going well with great and highly-polished spaces; and she greeted Courtier with a special cordiality of tone, which had in it, besides kindness towards one who must be feeling a strange bird, a certain diplomatic quality, compounded of her desires, as it were, to 'warn him off,' and her fear of saying something that might irritate and make him more dangerous. She had heard, she said, that he was off to Persia; she hoped he was not going to try and make things more difficult out there; then with the words, 'So good of you to have come!' she

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became once more the centre of her battlefield.

Perceiving that he was finished with, Courtier stood back against a wall and watched. Thus isolated, he was like a solitary cuckoo contemplating the gyrations of a flock of rooks. Their motions seemed a little meaningless to one so far removed from all the fetiches and shibboleths of Westminster. He heard them discussing Milton's speech, the real significance of which apparently had only just been grasped. The words 'doctrinaire,' and 'extremist,' came to his ears, together with the saying, 'a new force.' People were evidently impressed, disturbed, not pleased — as at the dislocation of a cherished illusion.

Searching this crowd for Barbara, Courtier had all the time an uneasy sense of shame. What business had he to come amongst these people, so strange to him, just for the sake of seeing her! What business had he to be hankering after this girl at all, knowing in his heart that he could not stand the atmosphere she lived in for a week, and that she was utterly unsuited for any atmosphere that he could give her; to say nothing of the unlikelihood that he could flutter the pulses of one half his age!

A voice behind him said, 'Mr. Courtier!'

He turned, and there was Barbara.

'I want to talk to you about Milton, please. Will you come into the picture gallery?'

When at last they were close to a family group of Georgian Caradocs, and could as it were shut out the throng sufficiently for private speech, she began: —

'He's so awfully unhappy; I don't know what to do for him. He's making himself ill!'

And she suddenly looked up in Courtier's face. She seemed to him very young and touching at that moment. Her eyes had a gleam of faith in them, like a child's eyes, as if she relied on him to straighten out this tangle, to tell her not only about Milton's trouble, but about all life, its meaning, and the secret of its happiness. And he said gently, —

'What can I do? The poor woman is in town. But that's no good, unless —' Not knowing how to finish that sentence, he was silent.

'I wish I were Milton,' she said.

At that quaint saying, Courtier was hard put to it not to take hold of the hands so close to him. This flash of rebellion in her had quickened all his blood. But she seemed to have seen what had passed in him, for her next speech was chilly enough.

'It's no good; stupid of me to be worrying you.'

'It is quite impossible for you to worry me.'

Her eyes lifted suddenly again from her glove, and looked straight into his.

'Are you really going to Persia?'

'Yes.'

'But I don't want you to, not yet!' And turning suddenly, she left him.

Strangely disturbed, Courtier remained motionless, taking counsel of the grave stare of the group of Georgian Caradocs.

A voice said, 'Good painting, is n't it?'

Behind him was Lord Harbinger. And once more the memory of Lady Casterley's words; the memory of the two figures with joined hands on the balcony above the election crowd; all his latent jealousy of this handsome young Colossus, his animus against one whom he could, as it were, smell out to be always fighting on the winning side; all his consciousness, too, of what a lost cause his own was, his doubt whether he were honorable to look on it as a cause at all, flared up in Courtier, and

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his answer was a stare. On Harbinger's face, too, there had come a look as if a stubborn violence were slowly working its way up to the surface.

'I said, "Good, is n't it?" Mr. Courtier.'

'I heard you.'

'And you were pleased to answer?'

'Nothing.'

'With the civility which might be expected of your habits.'

Coldly disdainful, Courtier answered, 'If you want to say that sort of thing, please choose a place where I can reply to you'; and turned abruptly on his heel.

He ground his teeth as he made his way out into the street.

In Hyde Park the grass was parched and dewless under a sky whose stars were veiled by the heat and dust haze. Never had Courtier so bitterly wanted consolation — the blessed sense of man's insignificance in the face of the night's dark beauty, which, dwarfing all petty rage and hunger, made him part of its majesty, exalted him to a sense of greatness.

XXIX

It was past four o'clock the following day when Barbara issued from Valleys House on foot; clad in a pale buff frock chosen for quietness, she attracted every eye. Very soon entering a taxi-cab, she drove to the Temple, stopped at the Strand entrance, and walked down the little narrow lane into the heart of the Law. Its votaries were hurrying back from the courts, streaming up from their chambers for tea, or escaping desperately to Lord's or the Park — young votaries, unbound as yet by the fascination of fame or fees. And each one, as he passed, looked at Barbara, with his fingers itching to remove his hat, and a feeling that this was She. After a day spent amongst precedents and practice, after six hours at least of trying to discover what chance A had of standing on his rights, or B had of preventing him, it was difficult to feel otherwise about that calm apparition — like a slim golden tree walking.

One of them, asked by her the way to Milton's staircase, preceded her with shy ceremony, and when she had vanished up those dusty stairs, lingered on, hoping that she might find her visitee out, and be obliged to return and ask him the way back. But she did not come, and he went sadly away, disturbed to the very bottom of all that he owned in fee simple.

In fact, no one answered Barbara's knock, and discovering that the door yielded, she walked through the lobby past the clerk's den, converted to a kitchen, into the sitting-room. It was empty. She had never been to Milton's rooms before, and she stared about her curiously. Since he did not practice, much of the usual barrister's gear was absent. The room indeed had a worn carpet, a few old chairs, and was lined from floor to ceiling with books. But the wall-space between the windows was occupied by an enormous map of England, scored all over with figures and crosses; and before this map stood a revolving desk, on which were piles of double foolscap covered with Milton's neat and rather pointed writing. Barbara examined them, puckering up her forehead; she knew that he was working at a book on the land question, but she had never realized that the making of a book required so much writing. Papers, too, and Blue Books littered a large bureau on which stood bronze busts of Æschylus and Dante.

'What an uncomfortable place!' she thought. The room, indeed, had an atmosphere, a spirit, which depressed her horribly. Seeing a few flowers down in the court below, she had a longing to

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get out to them. Then behind her she heard the sound of some one talking. But there was no one in the room, and the effect of this disrupted soliloquy, which came from nowhere, was so uncanny that she retreated to the door. The sound, as of two spirits speaking in one voice, grew louder, and involuntarily Barbara glanced at the busts. But they were guiltless. Though the sound had been behind her when she was at the window, it was again behind her now she was at the door; and she suddenly realized that it issued from a bookcase in the centre of the wall.

Barbara had her father's nerve, and, walking up to the bookcase, she perceived that it had been affixed to, and covered, a door that was not quite closed. She pulled it towards her, and passed through. Across the centre of an unkempt bedroom Milton was striding, dressed only in his shirt and trousers. His feet were bare, and the look of his thin dark face went to Barbara's heart, it was so twisted and worn. She ran forward, and took his hand. This was burning hot, but the sight of her seemed to have frozen his tongue and eyes. And the contrast of his burning hand with this frozen silence, frightened her horribly. She could think of nothing but to put her other hand to his forehead. That too was burning hot!

'What brought you here?' he said.

She could only murmur, 'Oh! Eusty! Are you ill?'

Milton took hold of her wrists.

'It's all right, I've been working too hard; got a touch of fever.'

'So I can feel,' murmured Barbara. 'You ought to be in bed. Come home with me.'

Milton smiled. 'It's not a case for leeches.'

The look of his smile, the sound of his voice, sent a shudder through her.

'I'm not going to leave you here alone.'

But Milton's grasp tightened on her wrists.

'My dear Babs, you will do what I tell you. Go home, hold your tongue, and leave me to burn out in peace.'

Barbara sustained that painful grip without wincing; she had regained her calmness.

'You must come! You have n't anything here, not even a cool drink.'

Milton dropped her arms. 'My God! Barley water!'

The scorn he put into those two words was more withering than a whole philippic against redemption by creature comforts. And feeling it dart into her, Barbara closed her lips tight. He had dropped her wrists, and again began pacing up and down; suddenly he stopped.

> 'The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
> A desert vast, without a bound,
> And nothing left to eat or drink,
> And a dark desert all around.

You should read your Blake, Audrey.'

Barbara turned suddenly and went out, frightened. She passed through the sitting-room and corridor on to the staircase. What should she do? He was ill—raving! The fever in Milton's veins seemed to have stolen through the clutch of his hands into her own veins. Her face was burning; she thought confusedly, breathed unevenly. She felt sore, and at the same time terribly sorry; and withal there kept rising in her gusts of the memory of Harbinger's kiss.

She hurried down the stairs, turned by instinct downhill, and found herself on the Embankment. And suddenly, with her inherent power of swift decision, she hailed a cab, and drove to the nearest telephone office.

XXX

To a woman like Audrey Noel, born to be the counterpart and complement

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of another, whose occupations and effort were inherently divorced from the continuity of any stiff and strenuous purpose of her own, the uprooting she had voluntarily undergone was a serious matter.

Bereaved of the faces of her flowers, the friendly sighing of her lime tree, the wants of her cottagers; bereaved of that busy motonony of little home things which is the stay and solace of lonely women, she was extraordinarily lost. Even music for review seemed to have failed her. She had never lived in London, so that she had not the refuge of old haunts and habits, but had to make her own — and to make habits and haunts required a heart that could at least stretch out feelers and lay hold of things, and her heart was not now able. When she had struggled with her Edwardian flat, and laid down her simple routine of meals, she was as stranded as ever was convict let out of prison. She had not even that great support, the necessity of hiding her feelings for fear of disturbing others. She was planted there, with her longing and remorse, and nothing, nobody, to take her out of herself. Having willfully put herself into this position, she tried to make the best of it, feeling it less intolerable, at all events, than staying on at Monkland, where she had made that grievous and unpardonable error — falling in love.

This offense, on the part of one who felt within herself a great capacity to enjoy and to confer happiness, had arisen — like the other grievous and unpardonable offense, her marriage — from too much disposition to yield herself to the personality of another. But it was cold comfort to know that the desire to give and to receive love had twice over left her — a dead woman. Whatever the nature of those immature sensations with which, as a girl of twenty, she had accepted her husband, in her feeling towards Milton there was not only abandonment, but the higher flame of self-renunciation. She wanted to do the best for him, and had not even the consolation of the knowledge that she had sacrificed herself for his advantage. All had been taken out of her hands! Yet with characteristic fatalism she did not feel rebellious. If it were ordained that she should, for fifty, perhaps sixty years, repent in sterility and ashes that first error of her girlhood, rebellion was, none the less, too far-fetched. If she rebelled, it would not be in spirit, but in action. General principles were nothing to her; she lost no force brooding over the justice or injustice of her situation, but merely tried to digest its facts.

The whole day succeeding Courtier's visit was spent by her in the National Gallery, whose roof, alone of all in London, seemed to offer her protection. She had found one painting, by an Italian master, the subject of which reminded her of Milton; and before this she sat for a very long time, attracting at last the gouty stare of an official. The still figure of this lady, with the oval face and grave beauty, both piqued his curiosity, and stimulated certain moral qualms. She was undoubtedly waiting for her lover. No woman, in his experience, had ever sat so long before a picture without ulterior motive; he kept his eyes well opened to see what this motive would be like. It gave him, therefore, a sensation almost amounting to chagrin when, coming round once more, he found they had eluded him and gone off together without coming under his inspection. Feeling his feet a good deal, for he had been on them all day, he sat down in the hollow which she had left behind her; and against his will found himself also looking at the picture. It was painted in a style he did not care for; the face

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of the subject, too, gave him the queer feeling that the gentleman was being roasted inside. He had not sat there long, however, before he perceived the lady standing by the picture, and the lips of the gentleman in the picture moving. It seemed to him against the rules and he got up at once, and went towards it; but as he did so, he found that his eyes were shut, and opened them hastily. There was no one there.

From the National Gallery, Audrey had gone into an A. B. C. for tea, and then home. Before the Mansions was a taxi-cab, and the maid met her with the news that 'Lady Caradog' was in the sitting-room.

Barbara was indeed standing in the middle of the room, with a look on her face such as her father wore sometimes on the race-course, in the hunting-field, or at some Cabinet Council, — a look both resolute and sharp. She spoke at once: —

'I got your address from Mr. Courtier. My brother is ill. I'm afraid it'll be brain fever. I think you had better go and see him at his rooms in the Temple; there's no time to be lost.'

To Audrey everything in the room seemed to go round; yet all her senses were preternaturally acute, so that she could distinctly smell the mud of the river at low tide. She said with a shudder, 'Oh! I will go; yes, I will go at once.'

'He is quite alone. He has not asked for you; but I think your going is the only chance. I am no good to him. You told me once you were a good nurse.'

'Yes.'

The room was steady enough now, but she had lost the preternatural acuteness of the senses, and felt confused. She heard Barbara say, 'I can take you to the door in my cab'; and murmuring, 'I will get ready,' went into her bedroom. For a moment she was so utterly bewildered that she did nothing. Then every other thought was lost in a strange, soft, almost painful delight, as if some new instinct were being born in her; and quickly, but without confusion or hurry, she began packing. She put into a valise her own toilet things; then flannel, cotton-wool, eau de Cologne, hot-water bottle, etna, shawl, everything that she had which could serve in illness. Changing to a plain dress, she took up the valise and returned to Barbara.

They went out together to the cab. The moment it began to bear her to this ordeal at once so longed-for and so terrible, fear came over her again, so that she screwed herself into the corner, very white and still. She was aware of Barbara calling to the driver, 'Go by the Strand, and stop at a poulterer's for ice!' And, when the bag of ice had been handed in, heard her saying, 'I will bring you all you want — if he is really going to be ill.'

Then, as the cab stopped, and the open doorway of the staircase was before her, all her courage came back.

She felt the girl's warm hand against her own, and grasping her valise and the bag of ice, got out, and hurried up the steps.

XXXI

On leaving Nettlefold, Milton had gone straight back to his rooms, and begun at once to work at his book on the land question. He worked all through that night — his third night without sleep — and all the following day. In the evening, feeling queer in the head, he went out and walked up and down the Embankment. Then, fearing to go to bed and lie sleepless, he sat down in his armchair. Falling asleep there, he had fearful dreams, and awoke unrefreshed. After his bath

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he drank coffee, and again forced himself to work. By the middle of the day he felt dizzy and exhausted, but utterly disinclined to eat. He went out into the hot Strand, bought himself a necessary book, and after drinking more coffee, came back, and again began to work. At four o'clock he found that he was not taking in the words. His head was burning hot, and he went into his bedroom to bathe it. Then somehow he began walking up and down, talking to himself, as Barbara had found him.

She had no sooner gone than he felt utterly exhausted. A small crucifix hung over his bed, and throwing himself down before it, he remained motionless with his face buried in the coverlet, and his arms stretched out toward the wall. He did not pray, but merely sought rest from sensation. Across his half-hypnotized consciousness little threads of burning fancy kept shooting. Then he could feel nothing but utter physical sickness, and against this his will revolted. He resolved that he would not be ill, a ridiculous log for women to hang over. But the moments of sickness grew longer and more frequent; and to drive them away he rose from his knees, and for some time again walked up and down; then, seized with vertigo, he was obliged to sit on the bed to save himself from falling. From being burning hot he had become deadly cold, glad to cover himself with the bedclothes. The heat soon flamed up in him again; but with a sick man's instinct he did not throw off the clothes, and lay quite still. The room seemed to have turned to a thick white substance like a cloud, in which he lay enwrapped, unable to move hand or foot. His sense of smell and hearing, however, remained, and were even unnaturally acute; he smelled flowers, dust, and the leather of his books, even the scent left by Barbara's clothes, and a curious odor of river-mud.

A clock struck six, he counted each stroke; and instantly the whole world seemed full of striking clocks, the sound of horses' hoofs, bicycle bells, peoples' footfalls. His sense of vision, on the contrary, was absorbed in consciousness of this white blanket of cloud wherein he was lifted above the earth, in the midst of a dull, incessant hammering. On the surface of the cloud there seemed to be forming a number of little golden spots; these spots were moving, and he saw that they were toads. Then, beyond them, he saw a huge face shape itself, very dark, as if of bronze, with eyes burning into his brain. The more he struggled to get away from these eyes, the more they bored and burned into him. His voice was gone, so that he was unable to cry out, and suddenly the face marched over him.

When he recovered consciousness his head was damp with moisture trickling from something held to his forehead by a figure leaning over him. Lifting his hand, he touched a cheek; and hearing a sob instantly suppressed, he sighed. His hand was gently taken; he felt kisses on it.

The room was so dark that he could scarcely see her face; his sight too was dim; but he could hear her breathing, and the least sound of her dress and movements — the scent too of her hands and hair seemed to envelop him, and in the midst of all the acute discomfort of his fever, he felt the band round his brain relax. He did not ask how long she had been there, but lay quite still, trying to keep his eyes on her, for fear of that face, which seemed lurking behind the air, ready to march on him again. Then feeling suddenly that he could not hold it back, he beckoned, and clutched at her, trying to cover himself with the protection of

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her breast. This time his swoon was not so deep; it gave way to delirium, with intervals when he knew that she was there, and by the shaded candlelight could see her in a white garment, floating close to him, or sitting still with her hand on his; he could even feel the faint comfort of the ice-cap, and of the scent of eau de Cologne. Then he would lose all consciousness of her presence, and pass through into the incoherent world, where the crucifix above his bed seemed to bulge and hang out, as if it must fall on him. He conceived a violent longing to tear it down, which grew till he had struggled up in bed and wrenched it from off the wall. Yet a mysterious consciousness of her presence permeated even his darkest journeys into the strange land; and once she seemed to be with him, where a strange light showed them fields and trees, a dark line of moor, and a bright sea, all whitened, and flashing with sweet violence.

Soon after dawn he had a long interval of consciousness, and took in with a sort of wonder her presence in the low chair by his bed. So still she sat in a white loose gown, pale with watching, her eyes immovably fixed on him, her lips pressed together, and quivering at his faintest motion. He drank in desperately the sweetness of her face, which had so lost remembrance of self.

XXXII

Barbara gave the news of her brother's illness to no one else, common sense telling her to run no risk of disturbance. Of her own initiative, she brought a doctor, and went down twice a day to hear reports of Milton's progress.

As a fact, her father and mother had gone down to Lord Dennis, for Goodwood, and the chief difficulty had been to excuse her own neglect of that favorite meeting. She had fallen back on the half-truth that Eustace wanted her in town; and, since Lord and Lady Valleys had neither of them shaken off a certain uneasiness about their son, the pretext sufficed.

It was not until the sixth day, when the crisis was well past and Milton quite free from fever, that she again went down to Nettlefold.

On arriving she at once sought out her mother, whom she found in her bedroom, resting. It had been very hot at Goodwood.

Barbara was not afraid of her — she was not, indeed, afraid of any one, except Milton, and in some strange way a little, perhaps, of Courtier; yet, when the maid had gone, she did not at once begin her tale. Lady Valleys too was busy at heart with matters other than those which occupied her tongue. She had just heard details of a society scandal, and, while she spoke of Goodwood, was preparing an account of it suitable to her daughter's ears — for some account she felt she must give to somebody.

'Mother,' said Barbara suddenly, 'Eustace has been ill. He's out of danger now, and going on all right.' Then, looking hard at the bewildered lady, she added, 'Mrs. Noel is nursing him.'

The past tense in which illness had been mentioned, checking at the first moment any rush of panic in Lady Valleys, left her most confused by the situation conjured up by Barbara's last words. Instead of feeding that part of man which loves a scandal, she had been fed, always an unenviable sensation. A woman did not nurse a man under such circumstances without being everything to him, in the world's eyes.

'I took her to him. It seemed the only thing to do — considering it's all fretting for her,' went on Barbara. 'Nobody knows, of course, except the

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doctor, and' — she added slowly — 'Stacey.'

'Heavens!' muttered Lady Valleys.

'It has saved him,' said Barbara.

The mother-instinct in Lady Valleys took sudden fright. 'Are you telling me the truth, Babs? Is he really out of danger? How wrong of you not to let me know before!'

But Barbara did not flinch; and her mother relapsed into rumination.

'Stacey is a cat!' she said suddenly. The details of that society scandal had included the usual maid. She could not find it in her to enjoy the irony of this coincidence. Then, seeing Barbara smile, she said tartly, 'I fail to see the joke.'

'Only that I could n't help throwing Stacey in, dear.'

'What! You mean she does n't know?'

'Not a word.'

Lady Valleys smiled.

'What a little wretch you are, Babs!' And maliciously she added, 'Claud and his mother are coming over from Whitewater, with Bertie and Lily Malvezin; you'd better go and dress.'

Her eyes searched her daughter's so shrewdly that a flush rose to the girl's cheeks.

When she had gone, Lady Valleys rang for her maid again, and relapsed into meditation. Her first thought was to consult her husband; her second that secrecy was strength. Since no one knew but Barbara, no one had better know.

Her astuteness and experience comprehended the far-reaching probabilities of this affair. It would not do to take a single false step. If she had no one's action to control but her own and Barbara's, so much the less chance of a slip. Her mind was a strange medley of thoughts and feelings, almost comic, well-nigh tragic; of worldly prudence and motherly instinct; of warm-blooded sympathy with all love-affairs, and cool-blooded concern for her son's career. It was not yet too late perhaps to prevent real mischief; especially since it was agreed by every one that the woman was no adventuress. Whatever was done, they must not forget that she had nursed him — saved him, Barbara had said! She must be treated with all kindness and consideration.

Hastening her toilet, she in turn went to her daughter's room.

She found her already dressed, leaning out of her window towards the sea.

She began almost timidly: 'My dear, is Eustace out of bed yet?'

'He was to get up to-day for an hour or two.'

'I see. Now, would there be any danger if you and I went up and took charge over from Mrs. Noel?'

'Poor Eusty!'

'Yes, yes. But exercise your judgment. Do you think it would harm him?'

Barbara was silent. 'No,' she said at last, 'I don't suppose it would.'

Lady Valleys exhibited a manifest relief.

'Very well, then, we'll do it — seeing the doctor first, of course. He will have to have an ordinary nurse, I suppose, for a bit.' Looking stealthily at Barbara, she added, 'I mean to be very nice to her; but one must n't be romantic, you know, Babs.'

From the little smile on Barbara's lips she derived no sense of certainty; indeed she was visited by all her late disquietude about her young daughter, by all the feeling that she, as well as Milton, was hovering on the verge of some folly.

'Well, my dear,' she said, 'I am going down.'

But Barbara lingered a little longer in that bedroom where ten nights ago she had lain tossing, till in despair she went and cooled herself in the dark sea.

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Her last little interview with Courtier stood between her and a fresh meeting with Harbinger, whom at Valleys House she had not suffered to be alone with her. She came down late.

That same evening, out on the beach road, under a sky swarming with stars, the people were strolling — folk from the towns, down for their fortnight's holiday. In twos and threes, in parties of six or eight, they passed the wall at the end of Lord Dennis's little domain; and the sound of their sparse talk and laughter, together with the sighing of the young waves, was blown over the wall to the ears of Harbinger, Bertie, Barbara, and Lily Malvezin, when they strolled out after dinner to sniff the sea. The holiday-makers stared dully at the four figures in evening dress looking out above their heads. They had other things than these to think of, becoming more and more silent as the night grew dark. The four young people too were rather silent. There was something in this warm night, with its sighing, and its darkness, and its stars, that was not favorable to talk, so that presently they split into couples, drifting a little apart.

Standing there, gripping the wall, it seemed to Harbinger that there were no words left in the world. Not even his worst enemy could have called this young man romantic; yet that figure beside him, the gleam of her neck and her pale cheek in the dark, gave him perhaps the most poignant glimpse of mystery that he had ever had. His mind, essentially that of a man of affairs, by nature and by habit at home amongst the material aspects of things, was but gropingly conscious that here, in this dark night, and the dark sea, and the pale figure of this girl whose heart was dark to him and secret, there was perhaps something — yes, something — which surpassed the confines of his philosophy, something beckoning him on out of his snug compound into the desert of divinity. If so, it was soon gone in the aching of his senses at the scent of her hair, and the longing to escape from this weird silence.

'Babs,' he said, 'have you forgiven me?'

Her answer came, without turn of head, natural, indifferent: 'Yes — I told you so.'

'Is that all you have to say to a fellow?'

'What shall we talk about — the running of Casetta?'

Deep down within him Harbinger uttered a noiseless oath. There was something that was making her behave like this to him! It was that fellow — that fellow! And suddenly he said, — 'Tell me something —' Then speech seemed to stick in his throat. No! If there were anything in *that*, he preferred not to hear it. There was a limit!

Down below, a pair of lovers passed, very silent, their arms round each other's waists.

Barbara turned and walked away towards the house.

XXXIII

The days when Milton was first allowed out of bed were a time of mingled joy and sorrow to her who had nursed him. To see him sitting up, amazed at his own weakness, was happiness; but to think that he would be no more wholly dependent, no more that sacred thing, a helpless creature, brought her the sadness of a mother whose child no longer needs her. With every hour he would now get further from her, back into the fastnesses of his own spirit. With every hour she would be less his nurse and comforter, and more the woman he loved. And though that thought shone out in the obscure future like a glamourous flow-

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er, it brought too much wistful uncertainty to the present. She was very tired, too, now that all excitement was over — so tired that she hardly knew what she did or where moved. But a smile had become so faithful to her eyes that it clung there above the shadows of fatigue, and kept taking her lips prisoner.

Between the two bronze busts she had placed a bowl of lilies of the valley; and every free niche in that room of books had a little vase of roses to welcome Milton's return.

He was lying back in his big leather chair, wrapped in a Turkish gown of Lord Valleys's — on which Barbara had laid hands, having failed to find anything resembling a dressing-gown amongst her brother's austere clothing. The perfume of lilies had overcome the scent of books, and a bee, dusky adventurer, filled the room with his pleasant humming.

They did not speak, but smiled faintly, looking at one another. In this still moment, before passion had returned to claim its own, their spirits passed through the sleepy air, and became entwined, so that neither could withdraw that soft, slow, encountering glance. In mutual contentment, each to each, close as music to the strings of a violin, their spirits clung — so lost, the one in the other, that neither for that brief time seemed to know which was self.

In fulfillment of her resolution Lady Valleys, who had returned to town by a morning train, started with Barbara for the Temple about three in the afternoon, and stopped at the doctor's on the way. The whole thing would be much simpler if Eustace were in fit condition to be moved at once to Valleys House; and with much relief she found that the doctor saw no danger in this course.

The recovery had been remarkable — touch-and-go for bad brain fever — just avoided. Lord Milton's constitution was extremely sound. Yes, he would certainly favor a removal. His rooms were too confined in this weather. Well nursed — decidedly! Oh, yes! and as he spoke, the doctor's eyes became perhaps a trifle more intense. Not a professional, he understood. It might be as well to have another nurse, if they were making the change. They would have this one knocking up. Quite so! Yes, he would see to that. An ambulance carriage he thought advisable. That could all be arranged for this afternoon — at once — he himself would look to it. They might take Lord Milton off just as he was; the men would know what to do. And when they had him at Valleys House, the moment he showed interest in his food, down to the sea — down to the sea! At this time of year nothing like it! Then with regard to nourishment, he would be inclined already to shove in a leetle stimulant, a thimbleful perhaps four times a day with food, — not without, — mixed with an egg, with arrowroot, with custard. A week would see him on his legs, a fortnight at the sea make him as good a man as ever. Overwork — burning the candle — a leetle more would have seen a very different state of things! Quite so, quite so! Would come round himself before dinner, and make sure. His patient might feel it just at first! He bowed Lady Valleys out; and when she had gone, sat down at his telephone with a smile flickering on his clean-cut lips.

Greatly fortified by this interview, Lady Valleys rejoined her daughter in the car; but while it slid on amongst the multitudinous traffic, signs of unwonted nervousness began to overlay the placidity of her face.

'I wish, my dear,' she said sudden-

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ly, 'that some one else had to do this. Suppose Eustace refuses!'

'He won't,' Barbara answered; 'she looks so tired, poor dear. Besides —'

Lady Valleys gazed with curiosity at that young face, which had flushed pink. Yes, this daughter of hers was a woman already, with all a woman's intuitions.

She said gravely, 'It was a rash stroke of yours, Babs; let's hope it won't lead to disaster.'

Barbara bit her lips.

'If you'd seen him as I saw him! And, what disaster? May n't they love each other, if they want?'

Lady Valleys swallowed a grimace. It was so exactly her own point of view. And yet —!

'That's only the beginning,' she said; 'you forget the sort of boy Eustace is.'

'Why can't the poor thing be let out of her cage?' cried Barbara. 'What good does it do to any one? Mother, if ever, when I am married, I want to get free, I will!'

The tone of her voice was so quivering, and unlike the happy voice of Barbara, that Lady Valleys involuntarily caught hold of her hand and squeezed it hard.

'My dear sweet,' she said, 'don't let's talk of such gloomy things.'

'Yes, but I mean it. Nothing shall stop me.'

But Lady Valleys's face had suddenly become rather grim.

'So we think, child; it's not so simple.'

'It can't be worse, anyway,' muttered Barbara, 'than being buried alive as that wretched woman is.'

For answer Lady Valleys only murmured, 'The doctor promised that ambulance carriage at four o'clock. What am I going to say?'

'She'll understand when you look at her. She's that sort.'

The door was opened to them by Mrs. Noel herself.

It was the first time Lady Valleys had seen her in a house, and there was real curiosity mixed with the assurance which masked her nervousness. A pretty creature, even lovely! But the quite genuine sympathy in her words, 'I am truly grateful. You must be quite worn-out,' did not prevent her adding hastily, 'The doctor says he must be got home out of these hot rooms. We'll wait here while you tell him.'

And then she saw that it was true: this woman was the sort who understood!

Left in the dark passage, she peered round at Barbara.

The girl was standing against the wall with her head thrown back. Lady Valleys could not see her face; but she felt all of a sudden exceedingly uncomfortable, and whispered, 'Two murders and a theft, Babs; was n't it "Our Mutual Friend"?'

'Mother!'

'What?'

'Her face! When you're going to throw away a flower, it looks at you!'

'My dear!' murmured Lady Valleys, thoroughly distressed, 'what things you're saying to-day!'

This lurking in a dark passage, this whispering girl — it was all queer, unlike an experience in proper life.

And then through the reopened door she saw Milton, stretched out in a chair, very pale, but still with that look about his eyes and lips which, of all things in the world, had a chastening effect on Lady Valleys, making her feel somehow incurably mundane.

She said rather timidly, 'I'm so glad you're better, dear. What a time you must have had! They never told me anything till yesterday.'

But Milton's answer was, as usual, thoroughly disconcerting.

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'Thanks, yes! I have had a perfect time — and have now to pay for it, I suppose.'

Held back by his smile from bending to kiss him, poor Lady Valleys fidgeted from head to foot. A sudden impulse of sheer womanliness caused a tear to fall on his hand.

When Milton perceived that moisture, he said, 'It's all right, mother. I'm quite willing to come.'

Wounded by his voice, Lady Valleys recovered instantly. And while preparing for departure she watched them furtively.

They hardly looked at each other, and when they did, their eyes baffled her. The expression was outside her experience, belonging, as it were, to a different world, with its faintly smiling, almost shining gravity.

Vastly relieved when Milton, covered with a fur, had been taken down to the carriage, she lingered to speak to Mrs. Noel.

'We owe you a great debt. It might have been so much worse. You must n't be disconsolate. Go to bed and have a good long rest.' And from the door, she murmured again, 'Now do take a real rest.'

Descending the stone stairs, she thought: '"Anonyma," — yes, it was quite the name for her.' And suddenly she saw Barbara come running up again.

'What is it, Babs?'

Barbara answered, 'Eustace would like some of those lilies.' And, passing Lady Valleys, she went on up to Milton's chambers.

Mrs. Noel was not in the sitting-room, and going to the bedroom door, the girl looked in.

She was standing by the bed, drawing her hand over and over the white surface of the pillow. Stealing noiselessly back, Barbara caught up the bunch of lilies, and fled.

XXXIV

Milton, whose constitution had the steel-like quality of Lady Casterley's, had a very rapid convalescence. And, having begun to take an interest in his food, he was allowed to travel on the seventh day to Sea House in charge of Barbara.

The two spent their time in a little summer-house close to the sea, lying out on the beach under the groynes, and, as Milton grew stronger, motoring and walking on the Downs.

To Barbara, keeping a close watch, he seemed tranquilly enough drinking in from Nature what was necessary to restore balance after the struggle and breakdown of the past weeks. Yet she could never get rid of a queer feeling that he was not really there at all; to look at him was like watching an uninhabited house that was waiting for some one to enter.

During a whole fortnight he did not make a single allusion to Mrs. Noel, till, on the very last morning, as they were watching the waves, he said with his queer smile,—

'It almost makes one believe her theory, that Pan is not dead. Do you ever see the great god, Babs? or are you, like me, obtuse?'

Certainly about those lithe invasions of the sea-nymph waves, with ashy, streaming hair, flinging themselves into the arms of the land, there was the old pagan rapture, an inexhaustible delight, a passionate, soft acceptance of eternal fate, a wonderful acquiescence in the untiring mystery of life.

But Barbara, ever disconcerted by that tone in his voice, and by this quick dive into the waters of unaccustomed thought, failed to find an answer.

Milton went on: 'She says, too, we can hear Apollo singing. Shall we try?'

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But all that came was the sigh of the sea, and the wind in the tamarisk.

'No,' muttered Milton at last, 'she alone can hear it.'

And Barbara saw once more on his face that look, neither sad nor impatient, but as of one uninhabited and waiting.

She left Sea House next day to rejoin her mother, who, having been to Cowes, and to the Duchess of Gloucester's, was back in town waiting for Parliament to rise, before going off to Scotland. And that same afternoon the girl made her way to Mrs. Noel's flat. In paying this visit she was moved not so much by compassion, as by uneasiness, and a strange curiosity. Now that Milton was well again, she was seriously disturbed in mind. Had she made an error in summoning Mrs. Noel to nurse him?

When she went into the little drawing-room that lady was sitting in the deep-cushioned window-seat, with a book on her knee; and by the fact that it was open at the index, Barbara judged that she had not been reading too attentively. She showed no signs of agitation at the sight of her visitor, nor any eagerness to hear news of Milton. But the girl had not been five minutes in the room before the thought came to her, 'Why! she has the same look as Eustace!' She, too, was like an empty tenement: without impatience, discontent, or grief — waiting! Barbara had scarcely realized this with a curious sense of discomposure, when Courtier was announced. Whether there was in this an absolute coincidence, or just that amount of calculation which might follow on his part from receipt of a note written from Sea House, — saying that Milton was well again, that she was coming up and meant to go and thank Mrs. Noel, — was not clear, nor were her own sensations; and she drew over her face that armored look which she perhaps knew Courtier could not bear to see.

His face was very red when he shook hands. He had come, he told Mrs. Noel, to say good-bye. He was definitely off next week. Fighting had broken out; the revolutionaries were greatly outnumbered. Indeed, he ought to have been there long ago!

Barbara had gone over to the window; she turned suddenly, and said, — 'You were preaching peace two months ago!'

Courtier bowed.

'We are not all perfectly consistent, Lady Barbara. These poor devils have a holy cause.'

Barbara held out her hand to Mrs. Noel.

'You only think their cause holy because they happen to be weak. Good-bye, Mrs. Noel; the world is meant for the strong, is n't it?'

She meant that to hurt him; and from the tone of his voice, she knew it had.

'Don't, Lady Barbara; from your mother, yes; not from you!'

'It's what I believe. Good-bye!'

And she went out.

She had told him that she did not want him to go — not yet; and he was going!

But no sooner had she got outside, after that strange outburst, than she bit her lips to keep back an angry, miserable feeling. He had been rude to her, she had been rude to him; that was the way they had said good-bye! Then, as she emerged into the sunlight, she thought, 'Oh, well; he does n't care, and I'm sure I don't!'

Then she heard a voice behind her, 'May I get you a cab?' and at once the sore feeling began to die away; but she did not look round, only smiled, and shook her head, and made a little room for him on the pavement.

But though they walked, they did

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not at first talk. There was rising within Barbara a tantalizing devil of desire to know the feelings that really lay behind that deferential gravity, to make him show her how much he really cared. She kept her eyes demurely lowered, but she let the glimmer of a smile flicker about her lips; she knew too that her cheeks were glowing, and for that she was not sorry. Was she not to have any — any — was he calmly to go away — without — And she thought, He shall say something! He shall show me, without that horrible irony of his!

She said suddenly, 'Those two are just waiting — something will happen!'

'It is probable,' was his perfectly grave answer.

She looked at him, then — it pleased her to see him quiver as if that glance had gone right into him; and she said softly, 'And I think they will be quite right.'

She knew she had spoken recklessly, not knowing whether she meant what she said, but because she thought the words would move him somehow. And she saw from his face that they had. Then, after a little pause, she said, 'Happiness is the great thing'; and with soft, wicked slowness, 'Is n't it, Mr. Courtier?'

All the cheeriness had gone out of his face; it had grown almost pale. He lifted his hand, and let it drop. Then she felt sorry. It was just as if he had asked her to spare him.

'As to that,' he said, '"two things stand like stone" — and the rest of that little rhyme. Life's frightfully jolly sometimes.'

'As now?'

He looked at her with firm gravity, and answered, 'As now.'

A sense of utter mortification seized on Barbara. He was too strong for her — he was quixotic — he was hateful! And determined not to show a sign, to be at least as strong as he, she said calmly, 'Now I think I'll have that cab!'

And when she was in the cab, and he was standing with his hat lifted, she only looked at him in the way that women can, so that he did not know that she had looked.

XXXV

When Milton came to thank her, Audrey Noel was waiting in the middle of the room, dressed in white, her lips smiling, her dark eyes smiling, still as a flower on a windless day.

In that first look passing between them, they forgot everything but happiness. Swallows, on the first day of summer, in their discovery of the bland air, can neither remember that cold winds blow, nor imagine the death of sunlight on their feathers, and, flitting hour after hour over the golden fields, seem no longer birds, but just the breathing of a new season. Swallows are no more forgetful of misfortune than were those two. His contemplation of her was as still as she herself; her look at him had in it the quietude of all emotion, fused and clear as in a crucible.

When they sat down to talk it was as if they had gone back to those days at Monkland, when he had come to her so often to discuss everything in heaven and earth. And yet, over that tranquil, eager drinking-in of each other's presence, hovered a sort of awe. It was the mood of morning before the sun had soared. Cobwebs enwrapped the flowers of their hearts — a smother of gray, but so fine that every flower could be seen, as yet a prisoner in the net of the cool morning.

Each seemed looking through that web at the color and the deep-down forms there enshrouded so jealously; each feared deliciously to unveil the

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other's heart. And they were like lovers who, rambling in a shy wood, never dare stay their babbling talk of the trees and birds and lost blue flowers, lest in the deep waters of a kiss their star of all that is to come should fall and be drowned. To each hour its familiar spirit! The spirit of that hour was the spirit of white flowers in a bowl on the window-sill above her head.

They spoke of Monkland, and Milton's illness; of his first speech, his impressions of the House of Commons; of music, Barbara, Courtier, the river. He told her of his health, and described his days down by the sea. She, as ever, spoke little of herself, persuaded that it could not interest even him; but she described a visit to the opera; and how she had found a picture in the National Gallery which reminded her of him. To all these trivial things and countless others, the tone of their voices — soft, almost murmuring, with a sort of delighted gentleness — gave a high, sweet importance, a halo that neither for the world would have dislodged from where it hovered.

It was past six when he got up to go, and there had not been a moment to break the calm of that sacred feeling in both their hearts. They parted with another tranquil look, which seemed to say, 'It is well with us — we have drunk of happiness.'

And in this same amazing calm Milton remained after he had gone away, till, about half-past nine in the evening, he started forth, to walk down to the House. It was now that sort of warm, clear night, which in the country has firefly magic, and even over the town spreads a dark glamour. And for Milton, in the delight of his new health and well-being, with every sense alive and clean, to walk through the warmth and beauty of this night was sheer pleasure. He passed by way of St. James's Park, treading down the purple shadows of plane-tree leaves into the pools of lamplight, almost with remorse, so beautiful, and as if alive, were they. There were moths out, and gnats, born on the water, and a scent of new-mown grass drifted up from the lawns. His heart felt light as a swallow he had seen that morning, swooping at a gray feather, carrying it along, letting it flutter away, then diving to seize it again; so elated was he by the beauty of the night. And as he neared the House of Commons, he thought he would walk a little longer, and turned westward to the river.

On that warm night the water, without movement at turn of tide, was like the black, snake-smooth hair of Nature streaming out on her couch of Earth, waiting for the caress of a divine hand. Far away on the farther bank throbbed some huge machine, not stilled by night. A few stars were out in the dark sky, but no moon to invest with pallor the gleam of the lamps. Scarcely any one passed. Milton strolled along the river wall, then crossed, and came back in front of the Mansions where she lived. By the railing he stood still. In the sitting-room of her little flat there was no light, but the casement window was wide open, and the crown of white flowers in the bowl on the window-sill still gleamed out in the darkness like a crescent moon lying on its face. Suddenly, he saw two pale hands rise one on either side of that bowl, lift it, and draw it in. And he quivered as though they had touched him. Again those two hands came floating up; they were parted now by darkness; the moon of flowers had gone, in its place had been set handfuls of purple or crimson blossoms. And a puff of warm air rising quickly out of the night drifted their scent of cloves into his face, so that he held his breath for fear of calling out her name.

Again the hands had vanished —

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through the open window there was nothing to be seen but darkness; and such a rush of longing seized on Milton as stole from him all power of movement. He could hear her playing. The tune was the barcarolle from 'The Tales of Hoffmann'; and the murmurous current of its melody was like the night itself, sighing, throbbing, languorously soft. It seemed that in this music she was calling him, telling him that she, too, was longing; her heart, too, empty. It died away; and at the window her white figure appeared. From that vision he could not, nor did he try to, shrink, but moved out into the lamplight. And he saw her suddenly stretch out her hands to him, and withdraw them to her breast. Then all save the madness of his longing deserted Milton. He ran down the little garden, across the hall, up the stairs.

The door was open. He passed through. There, in the sitting-room, where the red flowers in the window scented all the air, it was so dark that he could not see her, till against the piano he caught the glimmer of her white dress. She was sitting with hands resting on the pale notes. And falling on his knees, he buried his face against her. Then without looking up, he raised his hands. Her tears fell on them, covering her heart, that throbbed as if the passionate night itself were breathing in there, and all but the night and her love had stolen forth.

XXXVI

On a spur of the Sussex Downs, inland from Nettlefold, there stands a beech-grove. The traveler who enters it out of the heat and brightness takes off the shoes of his spirit before its sanctity; and, reaching the centre, across the clean beech-mat, he sits refreshing his brow with air, and silence. For the flowers of sunlight on the ground under those branches are pale and rare, no insects hum, the birds are almost mute. And close to the border trees are the quiet, milk-white sheep, in congregation, escaping from noon heat. Here, above fields and dwellings, above the ceaseless network of men's doings, and the vapor of their talk, the traveler feels solemnity. All seems conveying divinity — the great white clouds moving their wings above him, the faint longing murmur of the boughs, and, in far distance, the sea. And for a space his restlessness and fear know the peace of God.

So it was with Milton when he reached this temple, three days after that passionate night, having walked for hours, alone and full of conflict. During those three days he had been borne forward on the flood tide; and now, tearing himself out of London, where to think was impossible, he had come to the solitude of the Downs to walk, and face his new position.

For that position he saw to be very serious. In the flush of full realization, there was for him no question of renunciation. She was his, he hers; that was determined. But what, then, was he to do? There was no chance of her getting free. In her husband's view, it seemed, under no circumstances was marriage dissoluble. Nor, indeed, to Milton would divorce have made things easier, believing as he did that he and she were guilty, and that for the guilty there could be no marriage. She, it was true, asked nothing of him, but just to be his in secret; and that was the course he knew most men would take, without further thought. There was no material reason in the world why he should not so act, and maintain unchanged every other current of his life. It would be simple, easy. And, with her faculty for self-effacement, he knew she would not be unhappy. But conscience, in Milton,

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was a terrible and fierce thing. In the delirium of his illness it had become that Great Face which had marched over him. And though, during the weeks of his recuperation, struggle of all kind had ceased, now that he had yielded to his passion, conscience, in a new and dismal shape, had crept up again to sit above his heart. He must and would let this man, her husband, know; but even if this caused no scandal, could he go on deceiving those who, if they had knowledge of an illicit love, would no longer allow him to represent them in Parliament? If it were known that she was his mistress, he could no longer continue in public life; was he not therefore bound in honor of his own accord to resign it? Night and day he was haunted by the thought: How can I, living in defiance of authority, pretend to authority over my fellows? How can I remain in public life? But if he did not remain in public life, what was he to do? That way of life was in his blood; he had been bred and born into it; had thought of nothing else since he was a boy. There was no other occupation or interest that could hold him for a moment — he saw very plainly that he would be cast away on the waters of existence.

So the battle raged in his proud and twisted spirit, which took everything so hard — his nature imperatively commanding him to keep his work and his power for usefulness; his conscience telling him as urgently that if he sought to wield authority, he must obey it.

He entered the beech grove at the height of this misery, flaming with rebellion against the dilemma which Fate had placed before him; visited by gusts of resentment against this passion, which forced him to pay the price, either of his career, or of his self-respect; gusts, followed by remorse that he could so for one moment regret his love for that tender creature. The face of Lucifer was not more dark, more tortured, than Milton's face in the twilight of the grove, above the kingdoms of the world, for which his ambition and his conscience fought.

He threw himself down among the trees; and stretching out his arms, by chance touched a beetle trying to crawl over the grassless soil. Some bird had maimed it. He took the little creature up. The beetle, it was true, could no longer work, but Fate had spared it that which lay before himself. For Fate, which was waiting to destroy his power of movement, would leave him conscious of wasted life. The world would not roll away down there. He would still see himself cumbering the ground, when his powers were taken from him. This thought was torture. Why had he been suffered to meet her, to love her, and to be loved by her? What had made him so certain from the first moment, if she were not meant for him? If he lived to be a hundred, he would never meet another. Why, because of his love, must he bury the will and force of a man? If there were no more coherence in God's scheme than this, let him too be incoherent! Let him hold authority, and live outside authority! Why stifle his powers for the sake of a coherence which did not exist? That would indeed be madness greater than that of a mad world!

There was no answer to his thoughts in the stillness of the grove, unless it were the cooing of a dove, or the faint thudding of the sheep issuing again into sunlight. But slowly that stillness stole into Milton's spirit. 'Is it like this in the grave?' he thought. 'Are the boughs of those trees the dark earth over me? And the sound in them the sound the dead hear when flowers are growing, and the wind passing through them? and is the feel of this earth how it feels to lie looking up forever at nothing? Is life anything but a

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nightmare, a dream? and is not this the reality? And why my fury, my insignificant flame, blowing here and there, when there is really no wind, only a shroud of still air, and these flowers of sunlight that have been dropped on me! Why not let my spirit sleep, instead of eating itself away with rage; why not resign myself at once to wait for the substance, of which this is but the shadow!'

And he lay scarcely breathing, looking up at the unmoving branches setting with their darkness the pearls of the sky.

'Is not peace enough?' he thought. 'Is not love enough? Can I not be reconciled, like a woman? Is not that salvation, and happiness? What is all the rest, "but sound and fury, signifying nothing"?'

And as though afraid to lose his hold of that thought, he got up and hurried from the grove.

The whole wide landscape of field and wood, cut by the pale roads, was glimmering under the afternoon sun. Here was no wild, wind-swept land, gleaming red and purple, and guarded by the gray rocks; no home of the winds, and the wild gods. It was all serene and silver-golden. In place of the shrill wailing pipe of the hunting buzzard-hawks half-lost up in the wind, invisible larks were letting fall hymns to tranquillity; and even the sea — no adventuring spirit sweeping the shore with its wing — seemed to lie resting by the side of land.

XXXVII

When on the afternoon of that same day Milton did not come, all the chilly doubts which his presence alone kept away crowded thick and fast into the mind of one only too prone to distrust her own happiness. It could not last — how could it!

His nature and her own were so far apart! Even in that giving of herself which had been such happiness, she had yet doubted. There was so much in him that was to her mysterious. All that he loved in music and nature, had in it something craggy and culminating, something with a menace which overtopped the spirit. The soft and fiery, the subtle and harmonious, seemed to leave him cold. He had no particular love for all those simple natural things, birds, bees, animals, trees, and flowers, that seemed to her precious and divine.

Though it was not yet four o'clock she was already beginning to droop like a flower that wants water. But she sat down to her piano, resolutely, till tea came; playing on and on with a spirit only half present, the other half of her wandering in the town, seeking for Milton. After tea she tried first to read, then to sew, and once more came back to her piano. The clock struck six; and as if its last stroke had broken the armor of her mind, she felt suddenly sick with anxiety. Why was he so long? But she kept on playing, turning the pages without taking in the notes, haunted by the idea that he might again have fallen ill. Should she telegraph? What good, when she could not tell in the least where he might be? And all the unreasoning terror of not knowing where the loved one is, beset her so that her hands, in sheer numbness, dropped from the keys.

Unable to keep still, now, she wandered from window to door, out into the little hall, and back hastily to the window. Over her anxiety brooded a darkness, compounded of vague growing fears. What if it were the end? What if he had chosen this as the most merciful way of leaving her? But surely he would never be so cruel!

Close on the heels of this too painful thought came reaction; and she told

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herself that she was a fool. He was at the House; something quite ordinary was keeping him. It was absurd to be anxious! She would have to get used to this now. To be a drag on him would be dreadful. Sooner than that she would rather — yes — rather he never came back! And she took up a book, determined to read quietly till he came. But the moment that she sat down her fears returned with redoubled force—the cold, sickly, horrible feeling of uncertainty, of the knowledge that she could do nothing but wait until she was relieved by something over which she had no control. And in the superstition that to stay there in the window where she could see him come, was keeping him from her, she went into her bedroom. From there she could watch the sunset clouds wine-dark over the river. A little talking wind shivered along the houses; the dusk began creeping in. She would not turn on the light, being unwilling to admit that it was really getting late, but began to change her dress, lingering desperately over every little detail of her toilet, deriving therefrom a faint, mysterious comfort, trying to make herself feel beautiful. From sheer dread of going back before he came, she let her hair fall, though it was quite smooth and tidy, and began brushing it.

Suddenly she thought with horror of her efforts at adornment — by specially preparing for him, she must seem presumptuous to Fate. At any little sound she stopped and stood listening; save for her hair and eyes, as white from head to foot as a double narcissus flower in the dusk, bending towards some faint tune played to it somewhere out in the fields. But all those little sounds ceased, one after another — they had meant nothing; and each time, her spirit, returning within the pale walls of the room, began once more to inhabit her lingering fingers. During that hour in her bedroom she lived through years. It was dark when she left it.

XXXVIII

When Milton came it was past nine o'clock.

Silent, but quivering all over, she clung to him in the hall; and this passion of emotion, without sound to give it substance, affected him profoundly. How terribly sensitive and tender she was! She seemed to have no armor. But though stirred by her emotion, he was none the less exasperated. She incarnated at that moment the life to which he must now resign himself — a life of unending tenderness, consideration, and passivity.

For a long time he could not bring himself to speak of his decision. Every look of her eyes, every movement of her body, seemed pleading with him not to tell her. But in Milton's character there was an element of rigidity which never suffered him to diverge from an objective once determined.

When he had finished telling her, she only said, 'Why can't we go on in secret?'

And he felt with a sort of horror that he must begin his struggle over again. He got up, and threw open the window. The wind had risen; the sky was dark above the river. That restless murmuration, and the width of the night with its scattered stars, seemed to come rushing at his face. He withdrew from it; and leaning on the sill looked down at her. What flower-like delicacy she had! And there flashed across him the memory of a drooping blossom, which, in the spring, he had seen her throw into the flames, with the words, 'I can't bear flowers to fade, I always want to burn them.' He could see again those waxen petals yield to the fierce clutch of the little red creep-

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ing sparks, and the slender stalk quivering, and glowing, and writhing to blackness like a live thing. And, torn in two, he began, —

'I can't live a lie. What right have I to lead, if I can't follow? I'm not like our friend Courtier who believes in liberty. I never have, I never shall. Liberty? What is liberty? Only those who conform to authority have the right to wield it. Only a churl enforces laws when he himself has not the strength to observe them. I will not be one of whom it can be said, "He can rule others, himself —"!'

'No one will know.'

Milton turned away.

'I shall know,' he said; but he saw clearly that she did not understand him. Her face had a strange, brooding, shut-away look, as though he had frightened her. And the thought that she could not understand angered him.

He said stubbornly, 'No, I can't remain in public life.'

'But what has it to do with politics? It's such a little thing.'

'If it had been a little thing to me, should I have left you at Monkland, and spent those five weeks in purgatory before my illness? A little thing!'

She exclaimed with sudden fire, 'Circumstances *are* the little thing; it's love that's the great thing.'

Milton stared at her, for the first time understanding that she had a philosophy as deep and stubborn as his own. But he answered cruelly, 'Well! the great thing has conquered me!'

And then he saw her looking at him, as if, seeing into the recesses of his soul, she had made some ghastly discovery. The look was so mournful, so uncannily intent, that he turned away from it.

'Perhaps it is a little thing,' he muttered; 'I don't know. I can't see my way. I've lost my bearings; I must find them again before I can do anything.'

But as if she had not heard, or not taken in the sense of his words, she said again, 'Oh, don't let us alter anything; I won't ever want what you can't give.'

And this stubbornness, when he was doing the very thing that would give him to her utterly, seemed to him unreasonable.

'I've had it out with myself,' he said. 'Don't let's talk about it any more.'

But again, with a sort of dry anguish, she murmured, 'No, no! Let us go on as we are!'

Feeling that he had borne all he could, Milton put his hands on her shoulders, and said, 'That's enough!'

Then, in sudden remorse, he lifted her, and clasped her to him.

But she stood inert in his arms, her eyes closed, not returning his kisses.

XXXIX

On the next day, before Parliament rose, Lord Valleys, with a light heart, mounted his horse for a gallop in the Row. He was riding a blood mare with a plain snaffle, and the seat of one who had hunted from the age of seven, and been for twenty years a colonel of yeomanry. Greeting affably every one he knew, he maintained a frank demeanor on all subjects, especially of government policy, secretly enjoying the surmises and prognostications, and the way questions and hints perished before his sphinx-like candor. He spoke cheerily too of Milton, who was 'all right again,' and 'burning for the fray' when the House met again in the autumn. And he chaffed Lord Malvezin about his wife. If anything — he said — could make Bertie take an interest in politics, it would be she. He had two capital gallops, being well known to the police. The day was bright, and he was sorry to turn home. Falling in

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with Harbinger, he asked him to come back to lunch. It had struck him that there had been something different lately, an almost morose look, about young Harbinger; and his wife's disquieting words about Barbara came back to him with a shock. He had seen little of the child lately, and in the general clearing up of this time of year had forgotten all about them.

Agatha was still staying at Valleys House with little Ann, waiting to travel up to Scotland with her mother, and join Sir William at his shooting, Garviemoore; but she was out, and there was no one at lunch but Lady Valleys and Barbara herself, so that conversation flagged, for the young couple were extremely silent, Lady Valleys, who had to preside at a meeting that evening, was considering what to say, and Lord Valleys rather carefully watching his daughter. The message that Lord Milton was in his lordship's study came as a surprise, and somewhat of a relief to all. To an exhortation to bring him in to lunch, the servant replied that Lord Milton had lunched, and would wait.

'Does he know there's no one here?'

'Yes, my lady.'

Lady Valleys pushed back her plate, and rose.

'Oh, well!' she said, 'I've finished.'

Lord Valleys also got up, and they went out together, leaving Barbara, who had risen, looking uneasily at the door.

Lord Valleys had recently been told of the nursing episode, and had received the news with the dubious air of one hearing something about an eccentric person which, heard about any one else, could have but one significance. If Eustace had been a normal young man his father would have shrugged his shoulders, and thought, 'Oh, well! There it is!' As it was, he had literally not known what to think. And now, crossing the salon which intervened between the dining-room and the study, he said to his wife uneasily, 'Is it this woman again, Gertrude — or what?'

Lady Valleys answered with a shrug, 'Goodness knows, my dear.'

Milton was standing in the embrasure of a window above the terrace. He looked well, and his greeting was the same as usual.

'Well, my dear fellow,' said Lord Valleys, '*you're* all right again evidently — What's the news?'

'Only that I've decided to resign my seat.'

Lord Valleys stared.

'What on earth for?' he said.

But Lady Valleys, with the greater quickness of women, divining already something of the reason, flushed a deep pink.

'Nonsense, my dear,' she said; 'it can't possibly be necessary, even if —' Recovering herself, she added dryly: 'Give us some reason.'

'The reason is simply that I've joined my life to Mrs. Noel's. I can't go on as I am, living a lie. If it were known I should obviously have to resign at once.'

'Good God!' exclaimed Lord Valleys.

Lady Valleys made a rapid movement. In the face of what she felt to be a really serious crisis between these two utterly different creatures of the other sex, her husband and her son, the great lady in her became merged at once in the essential woman. Unconsciously both men felt this change, and in speaking, turned towards her.

'I can't argue it,' said Milton; 'I consider myself bound in honor.'

'And then?' she asked.

Lord Valleys, with a note of real feeling, interjected, 'By Heaven! I did think you put your country above your private affairs.'

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'Geoff!' said Lady Valleys.

But Lord Valleys went on: 'No, Eustace, I'm out of touch with your view of things altogether. I don't even begin to understand it.'

'That is true,' said Milton.

'Listen to me, both of you!' said Lady Valleys. 'You two are altogether different; and you must not quarrel. I won't have that. Now Eustace, you *are* our son, and you have got to be kind and considerate. Sit down, and let's talk it over.'

And motioning her husband to a chair, she sat down in the embrasure of a window. Milton remained standing. Visited by a sudden dread, Lady Valleys said, 'Is it — you've not — there is n't going to be a scandal?'

Milton smiled grimly.

'I shall tell this man, of course, but you may make your minds easy, I imagine; I understand that his view of marriage does not permit of divorce in any case whatever.'

Lady Valleys sighed with an utter and undisguised relief.

'Well, then, my dear boy,' she began, 'even if you *do* feel you must tell him, there is surely no reason why it should not otherwise be kept secret.'

Lord Valleys interrupted her. 'I should be glad if you would point out the connection between your honor and the resignation of your seat,' he said stiffly.

Milton shook his head.

'If you don't see already, it would be useless.'

'I do not see. The whole matter is — is unfortunate, but to give up your work, so long as there is no absolute necessity, seems to me far-fetched and absurd. How many men are there into whose lives there has not entered some such relation at one time or another? The idea would disqualify half the nation.'

His eyes seemed in this crisis both to consult and to avoid his wife's, as though he were at once asking her indorsement of his point of view, and observing the proprieties. And for a moment in the midst of her anxiety, her sense of humor got the better of Lady Valleys. It was so funny that Geoff should have to give himself away; she could not for the life of her help fixing him with her eyes.

'My dear,' she murmured, 'you underestimate — three quarters, at the very least!'

But Lord Valleys, confronted with danger, was growing steadier.

'It passes my comprehension,' he said, 'why you should want to mix up sex and politics at all.'

Milton's answer came very slowly, as if the confession were hurting his lips.

'There is — forgive me for using the word — such a thing as one's religion. I don't happen to regard life as divided into public and private departments. My vision of things is gone — broken — I can see no object before me now in public life — no goal — and no certainty.'

Lady Valleys caught his hand: 'Oh! my dear,' she said, 'that's too dreadfully puritanical!' But at Milton's queer smile, she added hastily, 'Logical — I meant.'

'Consult your common sense, Eustace, for goodness' sake,' broke in Lord Valleys; 'is n't it your simple duty to put your scrûples in your pocket, and do the best you can for your country with the powers that have been given you?'

'I have no common sense.'

'In that case, of course, it may be just as well that you should leave public life.'

Milton bowed.

'Nonsense!' cried Lady Valleys. 'You don't understand, Geoffrey; I ask you again, Eustace, what will you do afterwards?'

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'I don't know.'

'You will eat your heart out.'

'Quite possibly.'

'If you can't come to a reasonable arrangement with your conscience,' again broke in Lord Valleys, 'for Heaven's sake give her up, like a man, and cut all these knots.'

'I beg your pardon, sir!' said Milton icily.

Lady Valleys laid her hand on his arm. 'You must allow us a little logic too. You don't imagine that she would wish you to throw away your life for her? I'm not such a bad judge of character as that.'

She stopped before the expression on Milton's face.

'You go too fast,' he said; 'I may become a free spirit yet.'

To this saying, which seemed to her cryptic and sinister, Lady Valleys did not know what to answer.

'If you feel, as you say,' Lord Valleys began once more, 'that the bottom has been knocked out of things for you by this — this affair, don't, for goodness' sake, do anything in a hurry. Wait! Go abroad! Get your balance back! You'll find the thing settle itself in a few months. Don't precipitate matters; you can make your health an excuse to miss the autumn session.'

Lady Valleys chimed in eagerly: 'You really are seeing the thing out of all proportion. What is a love-affair? My dear boy, do you suppose for a moment any one would think the worse of you, even if they knew? and really not a soul need know.'

'It has not occurred to me to consider what they would think.'

'Then,' cried Lady Valleys, nettled, 'it's simply your own pride.'

'You have said.'

Lord Valleys, who had turned away, spoke in an almost tragic voice: —

'I did not think that on a point of honor I should differ from my son.'

Catching at the word honor, Lady Valleys cried suddenly, 'Eustace, promise me, before you do anything, to consult your Uncle Dennis.'

Milton smiled. 'This becomes comic,' he said.

At that word, which indeed seemed to them quite wanton, Lord and Lady Valleys turned on their son, and the three stood staring, perfectly silent. A little noise from the doorway interrupted them. Barbara stood there.

(*To be continued.*)

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TO A CHRISTIAN POET

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I HAVE been as one dead.
I have forgotten how the sun-rays dart;
I have ignored the glamour of the stars;
Cold, cold has been my heart.
Have I not often in derision said,
'Life is a little thing of little worth' —
The while beneath my feet a burgeoning earth
Healed with young herbage all her ancient scars?
Yea, I have sung this thing and deemed it true,
That life is a brief cruelty and death
An endless respite.
You
Have sung of Nazareth.

You have sung sweetly of the Light, the mild
Insistent Light that penetrates the dust,
And says unto the soul of man, 'My child,
Renew your child-like trust.'
And from your eyes have I not felt a Light,
A Light of mild, insistent power,
Defeat with gentleness my scornful vision?
Have I not learned the darkness of derision,
And from the calm grace of your spirit's might
Drawn strength and healing in my bitterest hour?

Your miracles, your ritual, your laws
Are to my unfaith as a dream-like play:
But radiant from your heart is that which draws
My spirit out of shadow to the day;
Draws with the silent tension of star on star
Till I am forced above
This wreck of system-faiths and borne afar
By flawless wafture of the wings of Love.

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Most true that you have won me to rely
On the foreshadowing soul and to despise
All acrid cynic-thoughts — made hideous by
The grandeur of your deep rewarding eyes.

Ah, friend, your eyes have won me in despite
Of narrowing creed or doctrine's secular breath;
Your eyes have won me with unwavering Light
To sing the death of Death!

RECREATION THROUGH THE SENSES

BY PAUL W. GOLDSBURY

THE tale of Bruce and the spider has lost through repetition the force of its moral appeal; but it may still serve as the text of a physiological discourse. The physiologist may well say that the spider's affairs diverted the hero's attention from his own misfortunes, supplemented the physical rest in the little hut by checking the surge of his thoughts, and brought recreation by the exercise of a new corner of his mind. It was as if the wind had shifted.

We all know what recreation and play mean in general. It is familiar to all of us that we recreate body and mind by athletic amusements, changes of reading, travel, the theatre, and by a hundred other means. But it is very important that we should understand the wide range of the uses and functions of our separate senses which will enable us to influence the very source of our conscious life and activities. To understand these senses aright is to learn to develop, use, and direct the movements and activities of our whole bodies.

We all know that we are influenced by our surroundings, but the manner in which they react on our minds and bodies, through the medium of our sense-organs, is not generally understood; the varying offices of the purely sense-organs — sight, hearing, touch, and the rest — are to a considerable degree ignored. Just as physical training ministers to many specific bodily ailments, so sense-education may contribute in a variety of ways, not only towards the maintenance of general health, but even to the relief of particular affections; and takes its place with massage, drugs, and electricity as an ally in the art of healing. We may go further, and say that if we will but yield to the little impulses of diversion which come to us through the avenues of the special senses, we may lessen or avert fatigue more effectually than through the medium of electricity or drugs

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I

Fatigue, following long-continued exercise, is really a mild form of illness, which arises from over-exerting some one part of the body. Every strain, mental or physical, requires a certain amount of time for recovery; and if a sufficient period is not allowed between repeated efforts, there results a certain clogging or congestion of the tissues about the points of tension. In writing, for instance, the fingers move up and down hardly more than a quarter of an inch as they travel across the page. Yet this is hard work for their little muscles, and burns up tissue in the fingers very fast. If rest-intervals are too short and infrequent, there is not time for the removal of the waste products of this destruction through the normal channels of the body, and congestion results. This waste material is in effect somewhat poisonous, as it tends to decompose, that is, break up into several simple chemical elements and gases. The feeling of fatigue or pain that follows long-continued use of any of the muscles is due to the influence of such poisonous material, as well as to the stretching of the tissues caused by the pressure of the blood which settles there.

It is said that for horses the hardest road out of London is the most level one. There are no hills to climb and descend, and the tired horse has no chance to rest one set of muscles while another works. Monotony produces fatigue; and because this particular road is one dead, monotonous level, more horses die on it than on any other leading out of London.

The healthy child instinctively anticipates fatigue. He avoids tiring himself by taking a new tack; that is, by turning from one play to another. Watch a baby open his eyes when he hears a strange sound; or observe him when he notices a new toy. As soon as he sees it he reaches out for it. If he gets it he pats it, shakes it, listens gleefully if it makes a noise, possibly smells it, and inevitably ends by trying to get it into his mouth. Then he throws it away and reaches out for something new. He has exercised all his senses, one after another; and through this rotative process of sense-play and training his healthy normal development goes forward. A larger child follows much the same plan in his play, modifying it by what he has gained through experience.

The adult is not so wise as the child. Sooner or later he is *trained* to disregard fatigue, and to keep at one task long after it begins to tire him. Take the stenographer who sits for hours at her machine. Her arms, shoulders, back, and head are kept in the same position, accommodated to the restricted field of her work. Her fingers are raised just so far, and strike just so hard. The interruptions in the use of her machine are mechanical. If a child of seven were confined to such a task it would not be long before every muscle in his little body would begin to clamor for exercise and change, and he would twist and turn in every direction. Unless we had given the matter special study we might call him restless; but the better we understood the various demands of his body, the more we should know of the kind of movements best designed to develop his muscles by diverting the circulation here and there over his entire body. Every part of him is clamoring for its natural development by exercise, just as at feeding-time every chicken in a flock joins in the cry for food. Every chick needs food; every muscle needs exercise.

The trouble with older people is that their muscles are over-disciplined. Nowadays every man is supposed to

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have his own task, and the notion is too prevalent that it does him no harm to keep at it mechanically for a long time. We may take exception to the belief that hard work hurts nobody. Education has trained the brain to prod the muscles to work so continuously that the muscles become stale. Just as in a musical composition there are all sorts of intervals and rests, and little variations and excursions from the main theme, so in every man's work there should be a complementary amount of diversion to keep him in balance and tone.

It is not our muscles only, but our senses as well that are trained to over-endurance. The characteristic quality of a muscle is its power to put forth definite action; of a nerve, the capacity to receive and convey more or less intangible impressions. The movements of a muscle are visible, and can be easily demonstrated, while those of nerves or nerve-organs are not so apparent. The senses are specialized nerves, which, in the slow process of evolution, have been set aside to interpret the outside world to us. They are, in fact, our receiving apparatus, which admit stimulus under the five general heads of sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste. Each sense is adapted to register impressions varying in quality and intensity. Whether we are conscious of it or not, they are always at work; and the whole body often suffers from the over-strain which we carelessly allow our surroundings to impose upon these special organs. The decorator and the architect appreciate this fact, and by relieving sharp contrasts and promoting beautiful effects in color and design, avoid tiring the eye. Note, for example, the relief that pervades the entire body when, after resting on the dingy colors and ugly outlines of an ordinary city street, the eye is met by some bit of beautiful architecture.

After a day in the city, where all sorts of crude and contrasting colors have been forced upon the eye, exhaustion may seem general; but immediate relief is experienced in getting aboard a boat and letting the eye rest upon the soothing blue-green of the ocean, which, by counteracting the over-stimulation caused by a medley of glaring lights and colors, rests the eye, and thereby relieves the entire body.

II

In all these ways we suffer most, perhaps, through the abuse of the sense of sight. Touch, taste, smell, and hearing have narrower physical limitations; but the sweep of vision is wide, and necessarily includes a great variety of objects, both helpful and harmful. The eye is constituted to play over a wide range, and needs the exercise of gazing on distant and varied objects. Restricted to the limited focus of small rooms and narrow streets, it soon tires, just as the fingers tire from the short movements of the hand in writing, if not interrupted by larger swings and different plays. It is easy to imagine why the clerk who sleeps in a hall bedroom at night, and is penned in a small office during the day, finds refreshment in spending his evenings in spacious club-rooms, or at the theatre; with all its diverting lights and colors.

All print fatigues the eye after a short time, though this may not be consciously felt, because the eye is so accustomed to it; and though a headache may follow excessive reading, the reader may be quite unconscious of the cause. People often suffer fatigue from such over-application, while not aware of its source. The eye is tired by being restricted to black and white, and needs the stimulus afforded by a variety of colors. *Harmony of color, design, and form, ministers to health.*

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Long-suffering as the eye is, it has a means of defense which the ear lacks; for while the eye can protect itself by dropping a quick curtain, the ear can place no effective barrier except distance between itself and its enemies. The ear of the city-dweller is subject to constant attacks from all sides; it is in a state of siege. The noise of the trolley-car may become a form of torture to a sensitive ear. The clatter of hoofs and wheels on the hard pavements tires it quickly by its sharp insistence; and the high-pitched screech and hiss of the locomotive letting off steam strain it. The lower-pitched rumble of steam and elevated trains wearies it more slowly, but just as surely. Every one recalls the clatter of the early milk-wagons and the rattling through the alley of the two-wheeled ash-cart which seems to take special delight in naming every cobble of the pavement. The whir of machinery, the chug of the automobile, the monotonous click-clack of the typewriter, all produce a form of fatigue, even when *custom has rendered the hearer practically deaf* to their noises.

We are all familiar with the fatigue caused by listening to a scientific talk, sermon, or lecture given in a monotonous, high-pitched voice. The ear is wearied by the lack of modulation, and by the struggle to catch and interpret unfamiliar words and phrases. Listen, however, to a speaker who modulates his voice according to harmonic gradations; who lets it range over the third, the fifth, and even the octave. Let him further relieve the ear by the choice of familiar words, homely allusions, and phrases full of happy meaning. His listeners will feel less drowsy.

People rarely note the harmonic intervals of a good speaking voice. If the same note of a piano were struck fifty or a hundred times at regular intervals, if even the same melodious phrase were repeated incessantly, the effect on a sensitive ear would be almost maddening. The organ of hearing, like the other sense-organs, naturally craves variety. It is a necessity to mental and physical well-being. Just as constant dropping will wear away a stone, so constant repetition of even a pleasant impression wears away the vitality of the strongest. Breathing-spells are a necessity.

This brings us to the consideration of that organ which has so much to do with breathing — the organ of smell. The nose is fatigued by breathing a dusty atmosphere, as the particles of dust not only irritate its linings near the nerves of smell, and thus interfere with their work and function, but may also contain a medley of odors. Mere absence of dust, however, does not always mean relief. We have banished it from our boulevards by the use of oil; but we have substituted a tiresome odor. A park policeman noticed after its introduction that the visits of certain tubercular sufferers became less frequent. He questioned one of them, and learned that the disagreeable smell of the oil had driven them away. They had found that, even with the dust, the stimulating fragrance of trees and growing things was more invigorating to them than the dustless air, impregnated with oil. Suggestion, too, may have had something to do with the benefit they received. The pleasure that we get from the odor of new-mown hay is multiplied by the hundred happy associations that it may call up. Where are the happy memories that are waked by an oil-can?

All dominating odors, such as those from burning rubber, or from heavily scented flowers, are fatiguing to the nose. Even in the best ventilated rooms the walls become the host of a varied assortment of odors, and the

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sense of weariness in general is sometimes due to the fatigue of the organ of smell from being held to one particular odor, or to a medley of unpleasant odors. This may be relieved by going from such an environment to air that is saturated with fresh perfumes, such as those of growing plants. It is thus in part that we may account for the improvement of tuberculosis patients who go from life in a close room to life out of doors, where the air is filled with odors from the woods and fields. Think of a department store on a rainy day, with its mingled smells of different fabrics, dye-stuffs, and damp garments of shoppers; and then recall the fragrance of pine woods under a June sun.

The sense of taste is passed by quite as often as its fellows. It is often fatigued by unrelished food. Many people feel compelled to adhere to some article that is said to be good for them, whether they like it or not. The trouble with many of the manufactured foods, and those kept in cold storage, is that the original flavors are blunted. The present-day markets afford a great variety of staple foods, and the sense of taste will be less fatigued if it looks out for variety.

Finally, there is that hard-worked sense-organ, the skin. Sight, smell, and hearing are all sometimes in abeyance. There is no holiday for the sense of touch. Atmospheric conditions may change, but we cannot get away from them in some form. An even climate always becomes depressing. Continuous heat or cold, continued damp or dry weather, are all fatiguing to the skin. So is the weight of heavy clothing or the long-continued wearing of the same garment. Those Italian children whose mother refused to bathe them because she had just got them sewed into their winter underwear, must have been pretty tired before spring.

Feeling of any one thing for a long time fatigues the skin of the hand. Suppose one sorts a quantity of papers and letters. They are dry, thin, and hard, and may contain certain dyes and other ingredients, unknown except to experts, which are in effect irritating to the tips of the fingers. After handling them for some time, stop and pick up an orange, and you will experience a soothing sensation, due to the fact that the soft moist skin and rounded shape of the orange offer a contrast to the dry, flat surface and sharp edges of the paper. The average person could handle a hundred oranges with less fatigue than a hundred sheets of paper.

No one who studies the congested portions of a large city, and notes what the human organism has to fight against, can be surprised at the mortality in those districts. The individual house-space is so limited that fresh and fragrant air is denied. Beauty of light and color is too expensive. Foul odors greet the nostrils; harsh cries and quarreling voices strike the ear; too often the roar and rumble of elevated trains add to the din. Food is stale and unpalatable; the body touches hard surfaces and coarse fabrics, and the eye sees dull, grimy colors, straight lines, and sharp angles. It is easy to understand the popularity of the hurdy-gurdy and the moving-picture show, and the relief sought in the saloon.

The high percentage of disease in a city slum cannot, of course, be laid entirely to adverse sensory conditions; but the nervous system does suffer from these conditions, and the body's power of resistance is consequently lessened.

III

It is my purpose in this paper to indicate some of the ways in which *stimulation* from the outside world may be utilized for mental and phys-

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ical refreshment and recreation. For any effective treatment, we must analyze our surroundings, and see how sensory relief may be affected by the use and variation of stimulus; just as the business man must know what his real stock-in-trade is, what assets he has, and how to turn them to account at the right time. In fact, the personal equation must be solved; for people vary in their individual response to a given stimulus as widely as the different keys of a piano vary to the same touch of the finger; and the response of any one person to a given stimulus also varies from day to day. Just as a violin is affected by moisture, or by long-continued pressure on its strings, so the human organism is affected by external conditions, such as intense heat, glaring lights, or the noises of the street.

It has already been shown that overstimulation of any part generates fatigue-poisons. Lack of exercise also produces these poisons just as effectually as over-work; and the excessive stimulation of some organs, together with the disuse of others will cause fatigue, with all its attendant bad results. By stimulating the unused parts we may relieve those that are fatigued, and so promote the health and comfort of the whole body. Indeed the body may wisely be taken as a family of many members, who share the responsibility of its maintenance. The vigor and activity of each is a matter of concern to all the others. If one breaks down or fails to perform its duties, added work and responsibility are thrown upon the others; whereas, if all the members work in harmony, keeping at the maximum of their powers by a right adjustment of rest and exercise, and relieving each other when necessary, the family will be an efficient and prosperous one.

The senses are important members of our corporal family, and much of its comfort is dependent on the careful adjustment of their use. Like the muscles, they must have a certain amount of exercise or stimulation to keep them in good working order. On the other hand, if any sense is overstimulated it suffers from fatigue, and must be relieved by a change in the kind of stimulation, or by the exercise of other senses. It is here that the intelligent coöperation of the individual comes in. The physician may direct and suggest, but the patient must learn for himself to see and use the many opportunities for sensory diversion which are within his reach. Each muscle has particular tasks, and is healthier with a certain amount of activity than without. This activity is dependent on the stimulus which comes through the nerves, and thus the tone of the muscle is dependent on the quality of that stimulus. Now, since nerves, sense-organs, and brain must have stimulation to keep them in order, we must study all kinds of stimulus, within and without the body, in order to see how they affect these delicate instruments which control its muscles.

To get the greatest benefit from any form of stimulus, the senses must be trained to keenness. They can all attain a high state of development. The artist rejoices in beauties of form and color to which the stock-broker may be blind. The ear of the musician detects harmonies unheard by the blacksmith, and the epicure gets a finer pleasure from his dinner than the hod-carrier. To be sure, while the highly-developed sense responds more fully to pleasant impressions, it also suffers more from disagreeable ones. But that is just where the will and intelligence of the individual must come forward to select from his surroundings the forms of stimulus which will

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produce a helpful reaction, and avoid or eliminate the harmful so far as is practicable.

IV

As the efficiency of the muscles can be increased by well-directed and systematic exercises, so the efficiency of the senses can be increased by careful training and attention. Humboldt, while exploring in South America, found that his native Indian guide could discern the movements of a man on a mountain twenty miles distant, which he himself made out with difficulty, even with the aid of a glass.

Many examples will occur to the reader, of the capacity of the ear to detect very slight differences in voices and sounds. Any one can appreciate its sensitiveness who has noted the power of a voice that has not been heard for years. The eye cannot recognize a person as readily by a study of features as does the ear by the sound of the voice.

'The wind blowing through the leaves sounds like fall,' said a friend to me one morning early in September. When I asked her to give a reason she said, 'Why, they sound brittle, as though they were about ready to drop off.' There was a distinct difference to her sensitive ear between the soft, low sound of leaves in the breezes of June, when they are fresh and full of sap, and their crisp rustle when they are dead and drying. The sound of whistles, or the creak of wheels and runners on the snow on a cold winter morning, form an accurate index to the temperature of the outside air.

In smell discriminations the countryman, whose sense is continually exercised by the innumerable perfumes of plant life, which vary from day to day as flowers and fruits grow to maturity, has a great advantage over the city dweller, whose nose is constantly subjected to a few monotonous and disagreeable odors. Sundry old salts along the coast will sniff the air as they go out of a morning, and tell you the exact quarter from which the wind comes, without taking the trouble to look at the weather-vane; and the nose of the accomplished chef tells him whether or not his roast is done to the right turn.

An ambassador to Russia, formerly a leather merchant in this country, discovered certain secret processes regarding a special kind of leather manufactured there. He would have been looked on with suspicion had it been suspected that he could learn anything of these methods. But during his sojourn he got near enough to certain factories to register, through his sense of smell, some impressions with which he was able to work out the formulas when he returned home.

The sense of taste has also possibilities for higher development. The habit of eating only to satisfy hunger may be too common, and the emphasis put upon the healthful or strengthening qualities of various foods leads us to overlook the fact that the sense of taste should be the true index to the kind of food that is really needed. The short periods of time ordinarily allowed for meals may interfere with the reasonable exercise of this sense, the cultivation of which would add greatly to the benefit and enjoyment to be derived from any diet.

Every housewife knows that foods kept too close together in small refrigerators, pantries, or cold storage places, neutralize each other to some extent. Their flavors get mixed. People in the country seldom complain as city people do that things all taste alike, for country cellars and storerooms are large, and permit a wholesome and natural method of ventilation. The best of our city hotels try

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to attain a like excellence by a careful separation of foods during all stages of preparation for the table. Broiling, baking, and frying are done by different cooks, each with his special oven and utensils, and each becomes an expert in his own line.

Finally, of supreme importance is the sense of touch, from which all the other senses have been evolved. The nerves of touch cover the entire surface of the body. They take the place of eyes to the blind. The expert shopper develops an amazing keenness of their sense at the ends of the fingers. In paper mills ordinary workmen get such training by feeling the paper as it goes over the rollers that they are able to detect a variation of one ten-thousandth of an inch in its thickness. It is claimed that by constant training a difference of a forty-thousandth of an inch can be noted.

These illustrations are meant to call attention to the capacity of each sense for higher development. Perhaps their citation will awaken a keener interest in what our senses may teach us.

V

When a tired clerk or business man hears a sudden alarm of fire, all his faculties are at once aroused. His eyes have been wearied by monotonous desk-work, and the clang-clang of the gongs, the clatter of hoofs, and the shrill whistle of the engines all strike the ear, and through its activity promote a counter-stimulation which lessens the fatigue of the eye. All this is a welcome diversion, and he goes back to his work rested and refreshed. His blood has been drawn from accustomed ruts into new channels.

At an afternoon tea a person of delicate organization may begin to tire after half an hour or so. The insistent tones of some of the guests, the high-pitched voices of others, and the continual medley of sounds have proved trying to the nerve of hearing. The confusing designs and colors of the ladies' gowns and ornaments have been forced upon the eye, and this also protests against its hard usage. In fact, a rapid and bewildering succession of light blows have been rained upon the eye and ear from all directions; and when refreshments are served we perceive that their name is truly chosen. The food produces a counter-stimulation by exciting the sense of taste, and through this the digestive organs; and the exercise of these helps to restore a normal balance.

The novelties of a circus parade excite and fatigue the eye; but the music of the bands, breaking in at frequent intervals, relieve it by stimulating the ear. Musical comedy of the present day offers an excellent example of the manner in which the tax imposed on the eye by lights and costumes is relieved by the interpolation of music and songs. Opera is, in fact, a complex harmony of song and color so adjusted as to balance admirably the strain of stimulation on the senses of sight and hearing.

This idea of counter-stimulation may serve to explain some of the benefits of the smelling-bottle, and the great variety of baths — salt, mineral, oxygen, Turkish, etc. — which are wisely used as subsidiary agencies of skin stimulation. The use of the bottle of aromatic salts brings into action the nerves connected with the sense of smell, thereby drawing the blood away from regions where there have been congestion and strain. The baths draw the blood to the skin, stimulating its activity, and relieving congested parts of the body. An interesting experiment illustrating this idea is to rub the face lightly about the nose, and then note the increased activity of the sense of

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smell. The excitation of the skin there helps to promote the circulation, just as a bath creates a general feeling of refreshment and capacity for work.

The soothing effect of tobacco on the nerves, of which we constantly hear smokers speak, is largely due to the stimulation of the nose by the odor of the cigar or pipe. The nerves, here and there throughout the body, may be somewhat congested from overwork or other causes; and the excitation of the nerves of smell, which are but little used, gives them a form of exercise which counteracts fatigue in some other parts of the body. The man whose digestive apparatus has been taxed by a hearty meal welcomes the diversion furnished by smoking an after-dinner cigar.

VI

It is not always necessary, however, to set other senses to work to relieve the fatigue of one. Each sense has such a wide range of utility that counter-adjustments are possible within its own province. The tired eye may be refreshed by a simple variation of lights and colors, or a change of focus. A person who has been a proof-reader for twenty years believes his good eyesight to be due to the fact that he early formed the habit of looking up from his work every two or three minutes to gaze at some distant object.

The eye is affected differently by different colors owing to the varying quality of light-vibration. Under ordinary conditions, yellow can be seen farther than other colors, and red tires the eye sooner than green or brown. In the summer, the change from the glare of the city, and red brick walls, to the green of the country, or the greenish blue of the ocean, is most welcome. In the same way, the first snow of winter is pleasant and invigorating after the brownness of the fall. Children are particularly responsive to the change, and shout with glee to see the ground covered with snow when they get up in the morning. A new world has been opened up to them.

Too few of us realize the pleasure to be gained from the varying beauty of color in an early spring landscape. Its soft browns and grays are soothing and beautiful; but how rarely we observe the misty flush of violet or crimson over distant woods, where the sap is flowing to the tips of the branches, the golden green of young willows by the roadside, or the sun-flecked brook that ripples over a sandy bottom. These things all give rest and exercise to the tired eye and mind, if the eye is only encouraged to see them. A muddy New England road is not considered a source of joy; yet I have heard a New Jersey girl, used to the red clay of her home town, exclaim with delight at the rich, deep brown of New Hampshire mud.

From much the same reason, the entire prohibition of conversation during working-hours in some factories is unreasonable and foolish. If the privilege is not abused, a little talk will not decrease the output of work. Such restrictions probably work real harm to the majority of operatives; thereby lessening their value to their employers.

A college student, who heard only men's voices in the dormitory, at table, and in the class-room, used to find it a positive luxury to visit a classmate who lived in a private house, where his ear was refreshed and stimulated by listening to the higher voices of women. On the other hand, the girl whose ear has been subjected to the high-pitched conversation of women will find the lower tones of men soothing. Doubtless this forms part of the basis of sex-attraction.

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VII

Even dressing for dinner has its physiological basis. A change of covering means a change of stimulation. The clothes worn through working-hours have wearied the nerves of the skin. What is worn nearest the body absorbs its poisonous waste products and secretions. When the garments are removed, a free movement of air is afforded to the surface of the body, and the clothes which replace them stimulate the skin in a different way, and so relieve it. Varying dyes and textures produce corresponding changes of feeling. Let any one who doubts this change his usual cotton night-apparel for flannel. His irritation after this experiment will lead him to discard the flannel with the alacrity of the boy who, for much the same reason, hustles out of his clothes at the swimming-pool in summer. Frequently in mental derangement there is such a desire of freeing the skin that it is almost impossible to keep clothing upon a patient. Nature is stronger than convention in such cases.

The lawyer who handles dry books all day long at his desk experiences a sense of actual relief when he strokes the soft, moist hair of his dog at night, although the action is prompted by his affection for the animal. We can even take a charitable view of the time taken daily by the typewriter-girl for the arrangement of her hair. Her fingers are congested by the work of writing, and tired by contact with the hard keys of her machine; and the different feeling of her hair, and the little plays and movements of her fingers in adjusting it, are a distinct stimulation and relief. Indeed, does not this explain the craving of many desk-workers to do a little gardening, and get their hands into contact with the damp, cool soil?

It may be difficult to see how the sense of smell gives benefit through the mere change of stimulus; but take the case of the man who goes South for a part of the winter. The feeling of relaxation which he experiences when he gets into the region of the palm and orange groves is largely due to the strong permeating fragrance exuded by the luxurious vegetation. The soft, moist air of these low latitudes, laden with pungent odors which almost swamp the sense of smell, furnishes a strong counter-stimulant to the foul and poisonous atmosphere of congested cities, by which this organ has been so long abused.

VIII

Most of our minor physical disorders arise from over-use or stimulation of some tissue, organ, or muscle. When over-stimulation and under-exercise are combined, as when a man underworks his muscles and overworks his brains, such complications as insomnia or dyspepsia are sure to result. The method of relief consists in a judicious adjustment of rest on the one hand, and exercise on the other. Rest of the over-stimulated part is of course necessary in its place, but restoration may be hastened by particular lines of counter-stimulation, or by the exercise of different groups of muscles and nerves. A man who has been at a desk all day finds the swinging of a golf club refreshing to the muscles of the arm, which have been fatigued so long by restricted movements. We little realize, though, how many persons reach such a state of fatigue that they are unequal to amusing themselves by such recreative sports. They need to resort to the theatre or ball-game, to be played upon through the eye and ear.

The following cases may serve to show to some degree the effectiveness

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of *hygiene of the senses* in the prevention and cure of disorders.

A woman who was suffering from a complication of physical ailments had been advised by some physicians to undergo an operation. Others had counseled her against it, and she was upset by conflicting advice. Her husband had become blind, and she and her children were reduced to dependence. Strained relations with her family added to her worries, and her immediate surroundings so aggravated her mental depression that it was difficult to determine the exact connection between her physical condition and her nervous state. She lived in a dark tenement, and the noise of passing trains and the foul odors from the street brought on hysterical spasms. It was evident that change of environment was necessary to improvement, and arrangements were made to move the family into the country. The escape from drab walls and smoky surroundings to wide prospects and green foliage; from the rattle of teams and clatter of shrieking trains to the peace of the country; from heavy disagreeable odors to the fragrance of the woods and fields, brought about, by means of the change in sensory stimulation, immediate relief from pain. The 'pressure around the heart,' of which she had complained on rising, due probably to the dread of the daily round of irritation, soon entirely disappeared.

A floor-walker, who had been in the employ of a large department store for more than twenty years, had become thin and generally run down in health. His skin had become so sensitive that he could not even go out to cross the street on a cold day without throwing on an overcoat. His physician advised him to find an occupation that would not keep him indoors so constantly, and he undertook the management of a restaurant, which necessitated his going outdoors for provisions many times a day. In five months he had gained twenty pounds, and grown hardened to all ordinary changes of temperature. What was depressing to him affects to some degree every one who has to live indoors. The skin is kept constantly relaxed by the high, even temperature, and the humidity of the air is relatively much lower than that outside. Spending much time in the open, where there are daily and hourly variations, and where the air is relatively softer on account of the higher average of moisture, tones up the skin and promotes general well-being.

A woman who suffered from neuralgia was directed, in addition to the regular treatment advised, to take daily walks during the spring days, and not only to look for fresh colors, but to take advantage of different odors. She passed buildings in process of construction, and noted the varying scents of the lumber used, and the differing fragrances of the buds and blossoms in the fields. This stimulation of the nerves of sight and smell relieved the congestion of other nerves, gave her pleasant things to think of, and, with other general hygienic measures, contributed to a marked general and local improvement.

A young man who was troubled with catarrh, and waked every morning with a headache and a dryness in the throat, was advised to try sleeping out of doors. Two weeks later he reported that the headaches had entirely disappeared, and that the catarrh and dryness of the throat were practically cured. The fragrance of the outdoor air had helped him by stimulating the sense of smell, and its moisture had acted favorably upon the skin, and the delicate lining of the nose and throat.

Another instance I may give is that of a teacher who, after a hard year in a city kindergarten, found herself

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so tired that she feared she could not rest, even in the quiet country village where she usually spent her vacations. Acting upon medical advice, she went to the country for a week; then spent ten days in New York, and after that returned to the country for the remainder of the vacation. At the end of the summer her face gave the best evidence of the benefit of this plan. In this case the patient was too exhausted to respond immediately to counter-stimulation, and a period of absolute inaction was necessary to prepare her for the strenuous experience of sight-seeing, which, by contrast and variety, smoothed out the mental ruts which had been worn by the monotonous work of the year, and brought her nerves into a condition where rest was possible. Museums and art galleries effaced the impressions left by the narrow walls of her school-room; the many facial types of the great city printed new photographs on her brain; and the repetition of the high-pitched voices of women and children which she had endured day after day was pleasantly counteracted by the endless variety of tones heard on the street, in cars, cafés, and all public places.

It would be easy to multiply examples. A hundred times a day we smother our impulses because we feel that we lack time to indulge them; when, if we allowed them free play, we should find mind and body freshened and better fitted for effort. *Often a little wool-gathering, or timely imaginative fantasy, is a safety-valve.*

IX

The opportunities for the practical application of these principles to every-day life are innumerable. The writer has a box of bits of wood tinted with different paint-stains. Desk-workers, whose eyes are much upon black ink and white paper, would find, upon shuffling over these chips two or three times a day, that the varied colors and grains of the wood afford a soothing and diverting exercise that will relieve eye-strain and prevent headaches. Flowers and growing plants, kept where the eye can occasionally rest on them, are 'liked,' of course, because they minister to and satisfy the natural demand of the eye for color. There are large fields of practical suggestion for the ear, and very definite prescriptions of music can be made which will keep the sense of hearing normal and efficient. Vocal, elocutionary, and dramatic studies, in addition to their general physical benefit, train the voice to produce richer tones, and make the ear more keenly sensitive to beauty of sound. The Negro's plantation songs were the best antidote to the monotony of his long day under the hot sun of the cotton-fields.

As for smell, the writer has made use of a little case of four bottles of mild selected odors. Occasional sniffs from each of these in turn constitute a simple form of gymnastics for the olfactory tract, and relieve congestion quite as effectively as the usual strong smelling-bottle. Almost all druggists' preparations have certain virtues in their appeal to smell, which account in some degree for their popularity. Mechanical contrivances for the stimulation and exercise of this sense are but poor substitutes, however, for the natural odors of the fresh country air.

A recent investigation of the conditions of the public schools of a Western city proved that a marked increase of the number of colds among the children followed the closing of the school-room windows and the resort to artificial means of ventilation during the winter months. This was due in a considerable measure to the greater dryness of the air. The body requires the moisture and fragrance of the free

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outside air. It would seem more important to remedy by improved sanitary construction the depressing conditions which so often contribute to adenoids and tonsillar troubles, than to experiment too elaborately in the attempt to kill germs.

I have tried to show how the nerves, the sense-organs, and the brain must, like the muscles, have a certain amount of exercise, stimulation, and variety to keep them in order, and how we can select and use for this purpose plenty of simple apparatus from our surroundings. Health is largely a matter of intelligence. The brain is constantly receiving various impressions through the senses, but the will can determine to admit only the impressions that the intelligence selects. To give too much attention, however, to the shutting out of all disagreeable sensations, would seem like setting ourselves away in a glass case. Man is naturally a fighting animal; but although he needs friction and opposition to develop a healthy power of endurance, over-endurance is to be avoided.

Out of the multitude of impressions that knock daily at the door of our senses, it is possible and wise to admit enough pleasant and helpful ones to counteract the effect of the harmful ones that force their way in, and so to contribute to a reasonable mental and physical balance. Hunger is given to incite us to furnish the body with its necessary fuel; pain, that we may keep it from contact with destructive agencies. We do not fast for a week, and then devote a day to eating; we eat at frequent intervals, when we feel the need of food. Is there any reason why the hunger of the eye and ear for the impressions which relieve and refresh the brain should not be heeded and satisfied with corresponding frequency? Although we cannot always get away from unhealthy sensory conditions, we can often modify them, and it is matter of common sense to do so. Some little thing in a shop-window may give more real pleasure, if there is a proper appetite for its absorption, than a couple of hours at the theatre; and the sound of pleasant voices on the street may be more refreshing to the ear than a symphony. The touch of a glove may call up the most delightful association; or a remembered melody may refresh a tired mind by filling it with happy recollections.

The brain has the power not only to receive, but to store up impressions which may be roused again by stimulus either from within or without the body. It seems wise, then, to have a pretty good supply on hand for use on either the actual or the figurative 'rainy day.'

Then, with the understanding that recreation through the special senses is an easy possibility, within the reach of every one, why not give it a chance? Why not take advantage of the little vacations and excursions that are practicable for eye and ear and mind, even when the body must keep on working under unhygienic conditions?

I do not mean to imply that work is to take a secondary place, or that adverse sensory conditions are to be wholly shunned. It is just for the sake of dealing wisely with such conditions, and of keeping mind and body in such trim that men may work, and work efficiently, that some attention to sensory recreation is to be urged. The sane and middle course of a proper adjustment of work and play is the course to be followed. Neither the ascetic nor the sybarite gets the greatest value out of life, nor gives the most in return. But the intelligent exercise of the special senses does minister to health and happiness, and the highest individual development. Recreation through the senses should have its place in both education and medicine.

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THE SCENIC NOVEL

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I HAVE just been at work on what will undoubtedly be my masterpiece when I get all the trimmings on it. At present I only have the framework up, but every day will see progress, from now on. I am thinking of having a lithographed picture of a pretty girl on the cover, as a novelty, but that is a mere detail.

In planning the novel I have avoided the commonplace. The ordinary method of writing a novel is brick by brick, as houses were built in the old days, but I have adopted the sky-scraper type of construction, erecting a steel frame first and then filling in the terra-cotta veneer. By this means I shall secure a strong, earthquake-proof novel, fireproof and carrying a low rate of insurance. That is one of the strong features. The other is that this is to be a scenic novel. I think it will be, probably, the most scenic novel ever written.

I have done this because I believe the public is pining for a great scenic masterpiece. Heretofore, it has been the custom to use scenery for the framework of the novel only, building a frame of local color, weather, hills, and houses, and then filling in with courtship and love, sudden death, happenings and events. But I believe the time has come when the love-novel is beginning to pall, and I have reversed the thing. I have turned the novel idea wrong side out. I am using the love and adventure for the inconspicuous frame, and am putting all the excitement into the scenery. Already I have written some of the most exciting scenery ever written by the hand of man. I believe people will read my novel with the same intense desire to see what happens to the scenery in the next chapter as that with which they have heretofore followed the fortunes of mere heroes and heroines.

About all the attention scenery has received from the novelist lately is shown by the beginning of a recent great novel: 'The woods were as the Indians had left them, but the boys who were playing there—' And then come four hundred and thirty-four pages about the boys — and a girl or two; but the reader who feels an intense and hungry interest in scenery hardly gets ten cents' worth in the whole dollar-and-a-half novel, until the final pages are reached and a mill-pond arises in its might and does some drowning. Here the frame of the novel is scenery, and the novelist neglects it and mistreats it until the last chapter, and then he has to come on his knees and beg the poor, neglected scenery to rise up and drown the villain, making him an angel at last. That is not the right way to treat scenery.

The framework of my novel is so simple that it will hardly arouse any interest in the reader at all. I have made it so in order that the strong, virile scenery may, by contrast, grasp the reader with a terrific grip and give him thrills of joy. My framework, or plot, is this: My hero is invited out to tea, and in the first chapter he cannot decide whether he will go or not. He

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sits thinking, silently. In the second chapter he decides to go to the tea, because the weather is fair, with a rising barometer. In the third chapter the barometer falls a point and he becomes doubtful of the advisability of going to tea that afternoon. Along toward the end of the novel he tries to make up his mind whether he wants to go out to tea or have tea at home, and decides he will have tea at home. In the last chapter he goes to the tea-caddy to get his tea ready, and discovers he is out of tea, and so he goes out to tea after all, and the novel ends happily.

The framework, you see, is strong and free from flaws. It has a beginning and a middle and an end, and works up to a surprise in the climax, yet ends happily. A pessimist would have him drop dead when he discovers he has no tea in his tea-caddy, but I do not require any such crude expedients. I get my thrills through my scenery.

Instead of beginning my novel with the woods, and then neglecting them, I begin with the hero: —

'Horace looked out of the window. Dashed madly against the side of the hill, as if cast there by ten thousand wall-eyed giants, the gashed and gnarled oak trees struggled in a holocaust of upheaved geology. The western sky gushed fire. Adown the valley the stream leaped in globes of purple splendor and broke itself upon the mountain crest, where its spuming spray gathered new impetus and broke the dead inertia of the supine peninsula. It was Autumn!'

That is interesting scenery, I think. But the interest increases in Chapter II, where he decides to go to tea: —

'With a sigh, Horace crossed his feet. Over the eastern ridge the hollyhocks bent in huge parabolas, now kissed by the purling plain, now caressed by the dazzling rainbow that struck the plateau amidships and dashed down, down, down, until it lost itself on the narrow verge of the moss-covered crags. Beneath this and over the fen, an uprooted daisy — relic of some vast, prehistoric page — gave forth a glimmer of greenish gold, and echoed the mirroring face of the embattled hemlock. The intervale lay placidly palpitating under its garnered fringe of whispering sunbeams. All was peace! The hemlock twined around the clinging vine and gave forth its fragrance to the summer seas. Beyond the hollow of the sweeping sky the low-lying heights crumbled slowly into the gathering gloom, and a mighty knob, shaped not unlike an amethyst blue, seemed to rock the sturdy sunbeams in the hollow of their hands. They were not lost. Each, as it dartled off, gathered them unto its, and theirs was thems. Thems was is. —'

Of course, that bit is not polished up yet. It will be a little better when I get the polish on, but it shows what can be done with scenery when the mind is set firmly on the task. This is what I call the Heroic Style, and it arouses a triumphal feeling in the soul. It holds the clash of arms and strains the English language to the breaking-point. After this burst, and in Chapter III, I work in some of what I call the Docile Style of scenery. This style calms the fevered mind, and renders it fit for the sharp change to the Chivalric Style, which I use in the next chapter. Chapter III begins: —

'Horace yawned. The farm was wrapped in deep repose. Beyond the drowsy garden, which lay asleep in the afternoon sun, the fields lay in the afternoon sun, asleep; and still beyond, sleeping in the sun, lay the meadows. Beyond this lay the sun, asleep on the calm bosom of the sleeping pasture. Here lay the cows and kine, asleep in the shade of the drowsy trees, while the cattle slept in the shadows of the um-

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brageous foliage, and the blades of grass bent drowsily in the heavy somnolence of the hour. A solitary bee, alone in that vast stillness, buzzed drowsily, swayed, and fell asleep in the heart of a nodding poppy.' (I hope the printer gets this 'poppy' and not 'puppy.' The last time I had a bee fall asleep it was in a nodding peony, and the printer got it 'pony.') 'Now all was peace. Not a movement disturbed the quiet of the earth, and thus all remained for one full un-wakeful hour. Then, suddenly and as if by magic, all remained exactly the same for another hour. It was now an hour later, and all remained unchanged for an hour. Peace now seemed about to reign o'er hill and dale when, like a thunderburst, a blade of grass grew one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The drowsy bee opened one eye, sighed, and all was still!'

If that is not a peaceful rural scene I do not know one when I see it, and yet things are happening in that scenery all the time. It is jammed full of action. But, by this time, Horace has yawned, and the chapter closes. In the beginning of Chapter IV, his eye alights on his own tea-caddy, which is of tin, with a painted decoration of a tropical scene: —

'Above this shore the luscious palms sprang upward, and around it the lagoon swirled dizzily, beating its interminable rune upon the coral depths. But inward all was changed. Dank in the deep hollows of the sweltering mist the moist langoust climbed the lithe branches of the banyan tree and dipped its tips in the wraith of a by-gone day. Along the studding soil, here covered with unending vertebræ of insects, huge monolithic madrepores groped their sightless way and wrapped their crass coils about the dank verbiage.'

That is a good deal of scenery to have painted on one side of a tin tea-caddy, and it is told in pretty fine language; but Horace turns the tea-caddy around and looks at the other side of it: —

'In the centre of this glowering mass shimmered an isochromatic pool. It seemed as if wrested out of the yesterdays of some carboniferous age but to be planted here by some gigantesque hand. Here anthracite and hematite vied in common council, and locked themselves in an embrace of steely pangs. Their many-spored anticles swayed tremulously in the forbidding miasma, and wept sad tears of pale sickly collodion that fell with a nauseating splash into the humid coffer of the moor.'

Naturally, Horace decides he does not want any tea anywhere, but in the next chapter, as he is putting the tea-caddy back on the shelf, he sees the third side of the tea-caddy: —

'Not elsewhere on earth could the same riot of color and hue be seen. Vast splashes of indigo ran dazzlingly athwart the crimson greens, and cried aloud in purple ochre. Like shocks of arms, the blistering bistre stabbed the insurgent grays and burst in gold and copper — red as the rosy morn — against the general undertone. And yet — and yet — and yet mauve was everywhere! It tinged the orchids hanging from the silent baobabs and flashed in the raucous birds that darted glowingly among the tangent boughs. Huge lizards stared at monster newts, big-eyed and glowering, and in the silence clashed their fangs upon the doom of day.

'It was the tropic noon. The heat arose in burning clouds of gauze and swept the hill above with shuddering glance. Far, far up, the eagle swayed above the pallid crest and swooped to gash the passing of the morn. But in these depths no light of sun sank down; here all was dark!'

I'll bet that was hard to paint on a

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tea-caddy! At any rate it made Horace hungry, and he decides to have tea at home with thin bread sandwiches. He looks into the tea-caddy, gasps, and faints.

While he is fainting the barometer falls steadily, with rain and gales predicted for Western Connecticut and Eastern New York. He comes to with the empty tea-caddy in his hand, fully resolved to go out for tea, just as the storm breaks: —

'It came unheralded, springing from whence nor where, wracking its dreadsome teeth upon the undertones. The harsh wind howled among the piute trees, tossing the laden fruit in scores upon the same, and whirling ever to the rhythmic zones. The crash of mighty giants clashed the ear and wrested thus the peace that fled from sight, sobbing and shuddering in the awful gloom, while splash on splash the lightning burst upon the haughty head of hematite and vox, and slang them upward with unwearying tangs. Chaos was loose, bold æons sank, and the black gross cosine of primeval days!'

But, as might have been expected, it all turns out to be a gentle little afternoon shower. The clouds drift over, the barometer rises, and —

'Swift, swift upon the deadened ear as sombre cymbal through the startled air, dull silence fell, awakened only by the moaning soul, side-swept from some ethereal subterfuge to pass completely by the sodden soil!'

Horace looks at the barometer, puts on a pair of rubber overshoes, takes his umbrella in his hand, and goes out to tea, and the novel ends happily.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

INVALIDS AND THEIR FRIENDS

INVALIDS, as invalids, are seldom rightly appreciated. In their common human individuality they may be coddled, even loved; but as a class they are anathema on every tongue. Practical uplifters of the world condemn them as a social burden; fastidious pleasure-seekers despise them as lacking 'vivacity'; and — worst fate of all — tender-hearted sentimentalists pity them because they 'cannot enjoy life.' Yet, in truth, though the given invalid is too often a vicious, uninteresting, or pitiable specimen, the type is something that the world could ill afford to lose. The essence of invalidism is not pain, or poultices, or poverty, or peevishness — though any of these except the last may profitably be among its incidentals. Like most of God's gifts to man, it may fulfill itself in various ways. But its necessary character is nothing more than an enforced limiting of the field of life's activities. Life being, at best, an affair of but a few score years, with a faculty of eating up its moments much more rapidly than it can exhaust their possibilities, it matters little where we set the limits of the field. A very small corner will absorb a vast amount of cultivation. In an unlimited field a man runs about feverishly, snatching at the complement of painful excitement which is the means of realizing his existence. The invalid, on the contrary, may rest serenely while his existence realizes itself.

This serene, quiescent receptivity of

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the invalid, grateful as it may be subjectively, is undoubtedly an obstacle in the path of the social uplifter. Invalids, like the idle rich, are abhorrent to the social conscience. They are not of the producing classes. They toil not, neither do they spin. Their mouths are perpetually agape for unmerited miraculous loaves and fishes. They gather where they do not sow. Without possessing recognized authority they say to this man, 'Go,' and he goeth; to another, 'Come,' and he cometh; and to every man, their servant, 'Do this,' and he doeth it. The practical uplifter, with the narrow range of view so often characteristic of both practicality and uplift, may be pardoned if he finds these things objectionable. But his war against them is estopped because they are inevitable. No invalid boasts that he is 'not as other men.' If he did so — if he were an invalid by choice, and not by divine right — he might well be condemned as self-indulgent. But because his distinction is forced upon him he goes down to his house justified. He achieves the consecration and the glamour of martyrdom, not by having his body racked, but by having his will violated. Now the will, as the Hegelians teach us, is elastic; and violations, with the eternal rebound by which the will rises triumphant over them, constitute its very existence. The invalid, therefore, though a burden to the community, is such a burden as the poet, the philosopher, and the saint. He serves as they also who only stand and wait, setting before the world in his own person an example of how slight the exertion, and how few the external points of stimulus, required to keep burning in man's life that constant gemlike flame of pure sensation which is its fullness and, when rightly used, may be its joy.

Justified or not justified in his economic standing, the invalid is too often an uninteresting companion. Usually the individual, rather than the type, is at fault. Most invalids become peevish from mere convention, and in their peevishness they build an evil convention ever higher. But aside from this, the very advantages of the invalid's lot unfit him for fellowship with the pleasure-seeker. His pleasures are selfish pleasures, but justifiably selfish, because incommunicable. When he enjoys himself he seldom knows it, and he never can admit it. The very possibility seems an affront to his sympathetic neighbors. He rejoices, as pious Isaak Walton makes the Cynic say, 'Lord! How many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need"; and this is hardly a sentiment to share with persons whose glory is in needing and seeking many things.

That which is at rest cannot impart momentum. Therefore the invalid is repulsive to those unquiet souls so characteristic of our own age, and yet so common to all ages that Montaigne could say three hundred years ago, 'Occupation is with certain minds a mark of understanding and dignity: they seek repose in agitation as babes are rocked to sleep in cradles.' For such the invalid can have but a negative value: viewing his condition they may thank God devoutedly for what they have escaped, and may cultivate at his expense the sentiment of compassion, which is really a valuable possession for a busy man. A certain amount of idealization is necessary for fellowship with invalids; but lasting friendships must in any case rest upon some such foundation, for our friends, being human, can be fairly known to us only through charity, and our friendships are none the less real and precious when we have admitted that 'the best in this kind are but shadows' — unless imagination mend them.

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But, after all, the practical uplifter and the fastidious pleasure-seeker must not be taken too seriously. It is the good-hearted, sensible, plodding sentimentalists who people and preserve the world; and the greatest danger of the invalid is that these should overwhelm him with their pity as the Sabines did Tarpeia with their shields. The sympathy, like the gratitude, of men will often leave him mourning. He will try in vain to escape the ministrations of those who are charitably determined to 'take him out of himself,' 'make him forget himself,' 'kill time for him,' and 'give him something to do,' — forgetting, in their zeal, that the wretchedness of a resourceful man consists in having too little time and a great deal too much to do.

Young people in particular — insolent young animals whom the thumping red blood of the brute whips constantly into purposeless activity — cannot understand how any one can live without action and without amusement. 'He owned that he enjoyed life very much, and that he had a great desire to live longer,' writes young Thomas Babington Macaulay, on the death of his father's friend, Wilberforce. 'Strange in a man who had, I should have said, so little to attach him to this world, and so firm a belief in another; in a man with an impaired fortune, a weak spine, and a worn-out stomach.' The aged Wilberforce might have retorted that in age he had, for the first time, an opportunity to look about and enjoy himself. To him it must have seemed that young Macaulay, with the weight of an Indian empire on him, a Whig revolution to glorify, his father's family to support, and all the wearisome duties of a London dandy to perform, was the man to be weary of living.

For, after every pain and deprivation, the invalid possesses three advantages for which the able worker strives in vain. He has command of leisure, a quiet conscience, and a chance to see the best of other men. The able worker is tormented by a thousand labors he intends to perform, a thousand books he intends to read, and a thousand thoughts he intends to pursue to their finer implications. The invalid, on the contrary, can reasonably intend to do nothing; each new experience is to him an undiscounted miracle. The able worker has his own necessities to supply; a refractory world to keep in order; and, at lowest, he must work, as Diogenes beat his tub about the marketplace, because he is ashamed to be idle. But the invalid's work, being ineffectual, may be withheld with a clear conscience; his condition being recognized as miserable, he is not under the harrowing necessity of enjoying himself; his doctor being responsible, he is not even obliged to try to keep himself alive.

Lastly, the able worker is constantly exposing the ugly and vicious traits that flaw the nature of his fellows. But the invalid comes in contact with his fellows mostly when they are sanely at rest, or when they are in action only to do him good. Boast as he may, he touches here the wide, pervading charity which shows humanity to be greater than any of its parts. The love which the world hides from her abler children is unveiled to make him humble. Before the strong, gentle, tender, patient friends who bear with him, he stands in silence — perhaps the more abashed because he knows they are not strong, gentle, tender, and patient by necessity, or in their freer dealings with the rougher world. He feels that it would be good to be one of them, or — this being impossible — that it *is* good to be the object of their ministrations, and to be able to clasp hands with them, if only as an invalid.

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BORN OUT OF TIME

By a thousand indubitable signs I realize that the time has come for me to grumble. The world does not altogether suit me, and I begin to say, with a dubious shaking of the head, that it was not so when I was young. Now and then, to be sure, it crosses my mind that in those far-off days things were not altogether to my liking; but this occasional twinge of memory I conceal from the young of to-day. Possibly the spring hats help me to realize how many are the present ways of life which I cannot understand. Certainly they are so fashioned as to strike home to any rational mind a sense of change, and I often rub my eyes, wondering if it is real, this world of the grotesque in straw, and of equally choice novelties in thought and in habit. Wide-eyed, I marvel at my juniors, at their language, their ways of thinking, their attitude toward their elders, their taste in the matter of doing their hair, and in literature, both of which seem a bit sensational.

I was born out of time! Lover of time-honored ways, inheritor of homespun tastes in a world of shining, flimsy silk and sham velvet, — what place is there for me in the modern life? The world has grown smart, and I am unable to achieve even an admiration for smartness, for I like quiet corners, and the sound of old-fashioned ideas discussed at length therein. The duties of eld press upon me, and I feel that upon my shoulders is laid the burden, not of prophecy, but of loud lamentation over the passing of the past. The whole emphasis on things seems to have changed from inner to outer values, from faith in the indubitable realities of the unseen, to a belief in that which can be merely seen and touched.

As I write this, a certain feeling of self-satisfaction enwraps me, and I revel in a fine oncoming sense of the all-too-great-wisdom of age. It is no small satisfaction to feel that so many of my contemporaries are blinded by the shows of things, which my more penetrating glance pierces; but this joy is short-lived, for, thinking more deeply, I find in myself a limitation and a lack. With apprehension I realize how far I lag behind the race, and I begin to wonder if I do not belong to an already extinct species, like the trilobite, which probably had no use for fresh ideas. I dislike new inventions. Why did they devise the telephone? Communication between individuals of the human race was much too free-and-easy before. What chance has a man now to think? to develop? to learn to know himself and to be himself? What privacy is there? Whither may he retreat? He goes, perchance, into the innermost sanctuary of his being; the world is upon him in a motor-car. He retires to the holy of holies of himself; the telephone bell jangles; wireless messages pursue him to the uttermost parts of the sea. The telegraph boy, the uniformed messenger, lurk by the portal of the human soul, waiting for it to come out so that they may pounce upon it.

My state of mind is foolish; I dare say my grandfather felt just this way about steam-cars and the doctrine of evolution, but I cannot help it. I resent new truths and new theories. It is no comfort to me that the leg of one animal will grow upon another, and, if one tenth of the stories of lingering agony be true, it is small comfort to either animal.

So I jog along in the old way, picking out the old footprints, living in a house with no telephone, and no approach for motor-cars. Imagine the lot of poor Job if his three friends had been able to arrive with present-day swift-

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ness! Imagine how many more would have come if transit had been as rapid and as easy as in these days!

It is certainly most uncomfortable, this tendency of the human race to progress; I should like the world better if things stayed put. I had grown used to it, almost reconciled to it, and here it goes speeding like the wind away from me over leagues of roadway; fluttering into the air over my head, obscuring the infinite blue; and discovering in earth magic new elements that disturb the number of those I was taught years ago at a thoroughly good school. Perhaps each one of us in his own way lags behind his generation, and the habit is probably an old one. Doubtless the ichthyosaurus resented the way in which the dinosaur gained upon him, and I have no doubt that the Neanderthaler man, who with difficulty walked upright, — when you come to think of it we have not got much beyond that now, — made it extremely uncomfortable for whatever human thing it was that went before him on four legs.

Now that I remember, in the days of my youth my elders used to feel precisely as I do now about the manners and the ideas of the young. Can it be that anything was really wrong *then?* The one unchanging thing in this world of change is the way of the grandparent in discovering the limitations of the grandchild, and yet, in spite of all misgivings, the youngsters seem to make some progress for the race as they trudge on into middle age. It is just conceivable that there is growth down under the fantastic appearances of to-day; outward signs do not always fully reveal the shaping powers within.

I fancy that it has been thus with every organism in the long chain of being since the first amœba started shrinkingly on its fluid way. A bit belated and a bit in advance, a bit ahead, a bit behind one's generation, — so we go stumbling on in the old fashion of any living creature seeking adjustment. Ah, if one could only find the secret plan in the seemingly illogical, irrational fashion in which life goes jogging on, dumb to the demand of the young that justice shall appear in all its workings, as to the prayer of the old that reason shall prevail; capable of working out splendid achievements by its droll methods of advance, retreat, concession, — going all ways at once. The shambling step of Mother Nature, after all, leads to glorious goals. Does each man feel a bit out of place in his generation? How, otherwise, could the ceaseless process go on? Endless becoming seems to be the principle on which this queer old universe is made; did anybody, or any living thing, ever exist which was not 'born out of time'?

'THE BOOTS'

THE Prince of Darkness! What a wealth of suggestiveness in that old phrase which once had only theological significance, but now is surely applicable only to him who shines in darkness, — 'The Boots.' There are few persons about whom I have so great a curiosity as about this the most serviceable being in Europe. Nobody else in England or on the Continent works so deftly by night, nobody else has such knowledge of human nature, or such accurate information about the details of travel. The Boots is, indeed, the very basic element in the traveler's comfort.

There is a kind of charm in the fact that he never has a proper name; not Tom or Will or Jack, but always the generalized term, 'the Boots.' We never call the cook 'the kettles,' nor the clergyman 'the sinners'; why should one member of society be singled out

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to receive a poetic appellation? Is it not because we recognize something picturesque, poetic, unusual, in his relation to human kind? He makes no demand that we recognize his personality. He perfects his work in the generous silence of self-abnegation, willing to be hidden behind a figure of speech which most of us cannot identify.

Assuredly we take him too much as a matter of course, and accept his services thoughtlessly; we never pause to ponder over the strange life which he leads, this ruler over all the shades, who gives lustre to all he touches. Muddy, stained, demoralized though your shoes may be at ten P. M., at dawn they stand before your door so decorous, so statuesque, with shining morning faces, that you long to hear the tale of their midnight wanderings. The process calls for a bit of superstitious wonder, for it seems to realize the old legends about that 'merry wanderer of the night,' who may now use Puck's polish, following darkness like a dream.

Think of the Boots's experience in judging human nature by its shoes! He, if anybody, knows what is the chief end of man. Doubtless he reads character as subtly as Sherlock Holmes could, and might give extensive commentaries upon his acquaintances. From the shape and style and quality of your shoes, from the places which show wear, he can deduce your nationality, your age, your character, even your religion, for, flat as the joke is, the Boots distinguishes between soles and souls. He knows your whole walk in life, — to the very last.

What is his outlook on the world? Is he a melancholy man inclined to look darkly at all things, or is it only over boots, shoes, and slippers that he casts the pall of his dark spirit? Is he jocund? Does he, with Herrick, love a careless shoestring? Is he a respecter of persons, has he preferences in boots, or are all equal in his sight? Does he grudge humanity two feet apiece, particularly muddy tourists, and does he join with Caligula and wish that 'all the Roamin' people had but one foot'?

Lest I make too much of a fetish of the Boots, I must turn to other aspects of his life. He polishes knives, he carries luggage, he is general factotum, and, in especial, a trustworthy and accurate source of information. He knows the difference between Carlyle and Carlisle, he can understand that when you say 'freight' you mean 'goods.' Last summer I asked a hotel proprietor how many feet there are in the English mile. He disappeared for an entire day. I realize now, that I should have asked the Boots. As a judge of hotels and lodging-houses, the Boots is unequaled. What do we not owe to the Boots at the Rothay for his suggestion about a lodging at Grasmere? Did not he recommend that bower of roses where we sat all day long beside the clear little river, watching the Wordsworthian hills? Quiet, respectful service he always renders you, yet sometimes there must be moments of despondency, for

Alas! what boots it with incessant care?

A CORRECTION

In an article on 'Socialism and Human Achievement,' in the January *Atlantic*, the author stated that in Washington 'thousands of [government] employees go to work in the morning at nine or ten o'clock and go home at two or three in the afternoon.' This statement is not in accord with the facts. In the clerical departments of the government service, a rigidly-enforced seven-hour day prevails, while in the government printing-office employees are required to work eight full hours. The *Atlantic* is glad to give space to this necessary correction. — The Editors.

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